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THE
VOYAGES,

TRAVELS, and ADVENTURES,

OF

WILLIAM OWEN GWIN
VAUGHAN, Esq;

WITH THE

HISTORY of his BROTHER
JONATHAN VAUGHAN,

Six Years a Slave in TUNIS.

Intermix'd with the HISTORIES of
Clerimont, Maria, Eleanora, and Others.

Full of Various TURNS of FORTUNE.

By the Author of Captain ROBERT BOYLE.

The SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME the FIRST.

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JOHN WILKINSON, Esq.

Author of the

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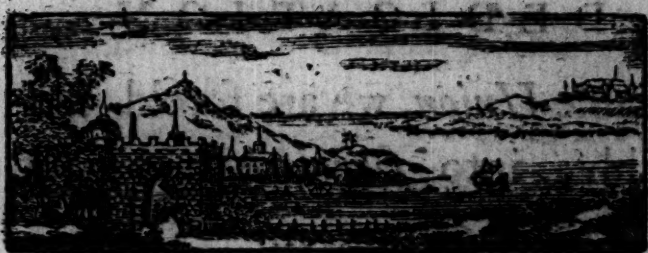
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,

THOUGH Respect due
to *Princes* is a Bar, to
prevent the *Subjects* rude
pressing to their Royal Persons ;
yet it can lay *no Restraint* on their
Affections : Where we see the
Graces and *Virtues*, in their most

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amiable *Union*, we are forc'd, irresistibly, into *secret* Attachment, and *open* Admiration.

'Tis with this ungovernable Impulse, I approach Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, (conscious that my Zeal is irregular, but satisfy'd that it is honest) to give Vent to the Overflowings of my Heart: Neither am I at all singular in this Presumption, tho' by the Faculty of an Author, I make it more manifest. The whole Nation has the same Sentiments, and what I write is but their just Acknowledgments. I act but as *Herald* to the *Publick*, and only *proclaim* the *Style* and *Titles* they have universally voted due to your own Deserts.

What

DEDICATION. v

What is spoke with *Truth* of
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, would
be *Flattery* to any other: But,
without offending your Modesty,
there is no doing Justice to Your
other Virtues: and while I am
condemn'd by the World for say-
ing so *little*, I may incur Your
Resentment for having said so
much.

If none but an *Apelles*, or a
Praxiteles, were properly autho-
riz'd to image an *Alexander*, yet
Numbers had the Ambition to at-
tempt it; and, tho' the Effect
shamed the *Artist*, there was, at
least, *some* Judgment in the
Choice; it argued that they un-
derstood

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derstood what was a fit Subject
for Genius, tho' they were not
equal to the Task themselves.
Which is all the Merit and Ex-
cuse of,

May it please Your ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most obedient, most devoted,

and most humble Servant,

R. CHETWOOD.



THE
VOYAGES, TRAVELS,
AND
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OF
WILLIAM OWEN GWIN
VAUGHAN, Esq.



THE Day I was born, was the first of my Misfortunes; for the Moment that gave me Birth, robb'd my dear Mother of Life, and I came into the World an innocent Murderer, the last of five Sons.

Tho' my Father had a considerable Estate, yet, as I was the youngest of all, there was but little to expect for me; and ere I arriv'd to my fourth Year, a Mother-in-law was brought

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into the Family, that had one Son, and two Daughters; but she secur'd to my Father a considerable Estate while she liv'd, tho' after her Death it was to devolve on her own Children; and I am pretty well inform'd, that was the chief Motive of my Father's wishing her a long Life.

Sure Marriage must be an unfortunate State on such Conditions, especially on one Side; for every body agreed my Mother-in-law (from her outward Behaviour) was very fond of my Father; but she laid out her whole Portion of Good-Nature upon him, she having not one Grain left for any of his Children, and, between 'em both, good House-keeping was banish'd, that liv'd with us in my Mother's Days.

My Father, give him his Due, was raking enough to provide for *his* Children; and his Wife was not an Ace behind him in taking Care for *hers*.

My Mother-in-law's Son was much of my own Age, so to School we were sent together, which was the happiest Time of my Life; for my good Mother-in-law being over-fond of her only Son, allow'd him handsomely of every thing; and my Father, that there should be no Difference between us, did the like by me; so we both far'd the better by their Emulation, and whatever Brother *Jack* had one Day, to be sure *Billy* (meaning myself)

self) had the next: But, tho' it favours of Vanity to praise myself, yet I will declare, I was a better Proficient in Learning than my School-fellow, for I took a great Pleasure in my Studying; but, on the contrary, my Brother was very idle, and I often receiv'd good Part of his Money for the Week, to make his Exercise for him; so by this Method, our Parents imagin'd him a better Scholar than he was.

Our Master, tho' a rigid one, was something deceiv'd in him; for I was very cautious of letting any one understand the Helps I gave him, well knowing, if it was once discover'd, I shou'd lose my Perquisites, as I call'd 'em. But one *Christmas* it all came out.

The Parson of the Parish being at Dinner, and, as it prov'd, which does not always happen, a good Scholar, was desir'd to examine the Yonkers, as they call'd us, my Mother being gone out of the Room just before; *Domine* set upon me first, paying, as he thought, a Compliment to my Father, and I went thro' my Examination so readily, that my Father gave me a Crown-piece to encourage me; but, at the same Time, whisper'd me to put it up before the good Woman, my Mother-in-law, came back again.

When the Parson had finish'd several elaborate Speeches on the Ripeness of my Ge-

nius, and what not, adding among the rest, He did not fear in Time but he should see me a great Statesman; he took my School-fellow *John* to Task, who came to Examination like a Thief to his Trial: I stood just behind him, and prompted him unheard by the rest of the Company; yet he made so many Blunders, that, like Sir *Martin* and his Man *Warner*, we were both discover'd; at which I was very much griev'd, for I soon apprehended such Care wou'd be taken of Mr. *Dunce*, that I shou'd finger no more of his Money, and all the Praises I receiv'd from the Company for the Aptness of my Parts, &c. cou'd not extinguish the Thoughts on't. But, to mend the Matter, my Mother-in-law, who happen'd to come in just as he was beginning his Firy Trial, big with Expectation of her Son *Johnny* proving a Prodigy of Learning, and finding herself so much disappointed, cou'd not contain her Temper, but flew out in a Manner little pleasing to the Company. She did not doubt, she said, but there had been much Pains taken with that Jackanapes (meaning my Worship) but she wou'd take care for the future to choose a Master that was in her Interest, to instruct her Child; that it was much against her Inclination at first to let him go where all my Brothers had gone before, being the Teacher was in my Father's Interest,

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Interest, and a thousand such Speeches, which struck my Father into Amazement; and tho' the Parson with a great deal of Reason (that perhaps you'll say is a Wonder) us'd many fine Speeches to qualify this Matter; yet they all prov'd like Words utter'd in a Desert; but when Brother Jack, in Tears, told her my Father had given me a Crown, she grew outrageous, and with a great deal of Dexterity gave me a handsome Box on the Ear, less gentle, I believe, than the Boor gives the Duke of * *Carinthia* at his Installa-

* *Carinthia* is a Province of *Germany*, upon the Borders of *Italy*: Whenever the Ducal Coronet is vacant, the Person who is to be install'd, is seated in a Chair of great Antiquity, made like two great Chairs put Back to Back, with two Seats; in one the intended Duke sits, in the other a Boor of the Country, who is to offer two Oxen to the Duke, one the leanest, the other the fattest that can be got; but the Duke is to return the fat one to the Boor, which is to intimate he is to improve his Country or Dukedom (for sometimes it is the Emperor of *Germany* who is chose Duke of *Carinthia*) from the Poverty of the lean Ox, to that of the fat one. When that Part of the Ceremony is over, the Boor, or Countryman, rises up, comes to the Duke, who is sitting with his Face to the East, and gives him a gentle Box on the Ear; after that, he puts on his Feet a Pair of Shoes filled with the Earth of the Country, and that concludes the Installment; tho' the last Part of the Ceremony they omit when a Proxy is install'd, which often happens when the Title is conferr'd on the Emperor, or some other Potentate.

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tion. My Father, to be even with her, return'd my Brother *John* one as like it as a couple of Billiard-Balls. My good Mother-in-law perceiving it, was resolv'd to be even with him, and gave it me handsomly on both Sides my Ears, which was return'd smartly back upon the Chops of my Schoolfellow by my Father, till we got handsomly cuff'd between 'em.

My Father seeing his Wife's Rage rather increas'd, than diminish'd, laid hold of both her Hands; she struggling to get loose, and finding it impossible, spit in my Father's Face, who was so much confounded, that he let her go, and she waddled out of the Room like a Goose upon a Common.

When she was gone, my Father sat him down in his Chair without speaking for some time; but at last broke out with an exalted Voice, This is the first time I ever wish'd myself unmarried, and I am very much in fear it will not be the last; for when once Man and Wife have broke thro' the Respect they owe each other, continual Jarrs will succeed, and the first Quarrel will soon be follow'd by many others. I have no Notion (continu'd he) after this Breach, we can ever be properly reconcil'd.

The good Parson said many Things in order to excuse both Parties, but my Father gave

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gave him no manner of Answer. He seeing Things in so much Confusion, took his Leave.

When he was gone, my Father began to examine me about my Brother Jack, and the Reason why my Master did not acquaint him with his Indoeibility; I well knowing he abhor'd a Lye, declar'd to him the whole Truth; but begg'd his Pardon, telling him, my young Apprehension cou'd not conceive such Confusion wou'd follow.

Well, return'd my Father, I have Reason to believe you will never be guilty of such Inadvertencies again, therefore I freely pardon you; but for the future you must go to School by yourself, at least, 'till this Matter is blown over, and my Wife and I are thoroughly reconcil'd, if there is a Possibility of it. Upon saying this, he wav'd his Hand, that I might leave him to himself.

As soon as I got into the Court-yard before the House, my Brother Jack met me. Ah! said he, my Mother has given me a Crown, as well as my Father did you. I am glad on't, return'd I. I believe that's a Lye, said my Mother, who was coming out of the Garden, and had staid to listen, as I suppose. Madam, I have learnt, said I, to speak Truth, whatever may be the Consequence; and in most of the Books we are to learn, we are inform'd our Tongue and Heart shou'd always go together. Ha! said she,

she, What, I suppose you are setting up for a young Philosopher! But I believe you have got a few Sentences by rote, as Parrots have, that you sputter out unseasonably. I told her, whatever I had learnt, I wou'd take care never to say any Thing to offend her. No, said she, you will always be an Offence to me, silent, or speaking. I told her I was very sorry for't, and went back again, with the Tears running down my Cheeks, intending to go up into the Room where I lay, but was met by my Father, who seeing the Tears trickling down my Face, ask'd me hastily the Reason of my Grief? I told him, Nothing.

Come, said he, you know I will have the Truth, therefore tell me without Delay. I then, finding he would be satisfy'd, told all that had pass'd between my Mother and me, tho' in as tender Terms as I cou'd. When my Father had heard me out, he seem'd very much concern'd, and making a long Pause, at last cry'd, Well, I will have a Remedy! And to-morrow, continu'd he, you shall go to your Uncle's, who desires to see you, where you shall remain till the Time of your Breaking-up is over.

The next Morning I had Orders to prepare for my Journey. When I was ready to get on Horseback, I waited on my Father, who bid me go to my Mother and take my Leave
of

of her. I went, but I must confess very unwillingly. When I came to her Dressing-Room, I kneel'd down as usual, upon which she said hastily, *Bless you! Bless you!* which I understood, by her Manner of speaking, was *Dammee! Dammee!*

I am come, Madam, said I, to take my Leave of you by my Father's Command. Why, pray Sir, return'd my Mother, very scornfully, Where are you going? To my Uncle's, Madam, said I. Go then, said she, and a good Riddance. I made my Honours, and down Stairs I went again to my Father.

Well, *Will*, said he, what said your Mother to you? Did she give you any Thing? No Sir, said I, she only gave me Leave to go about my Business. Well, said my Father, you shall never trouble her again, in the Mind I am in. Go, said he, get on Horseback, I'll ride before, and conduct you some Part of the Way.

When I went into the Stable, I heard my Brother *Jack* tell the Groom I must not have the Little Horse, for it was his, and he was to go abroad with his Mother: Brother, said I, I must have him, for my Father's gone before, and will wait for me. No matter for that, said he, you shan't have him. Many Words pass'd between us, and all the while he was endeavouring to get the Bridle out of my Hand, but finding he was not strong enough,

enough, he let go. Just as I had got one Foot in the Stirrup, with a Prong that he had got out of the Stable, he ran me into the Thigh with one of the Points, the other piercing the Horse in the Flank, who, feeling himself hurt, gave a Spring, and before I cou'd get upon his Back, he dragg'd me with one Foot in the Stirrup out into the Road, and wou'd have certainly beat me to Pieces, if my Father coming back, wondering at my Delay, had not stop'd him. The Servant told him I was certainly wounded, for there were Streams of Blood upon the Ground: Examining my Hurt, they found my Boot was full of Blood. I was carry'd in again; tho' with Loss of Blood, the Violence of the Fall, together with the Dragging of the Horse, I was deprived of my Senses for some Time.

A Surgeon was immediately sent for; yet my Father was not presently inform'd how I came by the Hurt: But when he knew the Truth of it, he was so very much provok'd, that just that Instant meeting with my Brother *Jack* coming up Stairs, he kick'd him down again, and in the Fall he broke his Arm. I mention these little Circumstances, only as they were the Occasion of a down-right Breach in the Family.

When the Surgeon came, he inform'd us there was no Danger but Loss of Blood; and,

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and, with a great many hard Words, told 'em what a narrow Escape I had; for if it had been an Inch higher, and touch'd such and such a Thing, all the World cou'd not have sav'd my Life to be sure.

When he had made an end of dressing my Wound, he went to the Assistance of my Brother. The Servants had him taken up, and brought him into the same Room where I was, for our Beds were together. I must own the Sight of him, instead of moving my Pity, stir'd my Indignation, and I was inwardly satisfy'd with my Father's just Revenge. But while they were setting his Arm, my Mother came among us (alarm'd it seems with his Cries) like one of the Furies, with her Hair about her Ears, out of her Dressing-Room, not having been acquainted with the Matter thro' the Confusion of the Family. She cast many furious Eyes towards me, and I believe, if she had not been prevented by my Father, had made me feel the Effects of her Indignation. Madam, said he, I am sorry for the Accident that has happen'd to your Son, not but he deserves it for his young wicked Intention, tho' I don't doubt but he was instigated by his Mother. By me, thou barbarous Wretch! said she. -- You are sorry for the Accident! What Accident? Did not you do it for the Purpose? with an Intention to break his Neck I suppose.

pose: But I'll be reveng'd on your young Darling, with all his Learning! Upon saying that she rush'd upon me in spite of 'em, and seiz'd violently upon me, endeavouring to tear me out of the Bed, notwithstanding my weak Condition. But my Father laid hold of her, and with a Pull, swung her to the farther End of the Room. Now, Madam, said he, since I see the Inveteracy of your Malice, and having broke the Bonds of Duty, Love, and Tenderness, I'll make you feel the Power of a Husband; you shall be close confin'd to your Apartment, never once to converse with Me, or Mine. You shall want nothing, but your Liberty, where you will have Time enough to reflect upon your Conduct, and what it is to injure a Husband by your violent Proceedings. So saying, he seiz'd upon her, maugre her Strugglings, carry'd her to the Nursery, and lock'd her in: The Reason of his putting her there, was, as he said afterwards, to prevent her making any Attempts to get out of the Windows, being there were Bars fix'd for fear of any Accident among us, when we were under the Nurse's Care.

Notwithstanding her Violence of Temper, she had certainly (at least in every Body's Opinion) a tender Regard for my Father; and if he did not return it, he gave her no Cause to complain. He had too much Humanity

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manity to use any one ill, much less a Wife. I have often heard him say, While my Wife continues her Good-humour to me, she shall never find me in the least to blame in my Conduct to her; but whenever that alters, I shall have so much Regard to myself, to be easy.

During my Illness, my Father was hardly ever from me. I did not think it was proper for one of my Years to ask him any Questions concerning his Matrimonial Warfare; but as he was sitting upon my Bed, about the fifth Day of my Illness, my Mother's Maid brought him a Letter, which my Father perus'd, then read it to me, as follows:

S I R,

I AM sensible the Serenity of Temper you have often promis'd to yourself, if any Breach should happen between us, gives you very great Satisfaction, whatever Uneasiness I feel: But, as I have Cause to believe the Burden will be weightier, if you will not allow me one Favour, which I am almost assur'd you will comply with, that is, to have the Company of my hurt Son in my Confinement, besides Maternal Affections, I believe there is another Motive which convinces me I shall not be deny'd, you will get rid of an Object which cannot but be ungrateful to you, because it belongs to One who
formerly

formerly thought it her chiefest Happiness to be call'd

Yours.

Confinement, I find, said my Father, is a good Mortifier; but I shall very willingly comply with her Request, upon your Account; for I can't suppose it is very pleasing to you, to have always before your Eyes the Cause of your Pain and Illness. Sir, said I, there is no Motive more prevalent with me, than the Satisfaction of my Mother; besides, I hope I have it not in my Nature to bear Malice, therefore I have long since forgiven my Brother, imagining it to be only the Heat of Passion, and want of Years. My Child, said my Father, your Years are the same, both in your Thirteenth; and yet I am convinc'd he has not the Consideration that thou hast, which I am pleas'd with, not for his Want of Understanding, but that thine seems to exceed thy Years: Pray Heaven continue it! Sir, said I, 'tis all I ask, the Blessing of Heaven and You; in having them, I shall want nothing; but, possess'd with all the Gifts of Fortune, wanting them, I shall be poor indeed! My Boy (said my Father, and kiss'd me) once more Heaven blefs thee! Grant that I may be able to provide for thee according to my Inclination!

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By this Time the Maid, who had retir'd while my Father was perusing the Letter, came in to expect an Answer. Tell your Mistress, said my Father, I shall comply with her Request, as I shall to all others that are reasonable. Upon this Answer, the Maid went out, and my Father gave immediate Orders to remove the Boy: Then, with a gentle Press by the Hand, took his Leave of me. I must own I was very much delighted at his Expressions of Kindness to me, being it was what I never receiv'd from him before: 'Tis true, he never us'd me harshly, but he did not seem to me to have the least Regard, or playing and toying with Children, as I have known Parents do; his Manner of Behaviour to me before, begot Respect in me; it was enough if he did but look at me, to make me observe him; tho' I can't fancy it is a proper Carriage from a Parent to a Child, neither the Way to beget Obedience; there is a kind of Indulgence to the harmless Follies of Children, that insensibly wins the Affections of the Child. I remember my own Brother, that was one Year elder than me, never car'd to come in my Father's Sight, which proceeded from his stiff Behaviour to us. But I am not laying down Rules or Examples between Parents and Children, tho' really I think some Parents want as much Instruction that Way as their Children.

Children. Tho' I am well-assur'd my Father had a tender Regard for his, notwithstanding his rigid Behaviour, for he punish'd severely for Faults openly, and, as I found afterwards, rewarded 'em secretly when they did well: But my Readers may with Reason say, this is but little to the Purpose.

In the next Visit my Father made me, he told me he fancy'd my mother had a great Mind to be making her Peace; but, added he, *Will*, I'll take Care, if it comes to that, you shall be included in the Treaty. I told him I should be pleas'd, let it go which Way it wou'd, if he wou'd be so. I have receiv'd another Letter since Morning, said he, with her Desire to speak with me; in the Evening I shall comply with her Request; and the Result of our Conference thou shalt know to-morrow Morning; for, added he, it will be late before I can go to her, for I expect your Schoolmaster this Evening, who is to stay all Night on purpose to see you, as he sends me Word. And, accordingly, before Night, the good old Man came to condole with me, and in some sort to chide me, in neglecting to tell him of my Brother's Want of Learning: However, said he, I forgive you, and have prevail'd on your Father that I may have you again; for I should be much concern'd to lose the Flower of my Flock; as he was pleas'd to call me: As for your Brother *Jack*,
added

added he, I have advis'd with your Father, to prevail on your Mother to put him out to some creditable Trade, and not longer to lose his Time in fruitless Endeavours to learn what he can never attain to; for, continu'd he, I have just now been examining him in the Garden (for as he had the Use of his Legs, he cou'd go any where) but I am in the utmost Confusion to find him such a Dunce, and that I cou'd be so long impos'd on between you.

I begg'd my Master to mention my Folly no more, for I assur'd him it was Want of Thought, and Tenderness to him, that occasion'd the Deceit; I had sufficiently repented of it, and if it was to come over again, wou'd sooner die than be guilty of any such Proceedings. I added, It was the greatest Grief I ever did, or ever shou'd feel, that from so trivial a Thing, as I thought, such Difference shou'd be created between my Father and Mother. Rest contented, reply'd my Master: Thy Mother-in-law has prov'd what I always thought her, a turbulent-spirited Woman, only she had Art enough to hide it so long from your Father. Indeed her first Husband, Sir Charles, many Years ago hinted some such Thing to me. I am pleas'd she has declar'd herself upon so slight an Occasion, that your good Father may be arm'd in Time against her Contrivances; for I am
apt

apt to believe even her Affection to him is only counterfeited, and when once Women can counterfeit Love, I give 'em lost to all virtuous Principles; their Endearments are the worst of Crimes, and the greatest Affront they can put upon a Man. I have known some Women who have prov'd false to their Husband's Bed, yet have carry'd it with such a Tenderness and Regard to them, that if the World had not been convinc'd of their Baseness, 'twere enough to call Truth a Liar.

I interrupted my Master, by telling him I thought there was no Grounds even for Suspicion of any such Thing concerning my Mother. I hope so too, reply'd my School-master.

After some other Discourse of the Weaknesses of Women, he left me to my own Thoughts, but I must own they were not very pleasing ones. I began to consider my Condition. If my Mother prov'd an ill Woman, as I had some Reason to suspect from the Hints and Discourses of my Master, I shou'd certainly suffer in the End, for if my Father was reconcil'd to her, through her Cunning, I did not doubt but she would improve it, and make me the Butt of her Resentment; and, notwithstanding my Father's good Sense, and Knowledge of the World, there was not an Impossibility but he might fall into the Snares of a subtle designing Woman: The Thought

of this spread a melancholy Cloud over my Face, which was perceiv'd by my Father, who enter'd in the midst of my Cogitations.

How now, *Will*, said he, does thy Wound pain thee, that thou look'st with such a sorrowful Countenance? No, Sir, said I, I was only enter'd into thinking of what may happen for the future, and the Fear of losing your Kindness made me sad. Well, said he, as I am assur'd from your Behaviour, that will never happen, I hope your Concern will cease. I told you (continu'd my Father) when I parted with you last, that I wou'd not let thee know the Result of the Interview till the Morning; but as we are reconcil'd, I could not so long delay thee thy Part of the Satisfaction. To-morrow in the Morning thy Mother, thy Master, and all of us, are to come into thy Room to Breakfast, where I hope all Animosities will cease. On my Side, Sir, said I, they were never begun, nor ever shall, without my Temper and Inclination shou'd be inverted. I believe there's no Danger of that, reply'd my Father; and so, my good Boy, Good-night.

As soon as my Father was gone, my Master came in again: *Billy*, said he, I cou'd not go to Bed without seeing you, to desire, since your Father and Mother are reconcil'd, to take no manner of Notice of the Discourse you and I had together concerning her. I

told him, without any Caution, it shou'd have been as secret as if no one had known it but himself: I believe it, said he, yet I thought Caution might have been necessary; and so bid me Good-night.

When I was once more left alone, Reflexion began to be stronger than before, and weighing, according to my young Judgment, the Affairs and Condition of the Family, thought verily my Circumstances wou'd suffer by it. I was in the midst of a thousand confus'd ungrateful Thoughts, when the Surgeon came in to dress me, and viewing my Wound, was very much surpriz'd to see it look so angry: I am afraid, young Gentleman, said he, you have met with something to-day that makes you uneasy, or have tasted something that you shou'd not have done, which occasions this Alteration in your Hurt. Pray, said he, what have you had to eat to-day? When I inform'd him, That, said he, cou'd never hurt you; the Alteration I perceive must proceed from some Disturbance of Mind, and I value my Patient so much, that I must know the Cause, that I may speak to your Father to have it remedy'd. I found him so pressing, that I was oblig'd to tell him, some little Accidents in the Family had given me some Uneasiness, which were now reconcil'd, and wou'd soon be forgot. Yes, said he, I hear your Father and Mother are come

to

to an Agreement, and I can't say I am over well pleas'd at it, for if she does not play him, and all of you, some Trick, I'll be hang'd; I have Reasons best known to myself for what I say.

I am sorry, said I, you have any secret Reason to suspect my Mother's future Conduct; and without you disclose 'em to me, I shall imagine they are Chimæras of your own Brain, that flow from your too much Drinking (for he was fam'd for a great Topper) or otherwise from her refusing you the Cure of my Brother Jack; for when my Mother-in-law heard he was my Surgeon, her Resentment run so high, that she wou'd not employ him.

Nothing of all this, I can assure you, return'd the Surgeon; but I shall say no more at present, 'till I have observ'd her future Behaviour, and if she deserves it, I shall disclose some Things that will be very surprizing to all of you. I wish, said I, you wou'd either have mention'd nothing of it now, or wou'd resolve to tell me what it is you know, for I fear, if you leave me in Doubt, it will not at all help me in the Cure.

I am sorry, return'd the Surgeon, I have inadvertently said any thing to make you uneasy; but, to reconcile you to your Rest to-night, be assured, whenever I disclose it, 'twill help you rather than injure you; and

tho' I have many Follies, I have Discretion enough to keep this a Secret, till it shall prove advantageous to your Father and you.

I us'd many Arguments to persuade him to let me know this great Secret, but all to no Purpose; so after he had dress'd me, he left me with more Cause of Uneasiness than I had before, which I too plainly shew'd by my Countenance. The Maid who attended me in my Illness, who was one that liv'd with my Mother in her Life-time, and had the bringing of me up, told me I should not be uneasy at what the Surgeon said, he was nothing but a meer Rattle, for it was his usual Way to make People imagine he knew something concerning their Affairs, and when he came to be strictly examin'd, deny'd it all, or made an Excuse that he suppos'd he was drunk when he said so.

What the Maid said seem'd probable enough; yet I cou'd not put it out of my Head, that notwithstanding his Character, there was something in his Knowledge concerning our Family.

The Thought of this, with other Affairs, kept me from sleeping many Hours, and when I did, it was broken, and interrupted with frightful Dreams. In one, I thought my Mother invited my Father and me to walk with her in a Garden; at the End there was a prodigious high Mountain, which we ascended

ascended with much Difficulty, and when we had gain'd the Summit, my Mother gave my Father a Push down the Brow of the Mountain, on the other Side, where my troubled Fancy gave him for lost. She then flew towards me, and violently thrust me down the same Way we came up; I thought I fell to the Bottom much bruise'd, as also scratch'd by Brambles and Stones that lay in my Way, that the Pain I felt awak'd me. I told my Dream to the Maid that sat up with me; she reply'd, it was nothing but a disturb'd Fancy with the Pain of my Hurt, and begg'd I wou'd compose myself to Sleep, which after some Time I did.

I re-assum'd my Dream where I left off. My sleeping Imagination represented my Mother on the Brow of the Hill, hurling Stones and Clods of Earth at me, yet I thought none of 'em came near me to do me any Damage; and as she was endeavouring to come down the Hill, in order, as I thought, to hurt me, she vanish'd away, but I cou'd not perceive which Way she went. Upon the Instant I awoke, in a very great Agony, when I told the Maid the Cause of my Uneasiness; she laugh'd at me, and said 'twas only form'd from my uneasy Thoughts. Whatever she could say to me upon the Invalidity of Dreams, I cou'd not put this out of my Head, nor go to sleep again; and the

rest of our Discourse till Morning was Stories of Dreams proving true, which I had oft heard repeated, but she call'd those things *Visions*; I wou'd have perswaded her mine was such, but she laugh'd me out of it, or at least I had Discretion enough to say no more to her concerning it, whatever were my Thoughts about it.

When the Time of Breakfast came, my Father enter'd the Room, and ask'd me how I had rested last Night; the Maid answer'd for me, that I had been disturb'd by frightful Dreams; my Father return'd, he had none of the best; but, continu'd he, Dreams were the only Work of a disturb'd Fancy, and were as far from Truth, as the Glow-Worm's dim Shine from Light and Heat; the Creatures of the drowsy Brain.

But, Sir, said I, many have been forewarn'd by Dreams of Accidents that have happen'd to 'em; witness *Calpurnia's* Dream of the *Butchery* of *Cæsar*, and *Cæsar's* Dream before he overcame *Pompey*, or that mention'd by *Valerius Maximus* of the two *Arcadians* *. Nothing, Child, reply'd my Father,

* *Valerius Maximus*, in his Account of *Dreams*, gives this particular one. Two *Arcadians*, Friends to each other, travelling together, came to the City of *Megara* in the Province of *Achaia*, formerly a Dependant on the *Athenians*. One of 'em went to lodge at a Friend's House,

ther, but the Fancy of Poets and Historians, and I hope you have Understanding enough to slight 'em; 'tis nothing but superstitious Opinion that gives any Credit to Dreams and Omens; but, continu'd he, I wou'd have thee put on a more pleasing Countenance, for thy Mother, Brother, and I, are coming presently to Breakfast with thee, in order for a Reconciliation on all Hands, and if she perceives that Cloud upon thy Face, she will be apt to conjecture her Presence is irksome to

House, the other at a public Inn. The Person that lay at his Friend's, in his Sleep, fancy'd he heard his Companion call out for Help from the Violence of his Landlord; which awak'd him, and stamp'd such an Impression on his Mind, that he rose and endeavour'd to find out the Inn. But Fortune not allowing him that Happiness, he went to his Lodging, and address'd himself to Sleep again, laughing to himself, that a Dream shou'd so much disturb him. When Sleep had once more taken Possession of his Faculties, he dreamt that his Friend came to his Bedside cover'd with Wounds, who told him, That since Fate had not permitted him to prevent his End, he hop'd he wou'd see his Death reveng'd. My Body, said the Apparition, is now carrying in a Cart, cover'd with Rubbish, out of the Gate of the City, by the Inn-keeper, who murder'd me for my Money. Arise! and bring him to the Punishment he deserves. The friendly *Arcadian*, at this second Warning, arose, and taking Assistance with him, stopp'd the Inn keeper with the Cart, where he found the bleeding Body of his Friend. The Man confess'd his Guilt, and was executed accordingly.

thee. I reply'd, I wou'd do my Endeavour to be compos'd, as indeed I had Reason; but I told him, I wou'd ever have my Face the *Index* of my Heart, for I shou'd find it a very hard Task to counterfeit any Passion. Well, said my Father, smiling, we shall be with you presently, and went out.

When he was gone, I resolv'd to rise, and put on my Gown, in order to receive such a Visit decently, tho' the Maid wou'd have dissuaded me. I was but just dress'd, and set down in my Chair (for I was not able to stand) when my Father, Mother, and her Son, enter'd the Chamber. As soon as my Mother came in, she said to my Father, he had inform'd her I had kept my Bed: Indeed, my Dear, return'd my Father, I am something surpriz'd, for I left him in Bed not a Quarter of an Hour ago. I answer'd, that I thought it my Duty to come as near my Knees as I cou'd, and I hop'd my Mother wou'd pardon the Posture I was in; but I threw an humble Heart at her Feet, and hop'd she wou'd give me her Blessing with her Pardon. Heaven bless thee (said she) my Dear; and, for Pardon, 'tis I ought to ask that of thee, who have really offended; but acknowledging a Fault is the Way to Repentance, and all my Hope is, we shall bury in Oblivion past Transactions. She then brought my Brother forward, who told me with a cloudy

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Countenance, He begg'd my Pardon, and wou'd do so no more. I told him I had long since learnt to forget every thing, for Forgiveness was not a Word became a Child's Mouth. We all kiss'd round.

When our mutual Caresses were over, I cou'd perceive Tears of Joy stand in my Father's Eyes for this our Reconciliation, and I imagin'd my Mother's Countenance look'd with a pleasing Contentment in't. But alas! 'tis hard to know the Heart of Woman! A fair Face, with a smiling Countenance, often harbour Rancour in the Soul; and as they study to set off their Features, they also study to make their Face a Mask to their Mind.

They staid with me some Time, nor perhaps had gone so soon, if Word had not been brought in, that the Surgeon was come to dress me. My Mother begg'd Leave to retire, telling me she had not Courage enough to support the Sight of my Hurt; so my Father led her out, and my Brother follow'd 'em.

Immediately after the Surgeon came in, Well, said he, I find all's right again; I met your Father leading your Mother thro' the Hall, as if he had just begun to court her. I wish it may hold on her Side. I hope there is no Fear of it, said I, but I can assure you, what you hinted to me Yesterday, has given me a great deal of Uneasiness.

Think on't no more, return'd the Surgeon, think on't no more, Master; I am very sorry I mention'd any thing to you, and beg you wou'd speak of it no more. How, said I! do you endeavour to calumniate Persons out of a Whim of your Brain, and not expect to be call'd to an Account for it? I have been inform'd of your Temper, or rather the Villainy of your opprobrious Tongue, and can farther assure you, that the chimerical Aspersions you wou'd endeavour to fix upon my Mother-in-law, shall not go unpunish'd, if my Father retains his usual Spirit, unless you this Moment tell the Truth, and either make out what you wou'd insinuate, or clear her by asking Pardon for the Injury you wou'd have done her.

The Surgeon seem'd very much in Confusion during my Speech to him, which I observing, did not doubt but it was, as the Maid said, his constant Custom to calumniate every body.

I see, said I, by the Confusion in your Countenance, you seem'd to confess your Error; I'll give you my Word to mention what has past between you and I to no one, on Condition, for the future, you'll leave off that vile Custom of aspersing the Characters of every Body you know; for it may prove of dangerous Consequence to other People, as well as yourself, and it's a Crime neither becoming a Christian or a Man.

Sir,

Sir, return'd the Surgeon, I must own to you, you have open'd my Eyes more by your Discourse, than all that I have ever had said to me upon the like Occasion, and the vile Trick has crept upon me through Custom, for come where you will, even all Sexes, Ages, and Degrees, are fond of hearing a little Scandal, and willing to know the Frailties of their Neighbours, not considering, the Parasite, to the next Company, makes as free with the last he came from; and I must own the Success I have met with, or indeed the Willingness of my Hearers, have often put me upon inventing Stories to please my Patients and their Families. But I now repent, and am resolv'd never to be guilty of the like again, and my Repentance is owing to your Advice. After this he ran on with many Encomiums on the Ripeness of my Understanding, and a long Rigneroles of nothing to the Purpose: But, said he, concerning your Mother, I know something that I am sure wou'd cause great Uneasiness in the Family; yet I beg you wou'd not insist upon knowing any thing farther, for the Character I perceive I have got in the World, wou'd fly in my Face, and spoil my Evidence, till I can plainly prove what I say, which if I ever see there is a Necessity for it, I can in a few Days bring to pass. I strove many Ways to get something out of him, but it prov'd to

no Purpose, yet I verily believ'd he knew somewhat against the Reputation of my Mother-in-law.

When he was gone, I began to lose myself in confus'd Thoughts and Notions, as I had formerly done, which gave me vast Uneasiness, that led me to imagine my Mother's Conduct to my Father and me all an Artifice; this put me upon a Resolution of observing nicely her Carriage, that I might be able to form my Behaviour afterwards.

We liv'd very lovingly together a whole Year, and I began to bury all my Fears, imagining still the Surgeon had wrongfully aspers'd my Mother: Therefore I apply'd myself hard to my Studies with my Tutor, for since the first Falling out, my Father wou'd not let us go to School any more, but provided a Tutor for us in the House; tho' he cou'd make nothing of my Brother *John*, for he was resolv'd to remain a Dunce, which did not a little grieve both my Father and Mother, but there was no Remedy. Therefore *John* was resolv'd for behind the Counter. The Time was fix'd to put him Apprentice to a Mercer, and me to the University. I cou'd easily perceive this Resolution, tho' both Father and Mother-in-law seem'd to consent to it, was a great Grief to my Mother, and in a few Days I was confirm'd in't.

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At the End of our Garden was a large Summer-House, which I frequently made my Place of Study; having just made an End of *Claudian*, I was going into the House to fetch another Book, but perceiving my Mother at the End of one of the Walks, in order, as I suppos'd, to come into the Summer-House, I step'd behind it, that I might not meet her. When she came near me, I cou'd perceive by her Countenance she was mightily disturb'd: She staid in the Walk for her Maid a few Minutes; when she came to her, they both went up into the Summer-House; I found they were in deep Discourse, therefore must own I had Curiosity enough to listen awhile; but they spoke so low, that I cou'd only hear now and then a Word, but yet enough to pick out it concern'd my Brother *John* and *myself*.

I had left my *Claudian* above in the Window of the Summer-House, which my Mother perceiving, took it up. *Ha!* said she, *this, I suppose, is some of the Jackanapes's Books!* Ay, 'tis Latin, I believe, 'tis his. *Well, I'll take care he shall have Reading enough, I'll warrant him.* And then spoke so low, that I cou'd not hear the rest. I listen'd farther, but whether they mistrusted somebody was near 'em, or they were consulting something that was wicked, I can't tell, but they spoke so low, that I cou'd not hear any thing

Thing but a continual Humming between 'em.

I went to my Study, but had no Inclination to read; my Head run too much upon what I had heard, and what I suggested; the more I thought, the more Reason I had to be uneasy. I sent a Servant to the Summer-House for the Book I had forgot; when he return'd, I ask'd him if there was any Body in the Summer-House; he answer'd, There was my *Lady* and Mrs. *Betty* in close Conference; and farther added, they look'd upon him with damn'd four Countenances for disturbing 'em, as he suppos'd.

I found every Thing concurr'd with my Thoughts, which added very much to my discontented Mind. When my Tutor came in, he perceiv'd by my Looks my Spirits were discompos'd, and pressing me to know the Reason, I told him I was not very well. At Supper (for my Tutor being a Gentleman of a good Family, that had suffer'd many Misfortunes in the World, my Father allow'd him the Privilege of eating with us) he desir'd my Father to order me a little Physick, for I had complain'd I was indispos'd. My Father press'd me to take it on the next Morning, but I told him it was nothing but too much Reading, and I shou'd be well presently; but if I found myself worse, I wou'd take Physic in a Day or two. Ay, says my Mother,

Mother, whether you are better or no, you ought to take Physic this Spring-time, and *Johnny* shall take some along with you. So it was agreed in two Days to take it, and Word was sent to the Apothecary's accordingly; tho' I resolv'd with myself not to take any, as believing I wanted none, mine being an Illness of the Mind. When the Time came, the Doses were sent us, but I convey'd mine away without taking it.

At Dinner, my Mother seem'd, as I thought, to look thro' me, and ask'd me many Questions concerning the Operation. I answer'd her as I thought proper. As she ask'd her Maid (who always waited on her alone) for a Glass of Wine, I observ'd she look'd upon her with an odd sort of a Countenance; the Maid seem'd to return her another Look, which plainly told me there was a Meaning between 'em. But the Discourse was turn'd on another Subject, as being not altogether so proper at Dinner; yet every now and then my Mother wou'd come out with——*Sure, Billy, you did not take your Physic!* I confidently told her I did, tho' I abhor a Lye. Many odd Looks pass'd every Moment between the Mistress and the Maid during Dinner. When it was ended, they both went up into her Dressing-Room; I cou'd not help following 'em with my Eyes, and secretly wish'd I cou'd have been near enough,

enough to hear their Conversation; but as that could not be, I was oblig'd to be contented without it.

In a little Time my Mother came down again; after some short Stay in the Dining-Room, my Father, Mother, Brother *John*, and I, as usual, went to walk in the Garden: *John*, as was his Custom, ran scampering before, and plaid many of his childish Tricks. Why *Billy*, said my Father, why don't you do as your Brother *Jackey* does, 'twill make you strong and lusty; all Study will spoil you, weaken your Constitution, ay, and impair your Health. So it will reply'd my good Mother, I don't think he has a good State of Health, for he seems to me as if he were in a Consumption; observe how pale he looks: Ay, but return'd my Father, that may be his Physic. I don't know but it may, says she; but, if I might advise, he shou'd take more in a few Days, as well as *Jackey*, for I am assur'd 'twill do 'em good: Nay, further, my Dear (said she to my Father) I intend to see *Billy* take his, for it runs in my Head he made away that he was to take in the Morning, for I know he hates Physic. I endeavour'd to convince her of the contrary, which she seem'd to believe.

The Time drew near that we were to take Physick again, and I was putting my Inven-
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tion on the Stretch how to avoid it, for I found she had resolv'd to be by when we were to take it, which accordingly happen'd. When she gave me mine, I let it slip out of my Hand upon the Ground; this put her into such a Passion, that she gave me a Box on the Ear; but in a little Time after she begg'd my Pardon, kiss'd me, put her Hand to her Purse, and gave me half a Guinea, desiring I wou'd forget it; I promis'd her I wou'd, tho' I really cou'd not.

When my Father came in, she told him in a merry Manner, I was resolv'd not to take any Physic, for the young Rogue, said she, let it slip through his Fingers, which convinces me he play'd the same Trick with that the other Morning. I told my Father it was purely Accident. Well, well, Billy, said my Mother-in-law, let it be what it will, we shall take Care of the next, I warrant you. I don't know when that can be, my Dear, said my Father, for he must go to his Uncle's this Afternoon, who begs to see him, and I can't tell when he will return. My Mother made no Answer to it, but seem'd to be in much Confusion.

I was very well pleas'd to go to my Uncle's, not only to get rid of my Mother's Physic, but to see him, who was more indulgent to me than my own Father, and it was thought by every one that I shou'd be
his

his Heir, for he was an old Batchelor, and never intended to marry.

While I was in my Study, pleasing myself with the Thoughts of going to my Uncle's, my Father came in to me. Billy, said he, thy Mother has convinc'd me 'tis necessary you should take Physic before you go, so that I have sent an Excuse to your Uncle, and let him know you will wait on him in two or three Days at farthest. I was confounded at what he said, yet I answer'd him, What he pleas'd. I could not tell him what I thought of my Mother, and that I believ'd she intended to give me something to injure me, for as it cou'd not be prov'd, it wou'd look only like Fear, or Malice; so I e'en set myself to think how to avoid it.

At last I thought to get a Phial, the same Size of that she brought me in the Morning, and fill it with something near the Colour, which seem'd to me to be a dark brown. But then the Difficulty wou'd be, how to put the Change upon her. In the Morning I had prepar'd my Phial, and when my Mother was going to pour it into a Glass for me to drink, I begg'd she wou'd be pleas'd to let me drink it out of the Phial, for the Sight of it in a Glass turn'd my Stomach against it. Ay, my Dear, with all my Heart, any how, so thou dost but take it, reply'd my good Mother. When I had got it, I put the

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the Change upon her, and drank what I had prepar'd. My Mother seem'd mightily pleas'd, taking her Leave of me with a *It's a good Child; keep thyself warm, my Dear.* When she was gone, I went into my Study, and began to examine the Bottle my Mother wou'd have had me taken. I found it had no ill Smell; but as I had not any Inclination to taste it, I had Thoughts of trying the Experiment upon some dumb Creature, but cou'd not find in my Heart to be so cruel, yet had a vast Inclination to know its Effects. At last I resolv'd to give it to a Greyhound Bitch, whose Surliness had given me Occasion enough not to have any great Compassion for her. I did not think it proper to do it in the House, so took my Opportunity to wheedle her into the Stable, when no one was there, but going to open her Jaws to pour it into her Mouth, she flew at me, and ran away. In the Surprize, I let the Phial fall out of my Hand, which broke with the Fall. I was very uneasy I cou'd not make Proof of what I design'd, for I knew it wou'd be to no Purpose to discover my Suspicions only.

When Dinner-time came I was call'd down, and observ'd the Confusion of Faces were increas'd between the Mistress and the Maid, insomuch that my Father cou'd not help taking Notice of it. Pray, my Dear, what

what has *Betty* (said my Father) done, for you look at her as if she had committed some great Crime? What, I warrant, she has not wash'd your Headcloaths to please you, or some such Trifle. She knows what she has done, said my Mother-in-law, well enough; but I don't think it worth my while to be angry about it. Well, but don't give her such four Looks then (return'd my Father) but pardon her, you'll spoil her Stomach to her Dinner, Child. My Father went on in a jocular Manner all Dinner-time, yet notwithstanding now and then Looks past between 'em, that no Body cou'd interpret but myself, or at least I thought I cou'd. I see, my Dear, cry'd my Father, the Peace is not made up between you; give me Leave to be the Judge in this Matter; but first let me know the Case: Come, *Betty*, continu'd my Father, you seem to be the Offender, confess your Crime, and that's the Way to find Pardon the sooner. Why, Sir, return'd the Maid, I have forgot to wash my Mistress's lac'd Pinnars, for which she has been angry with me all this Morning. And is this the full and whole History of her Crime, my Dear, said my Father to my Mother-in-law? Yes, return'd the good Woman. Why then I proceed to Judgment, said my Father.

You, Mrs. *Betty*, not having the Fear of God before your Eyes, &c. (here my Father

exit)

ran on with the whole Sentence that a Judge repeats to one arraign'd for Murder, and during the Time of speaking, I observ'd *Betty* to be very much startled; shall for your Punishment, before you sleep, wash and starch these same Headcloaths, and in so doing, it shall remain as a sufficient Punishment for your heinous Crime, tho' you know you deserve much worse; and be sure for the future, you are never guilty of the like. *Betty* promis'd, in a great deal of Confusion, to mend for the future.

The next Day was design'd for me to wait on my Uncle, and tho' I had a great Desire to go, yet I was not satisfy'd; I was in various Minds; sometimes I fully intended to inform my Father with my Suspicions, with all the Circumstances and Grounds for't. But then again, I consider'd my Suspicions might strengthen my Opinion, and they might be really innocent. While I was wrapt in my Cogitations, I observ'd my Mother and her Maid were going into the Garden, and I did not doubt but they wou'd get into the Summer House, in order to another Conference. I slip't into the Garden, and got to my Hiding place behind the Jessamine-Hedge before they came. As soon as they were up the Stairs of the Summer-House, my Mother ask'd her Maid if she was assur'd there was no one in the Garden; she told her, no, nor none

none cou'd come in but she cou'd perceive
 'em from the Window where she sat.

What can be the Meaning, said my Mother, that this devilish Brat does not feel the Effects of what he has taken? I am afraid either the Apothecary, or you, have betray'd me. Madam, return'd the Maid, I can assure you we are both innocent of your Suspicion: As for his Part, he does not know who, or what it's for: Yet, Madam, I don't doubt but you'll be surpris'd at what I am going to say to you.

I wou'd not, continu'd *Betty*, be guilty of what before Dinner I made no Scruple of, for the whole World. If you had observ'd my Countenance, while my Master was judging my fictitious Crime, with the formal Introductions in Cases of Murder, you might have read my Guilt in my Face. I am assur'd Master *Billy* observ'd me most heedfully, and to my thinking, his Eyes told me he knew my real Crime in the Intention. I was some Time before I cou'd recover my Confusion, and I then weigh'd in the Scales of Justice, the Reason of your Resentment to him, and found the Intention to be the utmost Wickedness, and I thank'd my God our inhuman Designs had not taken effect. You see Heaven is displeas'd, and shews the Abhorrence of the Fact, by hindring the Effect. I look'd in his Face during the latter Part of
 Dinner,

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Dinner, and wonder'd how we cou'd plot to take away the Life of ſo much Innocence, that never injur'd us. I thank Heaven, my Eyes are open'd, nor even the worſt of Torments ſhou'd make me once think of ſuch a Crime. Therefore let me beg of you, my dear Miſtreſs, to forget it, bury even the Thought of it: Conſider the Crime; *Murder* is the greateſt Sin againſt God; 'tis even ſtriking at him, by murdering his Image. Let my Repentance be as the Alarm to yours. I am ſure, if you will give yourſelf Time to think, your Conſcience muſt awake, and teach you to abhor the Crime. No one knows our wicked Intention, but all-ſeeing Heaven, which will pardon us on a ſincere Repentance. We are oblig'd to keep each other's Counſel; therefore let me conjure you, by the Love you ought to owe your Husband! by your Duty to Heaven! which I ſhou'd have mention'd firſt; by the Worth of your eternal Soul! by the Affection you ought to owe your Children! for thoſe of your Husband's muſt be yours, ſince you are but one: Conſider what it is to have a clear and a quiet Conſcience, 'tis the only Happineſs on this Side the Grave, 'tis that which ſweetens all the Ills of Life; the innocent will be happy, let Fortune empty her Quiver of Malice on 'em. If the Weight of this will have no Conſideration with you, think on the Welfare

Welfare of this World, if you can lull to sleep your Conscience. Murder has many Tongues to speak, even Things inanimate have divulg'd the Guilty; and when once reveal'd, think on the Punishment that must follow. I beg, Madam, take some little Time to ruminate on what I have said, before you answer me; weigh it well, for it is of the last Importance; for tho' a poor, ignorant, weak Woman, you'll find what I utter to be the Oracle of Heaven.

Here *Betty* paus'd, as expecting an Answer; and during the Interval of Speech, the Agonies I felt at the intended Wickedness, were next to Death itself. After about a Minute's Silence, my Mother spoke as follows.

Betty, Words can hardly speak the Torments of my Mind; yet I have this to comfort me, 'tis in Repentance to set my Soul at rest, and I do repent from the Bottom of my Heart. What a Fiend had I entertain'd in my Breast! How very near the Brink of Hell, his proper Habitation, had he brought me! Thou wert my Guardian-Angel, that sav'd me from Destruction! To Heaven and Thee I owe my Thanks. Now this Fury is gone forth my Bosom, I think, with thee, how it could be possible to harbour such a hellish Thought against the poor Child; but, now I feel reviving Love, even equal to that of my own Son, I long to embrace and kiss him with a real Mother's Fondness.

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The Joy I felt at this Declaration, had almost made me discover myself, and it was hard to keep my Legs from running to my Mother to accept the long'd-for Blessing; but Reason got the better of my Transport; that told me, I ought to conceal from all the World my Knowledge of the whole Affair. While I was in my Musing, I cou'd hear *Betty* say, Madam, my Master's coming up the Walk, I beg you will compose yourself. I'll do what I can, reply'd my Mother-in-law, but no one can imagine what Torments I feel. Then sit here, Madam, said *Betty*, for here it's dark, and my Master cannot perceive your Disorder. My Mother, as I suppos'd, remov'd to the Place she desir'd her. Immediately after my Father came in, and ask'd 'em if they had seen me, for they had been searching me all over the House, but cou'd not find me. My Brother's Man, said my Father, is waiting for him. My Mother reply'd I had not been there, but must certainly be in the Study. No, said my Father, he is not there, neither can I imagine where he can be, and the not finding him makes me very uneasy.

Upon saying this, my Father went up and down the Walks calling me. When he had left the two Women, *Betty* cry'd out, I hope in Heaven my Repentance is accepted, and he has not now felt the Effect of the Poison.

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44. *The VOYAGES, &c. of*

You fright me out of my Senses, return'd my Mother; let's run to seek him. Away they went. When I was certain they were out of Sight, I clamber'd over the Wall, and came in the Street Way, just as my Mother with her Maid came out of the Garden. As soon as my Mother met me, she clasp'd me about the Neck, and kiss'd me with as much Transport as if I had been her own Son; which affected me in such a manner, I could not help weeping with Excess of Satisfaction. What means these Tears, my Child, said my Mother? Madam, said I, be not offended, they are Tears of Joy, to see you so kind. Bless thee! my dear Boy, return'd my Mother, I hope always to prove so.

When my Father came in, he ask'd me where I had been; I told him, only to take a Walk in the Fields after my Physic. We thought we had lost you, said my Father, and were sending for the Cryer to cry a great Boy of fifteen Years of Age? But come, continu'd he, mount! your Uncle's Man waits for you, and has done this Hour. Your Things shall be there To-morrow Morning. I begg'd Leave only to pack up a few Books, and I wou'd wait on him instantly.

As I was in my Study, putting together what I intended to take with me, *Betty* came up to me. Well, Sir, said she, how do you find yourself after your Physic? Better than
was

was expected this Morning, *Betty*, said I. I am very glad on't, reply'd *Betty*. I now believe you are, said I; but there's a great Alteration since Morning, and I hope it will continue. While I said this, I look'd steadfastly in her Face; she observing me, blush'd very much. Come, *Betty*, said I, 'tis never too late to repent. Repent, Sir! reply'd *Betty*, of what? Of doing Ill, I return'd, or even thinking Ill. I had but an ill Opinion of you this Morning; but I have Reason to think I have done you Wrong, and I ask you Pardon; be satisfy'd, I can sometimes read Peoples Thoughts. Why then, said *Betty*, if it be so, you know you have no Reason to ask my Pardon, for I am sure you never offended me. But if I have ever offended you, I ask you, and Heaven, Pardon, and I hope I shall obtain both. Be assur'd you will, I reply'd. She seeing me ready to go down, took her Leave of me, modestly begging Leave to kiss me. As I was going away; Sir, said she, if we both are alive ten Years hence, and I have the Honour to see you, I may make you acquainted with something very extraordinary. Nothing but what I partly understand already, I return'd; keep in the honest Path you are in, then Heaven will bless you.

I got on Horseback, after taking Leave of the Family, and observ'd *Betty* in much Con-

fusion; I shook my Head at her, with a Smile, and rid away.

When I arriv'd at my Uncle's, which was about fourteen Miles from my Father's, I was told by the Servants he was gone out a little Way, not expecting me so soon; but he wou'd return in a Quarter of an Hour. During his Stay, a Coach came to the Door with a Couple of old Ladies, and a young one about thirteen Years of Age, the beautifullest Creatu'e my Eyes ever beheld: I cou'd not help gazing upon her, with a great deal of Delight. They came to visit my Uncle, but finding he was gone out, wou'd not stay. I look'd after the Coach which carry'd this young Angel away, as far as ever I cou'd see, and began to feel a certain Tenderness, which People, I thought, of my Years had but little Knowledge of.

I was pleasing myself with the charming Idea, when my Uncle came in, who exprest a great deal of Satisfaction to see me. After the first Civilities were over, I told him there was a Coach with some Ladies to wait upon him, but not meeting with him at home, wou'd not come in. My Uncle being a merry jocosè Man, said to me, Sirrah, you shou'd have done the Duties of my House, and *made* 'em come in. But who were they? I told him I could not tell. But the Servant reply'd, They were my Lady —— her Sister

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ter and Daughter. Odsó! you young Dog,
return'd my Uncle, there wou'd be a fine
Wife, if you had but Money enough; she's
an Heirefs, and will be worth Fifty Thou-
sand Pounds. Well Sir, said I, when I
think on Marriage, I must not turn my
Thoughts that Way. No! why so? reply'd
my Uncle; a Woman with a Fortune is as
soon got as one without; and when I die,
you don't know what may happen.

Sir, said I, if I never marry till I wish
your Death, I hope to live single a great
while. I believe thee, *Will*, said my Uncle:
But 'tis Time enough to talk of these Things
ten Year hence; I wou'd have no Man mar-
ry till they are past twenty, nor Women till
past sixteen. I wonder, Sir, said I, you
never thought of that State! Why, you young
Rogue, so I have, reply'd my Uncle, so
much on't, that I resolve to live single all my
Life; and I am of the Opinion, few People
marry only to better their Condition. That's
a little too hard, Sir, said I: Do you ima-
gine no one marries for Love? O yes, a
great many, reply'd my Uncle; but it does
not last long: Lovers have large Stomachs,
but are soon cloy'd, they very often surfeit the
first Meal. I told him, My Mother, his
Sister, I thought, lov'd my Father till the
Day of her Death. She was contented, I
believe, reply'd my Uncle. But come, young
D 3. Man,

Man, this Discourse is a little too wise for one of your Years. Not at all, said I, Uncle; I hope you will not take it ill, if I declare your Notions of Matrimony won't hinder me to try my Fortune, when my Inclination serves, and a good Match should offer. No, said my Uncle, I hope to see thee wedded to a good Fortune before I die; therefore I intend to carry thee to my Lady S—— and there you may grow acquainted with the young Lady; your Age is much the same, and your Correspondence may be continu'd as your Years increase; beside, I wou'd have you have some Place to go to, for it wou'd be hard to have nothing but an old musty Uncle to converse with. Age does not very well agree with Youth.

Our Conversation lasted much longer upon this Topic; and it might have lasted longer than it did, if Supper had not come in to stop my Uncle's Mouth. His Housekeeper sat down at Supper with us, which I thought a little odd; but I soon found how Matters went, and, young as I was, I cou'd perceive Madam was Mistress of the Family. She appear'd extremely civil to me, even, as I thought, too civil; for her Behaviour seem'd to say, *Observe! I am Mistress of the House, and 'tis to me you are beholden for your Entertainment.*

The next Day I could not help hinting to my Uncle, something of his Housekeeper's Behaviour.

Behaviour. Why, *Billy*, said my Uncle, this Woman is a good Woman, in her Way, and I shou'd be at a great Loss without her; for, as I have many Servants, and being a single Man, I shou'd be but a scurvy Manager of 'em: Now this Woman, being prudent and discreet, knows how to manage such a Kennel of wild Hounds as I am forc'd to keep, out of State indeed, for I have not Service for 'em half: But a Man of Fortune must live something answerable to it, or he will be despis'd by his Neighbours. Once a Man has got in that Road, he must not get out of it again.

Sir, said I, I beg your Pardon for being so inquisitive, and, may be, impertinent. *Billy*, reply'd my Uncle, you may say and do just what you will here, for I wou'd have you to understand, this House, and all that's in it, is not only yours when I die, but the Estate that belongs to it, which is upward of Two Thousand Pounds a Year; and to convince you of it, I design to make my Will forthwith. I have so much Confidence in you, to believe I shall never have Occasion to alter it. I beg you, Sir, said I, don't talk of making of Wills, and Death, 'tis a melancholy Subject, and whatever you will be pleas'd to leave me, will not compensate the Grief I shou'd feel for the Loss of so good an Uncle. Why, you Fool, reply'd my Uncle,

cle, I believe you; but I hope a Man is never the nearer Death for talking on't, or making his Will!

We were interrupted in our Discourse, by a Servant's giving my Uncle a Letter, which he read to himself; and smil'd. Here, said my Uncle, read that, there's a Billët, whose Style may be altogether new to you; 'tis wrote by a young Lady, and a fine Lady, tho' dictated by an old one. I took it, and read as follows:

MR. IRONFACE,

WE all think you a good-for-nothing, fusty old Fellow, as indeed all old Batchelors are, which is the only Motive prevails upon us to forgive your being abroad Yesterday, when we came to wait upon your Worship. However, you must not expect Absolution before you have done Penance, which is, to come and Dine with us To-day, and stay as long as we shall think fit. Your Compliance shall bespeak some Favour from

Your enraged Judges,

MINOS, RHADAMANTHUS, and ÆACUS.

A very merry, free Epistle, indeed, Sir, said I. 'Tis the Style, said my Uncle, we u'e in writing to one another; and if any other Form shou'd pass between us, we shou'd fancy

fancy each other offended at something. But come, Youth, continu'd my Uncle, you must smug up yourself, and go along with me, for this is the Place I intend to bring you acquainted in; for now they have honour'd me with the Title of Knight of the Sire, I am now and then oblig'd to be with some Bottle-Companions, which will not altogether agree with your Age or Constitution; so that I hope you will like the Company I shall provide for you; and tho' the One is the Mother, and the Other Aunt to the young Creature I was speaking of, yet they are neither of 'em Forty; the one is a Widow, and the other an old Maid, if we may call her one at Eight and Thirty; but she has nothing of the Stiffness or Formality of that State, but is as easy and good-humour'd, as if she had lost that weighty Burden, a *Maidenhead*, twenty Years ago; and, what is more surprising, resolves to die a Maid, except some brawny Rascal does her the Favour to ravish her. The Widow, and Mother to the young Lady, has been in the State of Widowhood near fourteen Years, for her Daughter was Posthumous-born; yet, tho' she is Mistress of a vast Fortune, and consequently been sought by many in Marriage, (for Money is the Loadstone that draws all the World) yet she resolves never to change her State. These Three, with their Family,

live as contentedly as any Three in the Universe. 'Tis here I go, when I have a Mind to be innocently merry, without bringing any Scandal to the Family, because I am an old Fellow. They have fitted up an Apartment for me in particular, and I very often stay all Night. Sir, said I, I suppose the Reason why the Widow does not marry again, is the Love she bears to the Memory of her former Husband. Rather, I believe, the Vexation she receiv'd from him, reply'd my Uncle, hinders her; for I have heard her often say, he us'd to lead her a damn'd Sort of Life; and his Behaviour to her has confirm'd the Sister in the same Mind. She often declares to me, in her Thoughts, the best of Husbands are but Plagues, which I return by imagining the same Thing by the Wives; so we strengthen each other's Opinion by our Conversation; which is something odd, you'll say.

But I forget, continu'd my Uncle, that I am talking to a School-Boy all this Time. Sir, I return'd, whatever you say to me, shall do me no Injury, but rather improve my Understanding: Things of Moment, I shall justly weigh; and what is not necessary to be remember'd, shall be forgot. My Uncle made me many Compliments of my forward Sense; but at the Tag of all, to qualify 'em, told me, *Ripe Fruit was soon rotten*; and so we both went to equip ourselves for our short Journey.

In

In the Coach, my Uncle told me, I should do well to ingratiate myself with the Family; for if I was ever to enter into the Matrimonial State, I cou'd not do better for myself; for, added he, tho' Marriage is a very bitter Pill, yet there's Gold enough to gild it over, and a handsome young Lady to-boot. I told him, whenever that Time came, I shou'd value his Advice at the highest Rate. Come, come, reply'd the old Gentleman, I don't love Compliments, they savour of Insincerity. I return'd, my Tongue and Heart ever did, and I hop'd ever wou'd; go together; and whatever I said, it shou'd be Truth. Ay, but, Boy, answer'd the old Gentleman, you know the old Saying, *Truth is not to be spoke at all Times*; many a poor Man has suffer'd for speaking Truth.

When we came to the End of our short Journey, the two Sisters (who were both comely Women) came to the Gate to bid us welcome; the young Lady, they gave us to understand, was walking in the Garden. When we were brought into the Parlour, after the usual Civilities, my Uncle told 'em, he had brought along with him a Person that he design'd one of their Acquaintance, and if they balk'd his Intention; he threaten'd 'em severely with his Indignation. The Ladies reply'd, I shou'd be welcome upon my own Account, without his Recommendation.

Well,

Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, I don't care how it's done, so it is done. But hold, cry'd the Aunt, won't it be something dangerous to allow him the Conversation and Acquaintance of *Isabella*? (meaning the young Lady) he'll perhaps, in Time, wipe away from her Memory the good Advice against Matrimony, we have taken much Time and Labour to inculcate.

Fear not that, reply'd my Uncle, for I have, and shall take as much Pains with the Youth, that they may be on a Footing. Upon this, the young Lady came in, to whose Acquaintance I was introduc'd. Tho' she was the handsomest Creature my Eyes e'er beheld, the Charms of her Person were equal'd by those of her Understanding; and I soon found, young as I was, Love had taken full Possession of my Heart.

The Conversation of the Day was chiefly compos'd of Mirth, and laughing at former Transactions, which were larded, every now and then, with Contempt upon the connubial State; and I was almost ready to die with Despair, to hear the fair *Isabella* join with 'em, with more than ordinary Malice and Satyr.

My Uncle desir'd she wou'd not be so inveterate, for she was taking the only Method for him to fall directly in Love with her. And that's the only Way, reply'd the Sister,

to

to get rid of your troublesome Company. I told the Lady, I hop'd my Uncle wou'd not prove troublesome, 'till such a Declaration. I believe not, young Gentleman, reply'd the Lady ; but I fear there's much more Danger from your Worship, than your Uncle ; your Years will bring you forward, but his will make him lag behind. I told her, I shou'd always endeavour to keep myself in the good Graces of that Family ; and that nothing but Destiny shou'd make me forfeit it.

Oh then, return'd the Lady, if it ever comes to that, the Fault must be laid on *Destiny, Fate, Ill Stars*, and I know not what ! I tell you, continu'd the Sister, smiling, if your Years did not plead for you, I shou'd begin to think you guilty. I must own, tho' this was but Rallying, I cou'd not help blushing at what she said, as knowing myself a Criminal already.

Bed-time broke up our Company, and every one retir'd to their several Apartments. When I was alone, Reflexion began to make me very uneasy. The blind God had wounded me, tho' not so deep as if I had more Years over my Head, yet enough to break my Rest, and trouble and confuse my young Imagination. I got up at the Dawn of Day, as uneasy as I went to Bed, and walk'd in the Garden alone, for none of the Family were stirring. All my Thoughts were busied on
the

the fair Object of my Wishes. I continu'd in my uneasy Contemplation several Hours.

The first that interrupted my Meditations, was the Charmer of my Heart, who came to me with a smiling Countenance. I am inform'd, Sir, said she, you were early up this Morning, I fear you did not like your Lodging! There's nothing in this House, I reply'd, but what I have the utmost Regard for; but (I continu'd) it was my usual Custom of rising early to my Studies. We fell insensibly into the Affairs of the Family, for I had not Courage once to mention what I felt within my Breast; neither did I imagine she cou'd have a right Conception of what my Inclination wou'd have declar'd to her. Among other Things, I told her, we shou'd have the World unpeopled, if every Body was of her Mother, Aunt, and my Uncle's Mind. She reply'd, there was no Danger of that, for the Men wou'd find Means to have Heirs to their Estates, without troubling the Parson.

I was a little confus'd at her Answer, for I imagin'd she insinuated I was design'd my Uncle's Heir, and therefore cou'd hardly make her an Answer; for my Uncle told me, when he mention'd making his Will, that I was the first that knew his Inclination, and gave me a particular Charge to keep it a Secret from every one, till he himself

self divulg'd it. It was some Time before I cou'd recover my Confusion ; for I was not assur'd they might not hint something of it to my Uncle, and do me a Prejudice with him ; not as to the Estate, for I little regarded my Interest, but fearing I was not capable of keeping a Secret, even of the utmost Consequence.

The young Lady, finding she had created some Confusion in my Thoughts, began to comfort me, with telling me, my Uncle's Mind might alter ; and tho' he was stiff in his Opinion concerning Matrimony, did not doubt but his Eyes wou'd be open enough to see Merit, where it was so conspicuous. Her endeavouring to bring me out of Confusion, plung'd me farther into it, and sometimes I was thinking she was uttering Riddles, and I knew not how to answer upon the Topic : But at last I told her, Whatever my Uncle shou'd think fit to do concerning his worldly Affairs, shou'd never trouble me, while he continu'd to do Things correspondent with Honour and Honesty. I am very glad to hear it, reply'd the young Lady ; and I fancy young Gentlemen, like you, who study much, acquire Understanding, Fortitude, and Resolution, and all other manly Virtues, before their Years write 'em Men. Madam, I reply'd, in some it might be so ; but I had made no Progress in any of 'em, but one,
and

and that I fear'd will be rather counted a Weakness.

I fancy then, return'd the Lady, since you own it a Frailty, you will make me your Confessor; and if I judge it to be, as you call it, a Weakness, I'll tell you what Penance you shall undergo for Pardon. Madam, I reply'd, you are the only Person in the World that I will confess to; but then, you must promise me, like a true Confessor, to keep it for ever a Secret from all the World, whether it displeases you, or not; tho' I am under dismal Apprehensions of losing your Favour, more dear to me than all the World.

Heyday! reply'd *Isabella*, if we were not both too young, I shou'd imagine you were going to make Love to me. Madam, I answer'd, you have guess'd the very Secret of my Heart. The tender Thoughts my Breast contains, are all for you. Don't think it a boyish Passion, apt to change; for whatever Usage I meet with from you, I must continue to adore you. I have weigh'd our Years; yours and your Family's Aversion to Matrimony, by your Yesterday's Discourse; and no Consideration can put a Stop to my Passion: All the Favour I ask, or desire, is only Leave silently to adore you; and if you find your Heart averse to my constant Wishes, let me beg you to grant me Pity for all that
I shall

I shall suffer, and I shall rejoice at every Pang I feel, because they are for you. I am convinc'd your Understanding far exceeds your Years, therefore I intreat you to think before you speak; and consider this, 'tis in your Power alone to make me live or die. I own our Fortunes are at present unequal, but Time may produce many Things; inspir'd by you, I wou'd aim at every Thing that is honourable to deserve you that Way, nor shou'd I doubt succeeding. I said every thing my Tongue cou'd utter, prompted by Love, and had this Satisfaction, to observe her Face was not dress'd in Frowns. After many rallying Speeches, finding me continue in my Distress,

Well, said she, as I promis'd to be your Confessor, I'll keep it a Secret, as we agreed on; and perhaps, if I thought you in earnest, I shou'd think of some Punishment equal to what your Crime deserves: But you have been reading *Ovid* lately, I suppose, and you wou'd be endeavouring to put some of his Rules in Practice upon me. It is a pleasing Satisfaction to me, I reply'd, to hear you understand *Ovid* so well; and, by your Choice, I hope you will remember all his Rules. What! return'd the young Lady, because I have read that Author, as our *English* Translators have given him to us (for I own I am not so happy to understand the Ori-

Original) wou'd you interpret for me, that I like the Subject? No, continu'd *Isabella*, I have read *Reynolds* on Murder, and yet I hope you will believe I abhor the Facts related there. I hope so too, Madam, I reply'd; therefore you will consider, that what my Tongue utter'd, was from the very Bottom of my Soul; and if you will not receive my Declaration favourably, you will be the Death of me, which will make you a passive Murderer.

Few People, I believe, die for Love, in this Age, reply'd *Isabella*; however, our Years will protect both of us. I told her, the Tree that took deepest Root, stood the longest. Yes, return'd *Isabella*, and the Impressions cut in young Barks, soonest wear out; and often kill the Tree, Madam, said I. Well, well, cry'd *Isabella*, we have had enough on this Subject for once. Madam, said I, does the Word *Once* imply you wou'd pardon me whenever Fortune will give me another Opportunity of declaring my Passion? I have not Time now to answer you (said *Isabella*) for I perceive your Uncle, my Mother, and Aunt, are coming towards us. But I thought her Words were accompanied with so sweet a Look, that bid me hope; and Hope is all the Pleasure of our Lives.

When we had join'd Company, we were the Theme of the old Folks Raillery for some Time.

Time. Hark you, young Man, said my Uncle, how came you to rise so early this Morning? Only because I do it every Morning, Sir, said I, to read. Why, Sirrah, said my Uncle, if I had thought you had brought a Book along with you here, I wou'd have taken it from you, and burnt it. Is not here Contemplation enough for you? pointing to the Ladies. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Mother, I think he does well to have something to entertain his Thoughts, alone, for I don't much relish the young Ones getting together so early: I don't well know how they cou'd entertain themselves, without talking of Love. Why, if we shou'd, reply'd *Isabella*, 'twou'd be only to fortify each other against that Passion. Well, well, said the Aunt, your Ages secure you at present; but I shou'd be loth to trust you five or six Years hence. Ay but, said my Uncle, *Will* studies the Mathematics, and he knows every Thing of *Geography* and *Navigation* already, but just going to Sea; and can tell you in what Latitude the *Cape of Good Hope* lies under, tho' he was never there; he has all the *Theory*, and only wants the *Practice*.

None of your Allegories, reply'd the Mother; I have a very good Opinion of the young Gentleman, therefore hold your Tongue, for what you can say for him will only lessen it. Come, come, the Tea stays for

for us, said the Aunt. I'm glad on't, cry'd my Uncle, for now we shall have a little Scandal; Tea has no Relish without it.

My Uncle having no Business at Home, we continu'd in this agreeable Company three whole Days; and tho' we were to receive a Visit from them in two more, yet the Separation from that I held most dear on Earth, was very irksome to me; but the Hope of seeing her so soon, mitigated my Grief.

When we came home to my Uncle's, I observ'd a Youth walking in the Garden, very near my own Age, as I cou'd guess at the Distance I saw him; for as soon as he perceiv'd me, he walk'd another Way, as not being willing I shou'd see him. I ask'd one of the Servants that happen'd to be in the Garden who that Youth was I just before saw at the Fountain. He reply'd, it was the Housekeeper's Son. What, is the Housekeeper marry'd then, said I? Not now, reply'd the Servant, and smil'd. Observing the Humour of the Man, by his Countenance, I ask'd him many Questions concerning the Housekeeper and her Child, but could not learn who was the Father positively; yet he gave me Hints enough to imagine my Uncle had some Interest in the Affair, which created in me a great deal of Uneasiness; for it soon occur'd to my Memory what the divine *Isabella* told me in her Mother's

ther's Garden, *that Heirs to Estates might be procur'd without the Help of the Parson.* My Uneasiness did not proceed from any Disappointment relating to the Estate, any farther than I thought it might have reconcil'd me to *Isabella's* Family; for I imagin'd if ever I cou'd move her Heart to love me, she wou'd as much despise Riches as myself; for even, young as I was, I cou'd have been contented to have got my Subsistence from my daily Labour, if *Isabella* wou'd have submitted to have shar'd my Fortune; for I never once thought of hers, but I wish'd it much less, or rather none at all, that I might have been more on the Equality.

While I was musing on the State of my Love, I was interrupted by my Uncle's Housekeeper, who, with a familiar Air, inquir'd concerning our Entertainment at the Widow's: I found, by her Discourse, the poor Creature was jealous of my Uncle, and to increase her Opinion, I told her, I fancy'd we shou'd shortly have a Wedding, for it look'd very like it. Between whom? ask'd the Housekeeper, hastily: Why, between my Uncle and the Widow, I answer'd. I observ'd her Countenance change at what I said; and a very great Disorder appear'd about her. But I did not think fit to have any further Conversation with her, so left her to her own disorder'd Thoughts.

When

When my Uncle and I were together, he ask'd me how I lik'd the young Lady (for he had not an Opportunity to ask me in the Coach as we came home, because we brought a neighbouring Gentleman home with us, that came to make a Visit at the Widow's) I told him, I had a very great Regard for her, and I did not doubt but my Years wou'd increase it. I wou'd advise you, said my Uncle, to make your Addresses there, but secretly, for I am convinc'd, you won't meet with a more beneficial Match. I answer'd my Uncle, I was of his Opinion; tho' not from the Greatness of her Fortune, but from the Charms of her Person and Understanding. Why, I wou'd have you affect what you marry; but, I hope you don't imagine, young Man, said my Uncle, a good Fortune will be any Hindrance. Not in the least, Sir, said I; but I would have no Two join in that holy Ceremony, if they cou'd not despise Fortune. Well, well, reply'd my Uncle, Experience will tell you another Tale, when you have a few Years more over your Head, which is now fill'd with Notions of Honour, and I know not how many chimerical Ideas, that have their Being in thy Brain: You read too much.

I hope, Sir, said I, Reading is design'd to cultivate the Understanding, and raise our Imaginations above the Vulgar. I am of the
Opinion,

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Opinion, a Man of Quality with a *Plebeian* Soul, is a *Plebeian*; and, on the contrary, a *Plebeian* with exalted Merit, ought to change Fortunes with him. But you forget, with all your Learning and Philosophy, that Fortune's blind, young Man, reply'd my Uncle, and distributes her Favours as blindly. I have seen Dullness and Stupidity in a Coach and Six, while Virtue, Merit, and a whole Library of Learning walk on Foot. The more Shame to the degenerate Age, you'll say, young Man. True, Sir, said I; and if I had a Fortune answerable to my Inclination, I wou'd never see one of those you mention'd last, twice in the same Condition.

Don't think, reply'd my Uncle, that I am endeavouring to blot out those Notions of Virtue that I see wrote in thy Soul; for it is on the Consideration of thy noble Inclinations, that I have lately resolv'd in my Will, to leave thee a considerable Fortune, being assur'd thou wilt make the right Use of it. The Bulk of my Estate was left me by an Uncle, an old Batchelor as I am, which I intend to leave to thee in the same Manner. Neither can I think thy good Understanding, Boy, continu'd my Uncle, will receive any Prejudice from our Contempt of the Marriage State; tho' the Reason why I have not chang'd my Condition, is, that the first Object of my Wishes was, by Fate, deny'd me.

But

But I suppose you have heard your Father often repeat the Story. Never in my Life, I reply'd; for I have been at School ever since Five Years old, and very seldom convers'd with any of the Family; and I may justly say, Sir, that I am almost as great a Stranger in the Knowledge of my Ancestors, as one that never heard of us: Well then, said my Uncle, I'll let you into as much as I know of 'em.

We are originally *Welch*: Many of our Ancestors have flourish'd in the Church, as well as State, and left a sweet Scent of Virtue in their Ashes. I was the youngest of three; the eldest dying in the Wars, when he had gain'd many ever-living Laurels. Your Father prov'd Heir to the Estate, who is one Year elder than myself. My Father's Brother having acquir'd a great Estate by Merchandize, in the *Indies*, and having an Inclination for me, always declar'd me his Heir, and I liv'd with him as such; therefore I think it almost your Due to be Heir to mine. About the Age of Seventeen, I fell in Love with a young Lady of a very small Fortune, but that was supply'd by the Charms of her Mind and Person. Her Mother (for her Father had been dead many Years) was averse to my Passion. She wou'd often tell her Daughter, I was but a younger Brother; and tho' every Body imagin'd I

was

was to be Heir to my Uncle, yet no Body was assur'd of it. Old Men were as subject to change their Minds, as young ones; therefore she wou'd by no means consent to my Courtship; but when she found I continu'd my Addresses, she secretly inform'd my Uncle, who took me to Task on the other Side; with many Arguments, prov'd I shou'd be much to blame to think of a Woman of such a narrow Fortune, when, in Prospect, I was Master of such a large one; and hinted to me, if I continu'd in my Folly, as he call'd it, I might be balk'd of my Expectation.

Tho' my Love was as great as cou'd be, yet I thought it was but common Prudence to dissemble; and told my Uncle, I hop'd I shou'd never give him any Occasion to forfeit the good Opinion he had already conceiv'd of me. He gave me very good Advice, which I promis'd to follow. But every Thing must submit to Love; Fortune, Interest, Relations, and Friendship, must give Way to that soft Passion. And I doubt not, young Man, notwithstanding your Learning and pretended Fortitude, but Time will convince you of what I say. I sigh'd, and was in some Confusion at my Uncle's Discourse, but made him no Answer, because I wou'd not interrupt him.

By secret Interviews, continu'd my Uncle, I gain'd the Heart of the young Lady, un-

biass'd by her Interest; for in the mean Time she was courted by a Gentleman, possess'd of a Fortune much beyond the Hopes of her Family, who soon gain'd the Mother's Consent, and, being an obstinate Woman, she promis'd him her Daughter's. In the mean Time, we met almost every Night, by the Help of the Maid, who by Bribes and Promises was in my Interest; and one Evening among the rest, I took Possession of the willing Fair One.

Our Amours were not so secret as we imagin'd; for my Rival being inform'd of our Correspondence, tho' he had no Notion how far our Intimacy was carry'd, sent me a Challenge, which I accepted of, tho' unwillingly; for I am of that Opinion, Men's Honour often prompts 'em on to those Acts their Consciences and Wills wou'd leave undone. We met, and Fortune declar'd in my Favour, by dangerously wounding my Adversary, without my receiving the least Hurt. The Mother to the Fair One was exasperated to the last Degree, and, in the Heat of her blind Rage, took her Daughter along with her to visit her intended Son-in-law, where she agreed, notwithstanding his Wounds, and her Daughter's Cries and Lamentations, to marry 'em immediately, which was perform'd.

You may guess what we both felt at this Shock of Fate, for Possession had heighten'd
my

my Passion. I tore and rav'd like a Mad-man, and was almost inconsolable; and nothing but the Regard I ow'd my Uncle, kept me from doing some rash Act. But Time, that cures most Sorrows, gave me some Consolation, as imagining I shou'd have still a Correspondence with the disconsolate Fair One, for her continu'd Sorrow convinc'd me she mourn'd for the same Cause.

I took an Opportunity, and got a Letter convey'd to her; but what was my Surprize and Sorrow at her Answer! I have read it so often, and 'tis so well imprinted in my Memory, that I can repeat it *verbatim*.

S I R,

THO' I love you more than Life, which I am convinc'd I shall not long keep, yet the Duty I owe my Husband shall prevent any future Interviews. Strive to forget me, as I willingly wou'd you, tho' impossible, and never more think there ever was such a Wretch as the unfortunate

MARIA.

I strove many Ways to come to a better Understanding; but she as carefully avoided it. I linger'd out many Days in this Interval of Life, if I may call it so; for I cou'd not say I was alive. One Morning her Maid brought me a Letter; and tho' I of-

fer'd her Gold to stay the Reading of it, yet she wou'd not. The Contents of this last were as surprizing as the first.

MY DEAR,

I AM now going, I firmly believe, into another World, to answer for my Miscarriages in this, for I find the Pangs of Child-birth upon me, which I hope, and am almost assur'd, I shall not out-live. It is the Fruit of our guilty Joys. Let me conjure you, if the Infant shou'd survive, find some Means to prove a Father, for it cannot expect any other in this World; and cherish the Memory of your unfortunate

MARIA.

I was so far plung'd in Grief at the Knowledge of her State, that I went into the Fields to have more Freedom for Contemplation; and tho' it was Morning when I receiv'd the Letter, I had not thought of returning, if the Curtain of the Night had not began to spread the Hemisphere; but ere I cou'd get out of the Fields, I heard somebody walk very fast behind me, and turning about, I was somewhat surpriz'd to see the Husband of *Maria*, with his Sword drawn in his Hand, as ready to attack me. Tho' I was weary of Life, I had no Thought of rendering it to one I had no very kind Thoughts

Thoughts for: Yet I was resolv'd to parly with him, and do my Endeavour to bring him to Temper; for I consider'd, he had Matter enough to gall him. But Words signify'd nothing; and he press'd so violently upon me, that I was oblig'd to oppose him, and in a little Time left him dead upon the Ground.

I immediately got home to my Uncle's, who waited for me, and was going to chide me; but seeing me look so pale and confus'd, and without my Sword (for in the last Thrust, that gave him his Death, he fell down towards me, and I let it fall out of my Hand, and his Body fell upon't) he very tenderly ask'd me the Cause of my Concern. When I had inform'd him: Well, said my Uncle, be not so troubled; since you have kill'd him fairly, I'll warrant thy Pardon. But were there any Witnesses of the Action? Several, said I, on the other Side of the River, tho' I know not who they were, I was in so much Confusion. However, he deserv'd Death, said my Uncle, for killing the unfortunate *Maria*, and her innocent Infant. I did not hear what more my Uncle said, for the Use of my Senses was taken from me, and I fell into a Swoon; yet, when I recover'd, I found myself in Bed; for my Uncle, imagining I had receiv'd some Wound in the Encounter, order'd a Surgeon to be

brought ; but when he was inform'd of the Truth, he was convinc'd that 'twas pure Grief that had overcome me, and almost compell'd me to be let Blood. I was in such a Condition, that Despair had got the Ascendant over me, and had resolv'd with myself not to live : And in order to put my Design in Execution (being inform'd my Uncle was gone out upon some urgent Affairs) I order'd my Man to go to another Surgeon of my Acquaintance, and bring him along with him ; which was quickly done. I then took an Occasion to send my Servant out of the Way, and desir'd the Surgeon to let me Blood in the other Arm, which he comply'd with, not knowing I had been let Blood before.

As soon as he was gone, I undid both the Bandages ; the Blood pour'd out of my Veins, and I soon became insensible. Heaven forgive me ! for I now declare I had no other Thought but following my dear Mistress, whom it was plain I lov'd more than Life ; which that Day wou'd have put an End to, if it had not been purely for an Accident ; for the last Surgeon meeting with him that first bled me, among other Discourse told him he was going to see how I did after my Bleeding, by the Order of my Uncle, who was oblig'd to go out, and that he was to stay with me till his Return.

The

The last Surgeon, in a sort of Surprize, told him, he had not been long come from me, and had let me Blood; and soon finding there must be some extraordinary Meaning in my Proceeding, came both together, and broke open the Door, that I had lock'd before I let loose my Arms. I was so far gone, that they gave my Uncle no Hopes of Life, which, I was inform'd, almost put him into my Condition. 'Twas two whole Days ere I open'd my Eyes; and three more before I recover'd my Understanding; and the Thoughts of the Catastrophe of my dear *Maria*, had made me resolve to take nothing to support Life, if I had not been prevail'd upon by my Uncle, whose Sorrow quite confounded me, and a religious Man, who set before me the heinous Sin of Self-Murder, a Sin he told me cou'd never be pardon'd, for it was directly flying in the Face of Heaven, without a Possibility of repenting the Action.

The Thoughts of Eternity made me repent of the Act, and resolve to live. By Degrees, I recover'd my former Strength; and meeting one Day with *Maria's* Maid, by Accident, I desir'd she wou'd give me some Account of the melancholy Action.

Sir, said she, when my poor Mistress felt the Pangs and Throes of Labour upon her, she wrote that Letter, and order'd me to return upon the Instant I had deliver'd it, for

she shou'd want me in her unhappy Condition. When I came back, I found her Pains grew worse. When I found how it was, I told her I wou'd go and send for the Midwife. Do then, said she; for tho' I wish for Death, the poor Innocent has done nothing to deserve it; that may live to meet with a better Fate than its unhappy Mother; and in her utmost Pangs, she softly utter'd your Name. The Midwife came, and she was deliver'd (after great Agonies) of a fine Girl, whose early Features promis'd to exceed her Mother's Beauty.

Maria's Mother, and the rest of her Relations, were in the utmost Confusion at what they saw; for seeing it a beautiful full-grown Child, they were well convinc'd the Husband was not the Father of it. The Mother came up to her, and, notwithstanding her weak Condition, gave her all the ill Language she cou'd think of. The poor Lady, at last, faintly told her, it was her own Fault, to force her to that Marriage: That she was join'd to you by Heaven; and she believ'd she had no Guilt to answer for what she had done; for she had ever liv'd with her Husband virtuously, and ceas'd all Correspondence with you, since the Day of her unfortunate Marriage, which I witness'd for her in the Letter she had wrote to you. She was brought to Bed pretty early in the Morning.

Her

Her Husband was gone to hunt with some Gentlemen of the Country. But when he return'd, he soon came to the Truth of every thing, for there was no concealing how Matters went. *Is it so?* cry'd he, all enrag'd; *And am I an antedated Cuckold?* *I'll have no Man say I keep a Whore, or Bastard of his.* Therefore, upon the Instant, he flew to the Bed, first ran his Sword into the unfortunate *Maria's* Breast; and, snatching the lovely Infant from the Nurse's Arms, threw it against the Ground, and dash'd out its innocent Brains.

It was some Time before either of us cou'd proceed in the sad Narration, for Tears, at the unhappy Act. When the Maid had a little recover'd herself, she proceeded.

The Wound the barbarous Wretch gave the unfortunate *Maria*, did not immediately rob her of Life; but she liv'd to make all the Hearers weep at what she related; even her unkind Mother cou'd not refrain Tears; wishing a thousand Times she had dy'd, before she had forc'd her to that unlucky Match. Dear Mother, reply'd the fainting Fair One, do not repine, but learn to forget me, and this unhappy Day. Consider, Fate is in every Thing. I beg yours and Heaven's Forgiveness: And then began to faint. She wou'd see the Infant, tho' in that piteous Condition: After looking upon it for some

Time, Poor Babe! said she, thou hast severely paid, tho' innocent, for the Crime of thy Father and Mother, which I hope is forgiven by Heaven. Here she began to faint again, and only said, *Heaven forgive me; preserve, and support my Dear* ———. Here her Tongue fail'd; she only gave a Groan, and expir'd. We all suppos'd it was your Name she wou'd have utter'd, but Death stept between.

This Relation had almost brought me to my former Despair; and I often wish'd the Wretch alive once more, that had been the Cause of poor *Maria's* Death, that I might have kill'd him again.

'Twas several Years before I cou'd wipe away the Thoughts of my dear *Maria*: Nay, I can never forget her, nor seldom remember her without bringing Tears into my Eyes, as I have at this Repetition of my former Sorrow (for, indeed, we both cou'd not refrain from weeping) but for her Sake only, I am resolv'd to live and die a Batchelor, which, said he, (re-assuming some of his former Gaiety) is the better for you. Tho' my Uncle often told me, added the old Gentleman, if he had known my Passion had been so strong and sincere, he wou'd not have been against our Marriage. Since, I have assum'd a freer Air, and having got acquainted in this Family, rail along with 'em, they having
ing

ing known nothing of my Story; for it did not make any great Noise, because my Uncle procur'd Witnesse enough that heard our Discourse; and the barbarous Aët spoke so much, that I was never try'd for it; which was, in some sort too, prevented by my Illness, and weak Condition.

This Story of my Uncle's, seem'd to me an Introductory History to my Misfortunes, which caus'd me much sorrowful Thinking; yet I had ever some secret Hoping, that kept up my sinking Spirits. When we went to Dinner, Madam, the Housekeeper, look'd very glum upon my Uncle, tho' she continu'd her Civility to me, yet I took but little Notice of it. After Dinner, I went to fish in a River at the Bottom of the Garden, and in an Hour's Time my Uncle came to me.

Hark you, young Man, said he, I have a Crow to pluck with you: What is the Reason, good young Spark, that you have disturb'd my Housekeeper with a Story of a Cock and a Bull, about Marriage, and I know not what, with I know not who? Why really, Sir, said I, she examin'd me so strictly this Morning, that I hope you will pardon me if I tell you, I thought her impertinent; neither did I imagine she had any Right to be angry, or pleas'd, at what I said; tho', I must own, I saw it disorder'd her;
but

but I suppose that only proceeded from her Interest; for if she imagin'd you marry'd, you wou'd have no Occasion for a House-keeper; for, added I, smiling, my Lady wou'd take that Work off her Hands. Well, young Spark, said my Uncle, I find you are a prying young Gentleman; and since you resolve to know all my Secrets, I'll declare another to you: This Woman is now and then pleas'd to Tuck me up; and, moreover, has laid a Child to me, but the Boy is so unlike the reputed Father, I have no Notion I had any Hand in the forming him. Now this makes her assume an Authority. And, to let you know further, 'tis the very Maid that liv'd with the unfortunate *Maria*. I thought it was my Duty to do something for her, and, at my Uncle's Death, I took her into the House. The Freedom I gave her in talking now and then of that melancholy Adventure, grew at last into an Intimacy; Flesh and Blood being frail, and different Sexes at all Hours of Opportunity together, will show themselves.

Sir, said I, what you have entrusted me with, shall only teach me to pay her more Respect than I have done, without letting her know I am let into the Secret. And, for the future, I shall not tell her any thing that will perplex her, upon your Account. Nay, said my Uncle, smiling, I shall ever make her

her know the Difference between the Handmaid and the Master: And whether her Child be mine, or not, whenever I die, I shall provide handsome enough for 'em both; tho', perhaps, not according to her Expectation. The Boy is ignorant who his Father is, pursuant to my Instruction to the Mother; and I am apt to believe she has kept it a Secret, for he is not yet of Age to be trusted with it; though the Lad is forward enough in every Thing, but just Learning, which makes me the more suspect I am none of his Father.

Our Conversation has lasted for Six and Twenty Years; and in Fifteen of my juvenile Years, she never pretended to make me a Father. I know she has fed herself with vain Hopes, I wou'd make a Will, and put him down for Heir: But, I can assure you, it never was my Intention, nor ever will be; and I shall leave 'em the less for Impertinence. Whatever you please, Sir, said I; but don't leave 'em the less upon my Account. Well, a few Days, answer'd my Uncle, will put an End to their Hopes, or Fears; and tho' when an Heir is settled to an Estate, he looks like a Coffin to some People, yet, Youth, I don't know how to part with you to the University; I am convinc'd you will have little to learn but ill Customs, which many Scholars imbibe, where they shou'd

avoid 'em : But I am not at all in Pain for you : I believe the Tenets of Virtue sufficiently stamp'd in your Mind : Therefore I have some Thoughts of riding over to your Father, to prevail upon him to let you and your Tutor live with me. I'll take care you shan't want Books ; I have a good Library of my own, and if that won't do, let me but know your Wants, and they shall be supply'd. I gave him Thanks suitable to so agreeable an Offer ; but hinted to him, a Person is not so well esteem'd in the World without a University-Education. That's but a small Consideration, reply'd my Uncle, and if we meet with no other Difficulties, I hope we shall get over that.

From this Subject, we proceeded to that of the Widow's Family. I believe, Sir, said I, *Isabella* is, and will be, as averse to Marriage (at least by her Discourse) as her Mother, or Aunt. I fancy, young Man, reply'd my Uncle, you begin to fear it. Come, come, continue your Correspondence ; there's a great deal in the first Impression, and Nature will prevail. But enough of this ; I'll now shew you my Library, which you have not yet seen ; and give you the Key, that you may make Use of it when you please ; but, added he, if you use it too much, I'll take it from you again.

When

William Gwin Vaughan, *Esq*; 81

When we came into the Library, which was a spacious Room built on Purpose, I was surpriz'd to find it so well stor'd with such Variety, and valuable Books, especially all the Classics of the best Editions. I told my Uncle, I lik'd my Situation so well, that if he wou'd give me Leave, I wou'd employ myself a few Hours to look 'em over. That was one Reason why I brought you here now, reply'd my Uncle, for I am oblig'd to go for some Hours upon some urgent Affairs; and imagining I shou'd bring you into Company you wou'd like, made me the more willing to introduce you to 'em, and if you find yourself tir'd, and their Conversation shou'd not please you, they won't be oblig'd at your leaving 'em. So saying, he gave me the Key, and shut me in. While I was in high Delight, for I had even forgot the fair *Isabella*, I heard Whispering in the next Closet, which made me awake from my pleasing Amusement; and in a little Time I cou'd hear the good Housekeeper say, You may speak louder, for I am assur'd there's no one within hearing, for the old Gentleman's gone out. Ay, but, reply'd the Man's Voice, What's become of the young One? Gone with him to be sure, return'd the Housekeeper, for he does not stir a Foot without him, and therefore let us make good Use of our Time, for I fear our Meetings will be
less

less frequent. I am convinc'd this young Gentleman will be a Thorn in our Side, for when he and his Uncle were together the Day that he came, I heard him inform him, that he wou'd make his Will shortly, and put him down his Heir. Now, as you, no doubt, are to draw the Writings, I wou'd have you find some Means to provide for our Child, which he imagines to be his. That, I think, will be impossible, answer'd the Man; for, be assur'd he will read it over before he signs it; or if he does not do it then, he may at some other Time. No, no, that will never do. We must e'en wait with Patience till his Death, and I'll find it easy enough to make a Will for our Advantage, of a later Date than what he intends to make. I own, said the Housekeeper, it goes against me to think of defrauding the young Gentleman. But when you consider, reply'd the Man, you do it for your own Flesh and Blood, you ought to have no Scruple. Well, return'd the Housekeeper, I must leave the whole Affair to you. I shou'd be contented to share the Estate between the two Boys; and I think, if he does otherwise, as he imagines our Child his, he will not do Justice. We shall see what he intends to do, when he makes his Will, reply'd the Man, and, in short, 'till then, we can't make a Judgment on any one Thing.

I found,

I found, afterwards, they had left speaking aloud, and were making themselves as merry as they cou'd. They were so boisterous, that several Folios, I had lean'd against the Wainscot, tumbled down, which alarm'd 'em very much. Bless me! cry'd *Forsooth*, What's that? I can't tell, return'd the Man; I hope the Squire is not in his Study. No, that I am sure of, said the Housekeeper. Now I recollect myself, continu'd she, 'tis some of the Books tumbled off the Shelves. They made themselves easy with that Supposition, and continu'd their Game. After some Time, I cou'd hear 'em go softly down Stairs. I waited at the Window some Time, and at last saw him go thro' the Court-yard. He was a tall thin Man, had a Cast of an Eye, and seem'd about Forty.

As soon as I found all was still, I went softly out of the Library, and went into my own Room, a pair of Stairs higher, to avoid all Suspicion. When I was there, I resolv'd to acquaint my Uncle with the whole Truth; for I thought it wou'd be Injustice to conceal it, if it had not concern'd myself. When my Uncle came in, he was in a very good Humour, and wou'd often smile at his own Imagination. I told him, it was a great Pity he shou'd stay at home as he usually did, if going abroad made him so merry. *Billy*, reply'd my Uncle, I have so much Reason

to be merry, at least in my own Opinion, that I'll tell you the Cause of my Mirth; and I have so good a Regard for your Understanding, that I'll rule my Rifibility, for this once, by it; and if you declare I am in the wrong to be merry, I'll do my Endeavour to be otherwise.

Sir, said I, if that is the only Reason in letting me into the Secret of your Mirth, you need not give yourself that Trouble, for I am apt to believe, you will be right in every thing you do. No Compliments, Boy, reply'd my Uncle; I have told you before, I don't like 'em. But to proceed.

You remember that Gentleman we brought in the Coach from the Widow's yesterday. That Gentleman is about Five and Thirty: Three Years ago, he was one of the most eminent Merchants upon the *Exchange*, and his Credit wou'd have stretch'd as far as the best of 'em.

In the Time of his Prosperity, he fell in Love with a Widow-Lady of a vast Fortune, without the Incumbrances of Children upon't. The Lady gave him all the Encouragement he cou'd expect. The Day of their Espousals was fix'd, and near approaching, when the uncomfortable News was brought him, of the Loss of almost all his Fortune; for three of his richest Vessels were taken by Pirates. This, as you may suppose, was a
very

very great Shock to him ; but being a Person of the utmost Philosophy, he calmly resign'd himself to the Will of Heaven. He immediately left off Trade; and when his Debts were paid, he that was but ten Days before, in every Body's Opinion, worth a Hundred Thousand Pounds, found himself Master of Seventy Pounds a Year, and his Country House, which he instantly sold, and, as I thought it a good Bargain, I became the Purchaser. His greatest Satisfaction in his Misfortunes, was the Thoughts of the Widow's proving constant to him ; and he did not doubt, but with her Assistance, to recover his Losses. But few Women, my Boy, are sincere in their Protestations. 'Tis true, sometimes the blind Spark stings 'em in the Tail, that they become as blind as Fortune ; or otherwise they are as hard to deal with, as a Parson for his Tithes.

The Gentleman, after his Misfortunes, I can with Justice declare, was more welcome to me than before ; for it wou'd be a Hardship indeed to have the Unfortunate slighted ; and I am assur'd that generous Minds resent Things that are offer'd 'em in their Adversity, that they wou'd not have regarded in their Prosperity. One Morning, at Breakfast, I observ'd him very melancholy, insomuch that he refus'd his Chocolate ; I encourag'd him as much as I cou'd, as imagining the
Thoughts

Thoughts of his Losses had attack'd him. But I was very much surpriz'd to hear him say, his former Losses were nothing to what then oppress'd him. I must own, said he, I had some Omens of it Yesterday; for when I went to visit the Widow, as usual, I was told, she was not at home; but returning by the Garden-Wall, I heard her talking to her Maid; and when I call'd to her, cou'd get no Answer. This Morning my Suspicions are confirm'd, for she has just now sent me a Letter, where she tells me, *She is very much grieved at my Losses; and as Merchandizing is so very precarious, she hopes I will pardon her if she intends to keep her Fortune to herself; and endeavour to mend my Credit with somebody else.* The Loss of her Money does not vex me half so much, as her insulting me; and tho', I must own, I have a very great Regard for her Person, yet I wou'd not wed her now, if she shou'd repent of her Usage.

I believe there's little Danger of that, said I; Women have Obstinacy enough to keep bad Resolutions. All I cou'd say to him, gave him but little Comfort; and, I must confess, his Uneasiness affected me. But, as I have told you, Time is an excellent Doctor, for the almost bald Gentleman wrought a Cure, so that he often wish'd it in his Power to be reveng'd on the Widow.

Many

William Gwin Vaughan, *Esq*; 87

Many Weeks pass'd on, and his Inclination strengthen'd, tho' no Accident cou'd assist him, till about two Months ago, an old Barn that belong'd to the House, I order'd to be pull'd down, with an Intention to make an Addition to my Garden; for I had some Overtures made me by a Nobleman concerning a Purchase, in which I shou'd make a considerable Profit, tho' with a secret Intention to give it to the Gentleman I had bought it of. The Barn, in reality, did still belong to him, for it serv'd a Farm near the House I had bought, which was the Remainder of the Gentleman's Estate, and the same he liv'd in.

In digging the Earth of the Foundation, there was found a Pot of Money that contain'd upwards of a Hundred Pounds, which was given to the Gentleman. As we were at Supper, and pretty merry at the Accident, an odd Thought came into my Head. Why may we not, said I to the Gentleman, report, we have found a larger Sum? No one knows what we have found, but the Man that dug it up, and we can instruct him to favour the Deceit. But to what End, return'd the Gentleman? Why, to be reveng'd on the Widow, said I. I am assur'd 'twas covetous Interest at first made her comply with your Addresses; and when once she finds it her Interest, she'll receive 'em willingly again; and if we can bring Matters about, to com-
pleat

pleat your Revenge, you must e'en marry her. The Gentleman smil'd at my Project, but thought it wou'd be impossible to bring it to any thing. Well, said I, you shall have little to do; I warrant, I'll make your Part easy enough. Accordingly, I went to work. We reported about the Country, that such a Gentleman had found a vast Treasure in his Barn, suppos'd to be hid there in the Civil Wars, even enough to recompense all his Losses. The Fellow that dug up the Money was an arch Rogue, one fit for our Design; I took care to instruct him; and, to carry every thing on with a good Face, as I wanted a Coach, I bought a new one, sent the Gentleman to his House again, as if he had made a new Purchase of it, in the new Coach, and Attendance suitable. I also let the Sister to *Isabella's* Mother into the Secret, who, by her Contrivance, receiv'd the Addresses of the Gentleman. You must imagine this surpriz'd every Body, and soon came to the fickle Widow's Ear: She, it seems, began to be very inquisitive, had sent for the Fellow that dug the Money up, and examin'd him. He afterwards came and inform'd us what pass'd between 'em. I was very much pleas'd to hear it; and we instructed him how he shou'd behave to her. We order'd him to let her know, that we were to meet to settle our Matters at a neighbouring

bouring Tavern in the Town, and several People, along with the fortunate Squire.

When the Fellow came back from her, we took him into Examination again. As soon as I came before her (said the Fellow) she ask'd me, if I was the Man that had found the Money. Yes, Madam, said I. Well, and is it as much as the World reports? Really, I can't tell, forsooth, said I. There was sixteen great Pots, that wou'd hold about a Gallon a-piece; and in one of 'em there was abundance of such Stuff as your Ladyship has about your Neck, forsooth, and in your Ears; I can't tell what they are good for, not I: but they say they are worth Twenty Thousand Pounds. Well but, said the Lady to him, do you know what was in the Pots? Why, in nine Pots, forsooth, said I, there was nothing but Pieces of old Gold; and the rest had all Silver in 'em. But I did say, Sir, I thought it was too good for you, for you gave me but Ten Pounds in old *Jacobus's* for my Honesty; for you know, Madam, said I, I cou'd have secur'd a Pot or two for myself. But when I told her you were to meet at the Tavern, she gave me a Crown, and said she wou'd give me another, if I cou'd find Means to bring her into the next Room to where you were. I am to bring her Word To-morrow, when you are all met, and she'll be ready to come with me.

Well,

Well, what say you now? said I to the Gentleman; our Plot begins to thicken. Why indeed, he reply'd, I begin to conceive some Hopes of it. We gave the Fellow his Instructions; and I told him, I wou'd make one of his Lyes a Truth, if we succeeded, and that shou'd be the Ten Pounds. He gave us good Assurance, that he wou'd not fail in his Part.

The next Day we met at the Place appointed, with Gentlemen that we had let into the Secret; and, among the rest, one to represent a Lawyer; for we did not much care to trust a real one, there is so little Honesty among 'em. The Fellow was to give Notice when the Widow was come, by shutting a Casement in the Room where she was to be; for it was an old-fashion'd Window, and made Noise enough in the Shutting to be heard all over the House. We at last heard the Signal to begin our Farce. I had provided a great Number of old Writings and Papers, that if she shou'd have the Curiosity to peep, she might perceive we had all our Implements. One of our Company told our Gentleman, the most that cou'd be made of his Jewels, was Eighteen Thousand Five Hundred Pounds. Another cry'd, There's your Bills for the Forty Thousand Pounds from the Goldsmith's. And there's the Five Thousand Bank Notes; but, added he, the Tellers

lers were surpriz'd! they had not seen so many Pieces of old Gold in their Lives, neither wou'd they accept 'em, but by Weight. It can't be help'd, cry'd our Gentleman, they will have a good Profit by it, for I suppose it will all be paid out to the full Currency.

Every body play'd their Parts to Admiration. And when our Business was over, we sat in to Drinking, with many Healths to the Gentleman, as Top of our Company. We had not been at it long, ere our Emissary came in, who told us, Madam had got Intelligence enough, he believ'd; for after we were set in to Drinking, she presently retir'd, first giving me a Guinea, as a golden Key to lock up my Tongue; which I promis'd her faithfully to perform; and, Masters, you may perceive, I intend to keep my Word. We spent the rest of the Evening with good Wine (tho' at a Tavern) and the Hopes of succeeding in our Design.

The next Morning we found it began to work; for this Letter (pulling one out of his Pocket) came from the Widow to the Gentleman.

S I R,

I AM surpriz'd I have neither seen or heard from you these three Months. I expected an Answer from a Letter I sent you out of a Joke, to see how you wou'd resent a Refusal. But

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that

that Passion is not very strong, to be thrown down at a seeming Denial. I have something to say to you, which is not altogether so proper to commit to Writing; but if you'll take the Trouble to come our Way, I can inform you of a Person that wou'd be glad to see you.

Yours to command, &c.

Why now, Friend, said, I, she begins to nibble, and it's your own Fault if you don't catch her; I'll engage she takes the Bait, if you'll be but careful in playing her. Why, what wou'd you have me to do, said the Gentleman? Do! said I; do as you shou'd do; marry her, for you can't be sufficiently reveng'd without it. I can't do that, he reply'd, that will be too full-grown a Cheat; you must consider, that Station lasts for Life, and to have all my Hours imbitter'd with Upbraidings, wou'd prove a Hell upon Earth. Why, said I, the World will but laugh at the Trick; I mean, those that know it; and for those that don't know the Artifice we have us'd, they will have the better regard for your Wife. Besides, when she finds the Imposition, her Understanding will make her quiet; for my Part, I think it will be a fitting Punishment: Besides, I am assur'd she must have some Inclination for you, or she wou'd not have accepted your first Addreses;

Addresses; but that her Avarice prov'd too weighty for her Love. This ought to reconcile you to the Design. If you have any Regard for her, you'll soon find Means to make all even; and if you've none, your Conscience will not long trouble you. I'll assure you, if I thought there was the least Guilt in't, I wou'd not have any Hand in't: Besides, in the long Run, she may not prove a Loser; Fortune has fair Looks, as well as Frowns, and her ill Humour may be worn out. The Consideration of that, said he, has wip'd away all Scruples, and I'll venture thro' all Dangers. In short, he made his Visit, and in all his Discourse hinted, that the Report of finding so much Wealth was false; and told her the Truth, in hopes not to be believ'd. To cut my Story short, he once more gain'd her Consent; and this Evening they were marry'd. Now this is the great Business I have been about. What makes me smile, is, the Lady's mighty Inclination to live in the House where the Money was found, imagining there were more Mines of Wealth to be work'd out yet. To-morrow I intend to visit 'em, and let her know the whole Truth of the Matter, which I did not care to do till after Consummation. And now, continu'd my Uncle, I have let you into the Secret of my Mirth, tho' it is impossible to inform you of all the merry Circumstances. I

wish, said I, Sir, your Punishment is not too severe for the poor Woman. I warrant you, said my Uncle, she'll soon forget her Repentment. A Blessing, you know, *Billy*, must always follow Wedlock. I wish it may, Sir, said I.

Our Discourse was interrupted by a loud ringing at the Door. We all ran to the Window to see who it was in such Hast; and saw a Person at the Door, with his Horse all in a Foam, enquiring for Squire *Bridgford*, which was the Name of the Gentleman who was marry'd that Evening. The Wedding being a Secret, my Uncle told him he would not be in Town till the Morning. He seem'd very uneasy; which my Uncle perceiving, began to enquire into his Concern. Sir, said the Man, I bring him welcome News, and the sooner he knows it, the sooner I shall be easy. He was invited in, and his Horse taken Care of. The Person told my Uncle, he had brought the Squire News of above Forty Thousand Pounds. That's News indeed! reply'd my Uncle, and welcome, if it be true. It's true, by G---d! said the Person, being a blunt Sailor; for I am an Eye-Witness of it. After the Man was refresh'd, he told my Uncle, that one of his Ships had made her Escape from the Pirates. We were all taken, said the Tar, near the Coast of *Malabar*, by *French* Pirates, who us'd those
Men

Men that refus'd to make Part of their Crew vilely; some they cut their Noses off, some their Ears, &c. which the major Part considering, resolv'd to seem to comply, till a fitter Opportunity shou'd offer, to get out of their Clutches. I understanding a little *French*, was their Spokesman; I told 'em, we did not comply out of the Fear of Punishment, but that it was what we all chose. Many of us had, a long Time before, Thoughts of running away with the Ship. They receiv'd us very kindly, gave us good Usage, and those that did not come into their Measures, were not only tortur'd, as I said before, but put under Confinement in Fetters. We took an Opportunity to inform the poor Wretches of our Intention, which made 'em repent they had not thought of the same Method: Most of 'em hoping for better Usage, begg'd to be admitted; but the wily *Frenchman* utterly deny'd 'em, well knowing they wou'd not be true Pirates.

They carry'd all their Prizes to their Rendezvous, into a Bay upon the Island of *Madagascar*, where we had the Liberty to go on Shore, and consort among their hellish Crew. We fitted out again, and took several *Chinese Joncks*, richly laden, and in every Engagement behav'd so well, that the Captain of the Pirates set very much by us. When we came back to our Rendezvous, there was

some Disturbance among 'em, concerning some former Shares; but we thought it was all hush'd. They had loaded one of the largest Ships that was taken from us, with Goods out of the other two, in order to go and trade with the *Dutch* at *Batavia*; and one Night, seventy of the discontented Party got in her, cut some that were on board in Pieces, slip'd their Anchors, and stole away in the Night. The next Morning the Captain was out of his Wits, and the rest of the Men were as mad as himself. But, in short, the whole Fleet, which consisted of four stout Ships, were sent after 'em, different Ways.

We steer'd N. N. W. three Days, and on the fourth discover'd a Sail; we crouded all we cou'd to come up with her, and soon perceiv'd 'twas she we wanted. While they were busied in getting ready to engage, I stole down into the Powder Room, which I had the Care of, open'd all the Barrels, and pour'd Water into most of 'em, and with the rest I mix'd some of the Ballast of the Ship.

When we came up with 'em, a desperate Fight ensu'd, as long as the good Powder lasted; then I ran up to the Captain, call'd him into the Cabbin, where I told him, in a seeming Confusion, I was certain some of the Men were in the Interest of the other Ship. I then inform'd him what was done to the Powder.

Powder. The Captain ask'd me, what was to be done? Board 'em, Sir, said I, and fight 'em Sword in Hand. What shall I do? said he. There's no trusting our own Men. Why, said I, there's sixty *Englifs* of us, I'll engage we shall soon overcome 'em. I wou'd have you, reply'd the Captain, inform 'em of it, and tell them they shall be well rewarded.

We bore off a little while we were consulting, for we cou'd overtake the other Ship when we wou'd, because she was heavy-laden. I acquainted all my Ship-Mates with the Resolution I had taken, and they, one and all came into it. When we had consulted proper Measures, we bore after 'em again. I inform'd the Captain, when we had overcome the other Ship, I wou'd put him in a Way to find out the Knaves that had play'd him that Trick. He thank'd me; and away we went to work. We boarded her upon the Starboard-Quarter, enter'd her Pellmell, and soon cut to Pieces those that made Resistance, with the Loss of Seven *Frenchmen* and One *Engliffman*; for we had Fifteen *French* to assist us. Six and Twenty of our Opposers call'd for *Quarter*, but it was not granted, before the inveterate *Frenchmen* had knock'd in the Head Nine of 'em. Five more were so wounded, it was thought they cou'd not live, which still answer'd my Purpose.

pose. The others were clap'd under Hatches, and a Guard put over them.

The next Day the Captain put me in mind of my Promise, to find out the Guilty. Sir, said I, call all the Men upon the Quarter-Deck; all I put on the Larboard-side, order to be seiz'd, and clap'd under Hatches; you may tax 'em with their Crime when they are secur'd; tho' they deny it, I'll prove what I say upon every one of 'em before Night. My Advice was follow'd; the Men were call'd up, to the Number of Sixty-eight, Forty-one I plac'd on the Larboard-side, of those Men that were out of the Captain's Sight during the Engagement, tho' doing their Duty. The other Twenty-seven were on the Starboard. The Men on both Sides cou'd not imagine the Meaning of this Division. All the *Englishmen* were upon the Main Deck; and by some Means or other, according to my Directions, had their Arms about 'em; those that cou'd not conceal 'em, made as if they were cleaning 'em. The Captain told those on the Larboard-side, they were suspected to be in the Confederacy with the Runaways, therefore he wou'd not have 'em take it ill, if they were confin'd till their Guilt, or Innocence, were made to appear.

They were all amaz'd at the Captain's Speech, which he took for the Signs of Guilt. Some were refractory; but at last they con-

sented

sented to be confin'd, well knowing their Innocence. They were put under Hatches accordingly. As they were going down, the Captain said, the Innocent shall be rewarded. When they were below, a Guard was set upon 'em, and I had taken care to have all their Arms secur'd.

The Captain then told the Starboard-side Men the whole Story, and that it was by my Advice and Conduct the Ship was taken, &c. The Men were surpriz'd, to be sure. It was pleasant to hear their Discourse; they found 'em Guilty: I always thought there was something in the Wind; in such a Mess, says one; says another, I even heard something of their Design last Night, but as I was not sure, I did not care to speak on't; nay, says another, I believe *Jaques* such-a-one had a great Mind to corrupt me, for he follow'd me every where Yesterday, and only wanted an Opportunity of breaking his Mind to me. In short, most of 'em had something to say, and all to prove 'em guilty. It was Matter sufficient for our Mirth afterwards, but I was a little too much concern'd to laugh then.

The remaining *Frenchmen* were got into Cabals by Fives and Sixes all over the Deck; and our *Englishmen* were impatiently expecting the Word of Command to seize 'em.

When we had proceeded thus far, I told the Captain, if he wou'd please to go into

the great Cabbin, I wou'd convince him how he shou'd prove 'em. When we two were there by ourselves, I took a Pistol out of my Pocket, and told him, I was the Man that had damag'd his Powder, in order to bring that to pass, which was happily effected. I let him know, I had gone too far not to take his Life, if he resisted, or call'd out; and inform'd him, it wou'd signify nothing if he did, for I had two Signals to my Countrymen, one to seize his Men, and do 'em no further Hurt, and the other to kill 'em all immediately. And I farther added, Not one of 'em shou'd suffer, if they wou'd be quiet; and that we only contriv'd this Stratagem to gain our Liberty.

The Captain thank'd me, and told me he cou'd not blame me for what I had done; but wonder'd at himself that he shou'd be impos'd upon in such a Manner. He submitted himself to be ty'd very patiently.

When I had done, I went upon the Deck, and gave the Word, *Now*, which was to seize 'em only; the other was, *Now do your Work*; though I did not intend to use those Words, except I had found Resistance. Upon the Word, the *Frenchmen* were all seiz'd. It's impossible to tell their Astonishment; but their Surprise was heighten'd, when I brought out their Captain, bound, who soon let 'em into the whole Matter. They were all

all struck dumb for some Time, and then fell a gabbling out their *Mort de ma vie*, like so many disturb'd Geese. But though their Tongues were at Liberty, we did 'em the Favour to bind 'em all by the Hands. Some of our Men whom the others had releas'd (those, I mean, that were ill used for not consenting to turn Pirates, who, by good Fortune, were all in our Ship, tho' in the *Frenchmen's* Reign did all the servile Offices of the Vessel) were for cutting to Pieces those that were instrumental in their ill Usage; but as they gave me the Command, I order'd, not one shou'd be touch'd, which the *Frenchmen* thank'd me for.

The One and Forty below soon found what we were at, and we as soon prevail'd upon 'em to be ty'd to their good Behaviour. When we had secur'd 'em all in the Steerage and Great Cabbin, and order'd Centries, with a great Gun charg'd with Musquet-Ball to fire in upon 'em, if they seem'd to make any Resistance, we went on Board our Prize, and took care of the other ten *Frenchmen* that were set on as a Guard to the Thieves, as the rest call'd 'em, as if they were none. We carry'd 'em all on Board. When every Thing was quiet, we directed our Course for *England*; and in two Days more we took every thing out of the Pirate that wou'd be useful to us in our Voyage, leaving 'em a
 -011 Month's

Month's Provision. We secur'd all their Arms and Ammunition, and cut some of their Rigging, leaving 'em only a Foresail, with a Main-Topfail, to prevent their getting into Harbour too soon for us, and cause us to be pursu'd.

Thus every thing being order'd, as we hop'd, for the best, we *Englishmen* went on Board our own Ship, and left them to steer their Course back to *Pirates Harbour*, as we call'd it. We continu'd our Voyage to *England*, where we happily arriv'd, meeting nothing to molest us all the Way.

We were mightily pleas'd with his Narrative, and highly commended his Undertaking and Resolution. Said my Uncle, Mr *Bridgford* is oblig'd to you for his good Fortune; and I doubt not but he will reward you accordingly. He told us, he was a Relation of Mr. *Bridgford's*, and Mate of the Ship, the Captain dying when he was in the *Pirates Hands*; and all he desir'd was, only to make his Promise good to the Sailors, which was, to allow 'em double Wages for the whole Voyage. My Uncle told him, he wou'd assure him of that. After a little Conversation and Repast, the *Messenger* was sent to Rest, for he had come Sixty Miles that Day upon one Horse.

When he was gone, we cou'd not but admire at his Conduct in the Affair, and the

Providence of God to Mr. *Bridgford*. This good Fortune, said my Uncle, will be a great Means of bringing on a Reconcilement. Now you see, Sir, said I, there is a Blessing attends the Marriage State. Yes, said my Uncle, but nothing to provoke me to enter into the Noose. It must bring some Cares along with it, be the Comforts ever so many. I fancy, Sir, said I, there's Cares attend your present Way of Living. It may be so, said my Uncle, but none that I am ty'd to bear.

I finding a fit Opportunity, thought it a proper Time to inform him of what I had heard in the *Library*; but conjur'd him not to take any Notice of it, 'till we cou'd find an Occasion of his being an Ear-Witness. Well then, said my Uncle, I'll take your Advice, and let it rest 'till after my Friend *Bridgford's* Affair is over, and then we'll contrive some Way or other to catch 'em in their own Snares.

The next Morning my Uncle took me along with him, to wait upon the new-marry'd Couple, and the *Sailor* with us. We gave him Instructions to wait till we call'd for him. When we came to the Lady's House, we were usher'd up into the Bed-Chamber, where we found the Bride in Tears; for tho' it was agreed not to open the Affair till my Uncle came, yet the Husband cou'd not be
easy

easy till he had told her all. She took it very heinously at first; but weighing every thing well, she had only Recourse to her Tears, which she wip'd away as soon as she perceiv'd us.

Come, Sir, said she to my Uncle, I can now forgive your *Plot* upon me; tho' I must own the Disappointment caus'd me much Uneasiness; yet I find what is appointed by Heaven must be; I am satisfy'd we have enough, and I begin already to loath my former Temper. Why now, Madam, said my Uncle, you strike a true Harmony, and, to indulge it, I have brought you a Present; one must never come empty-handed to a new-marry'd Pair. *Billy*, continu'd my Uncle, call in the Man. When he came in *Mr. Bridgford* was surpriz'd: *Cousin Brooks!* said he, I am very much pleas'd to see you; and this is a very acceptable Present, for I thought you in the Hands of *Pirates*. Pray how got you from them? Why, to bring home to you the good Ship *Elizabeth*, reply'd *Mr. Brooks*. We then let him into the whole Story, and he bore his Joy, as he did his Grief, with a Serenity of Temper he was (as my Uncle said) always Master of. I am pleas'd with this Present from Fortune, Madam, said he, only that it may be a Means to make you forget some Part of your Loss in your Chimerical one. She made him a
suitable

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suitable Reply, and all past Actions were soon
forgot.

Mr. *Bridgford* gave his Cousin *Brooks* a
Ring off his Finger, with a Promise of a
Thousand Pounds, and to make him *Captain*
of the Ship he had so worthily sav'd. But,
my Dear, said the Lady, you give the Gen-
tleman a Present, which I suppose he is not
to dispose of, but never consider he has been
in the Hands of *Pirates*, and perhaps all his
Ready-Money's gone; and, added she, smi-
ling, you have not receiv'd the Money for
your Jewels yet, therefore I must do some-
thing for you; with that she went out, and
immediately return'd with a Hundred Gui-
neas, which she gave to Mr. *Brooks*; there,
Sir, said she, that's something better than Pro-
mises; however, it's only as Earnest, my
Husband shall keep his Word.

We finding her in so good a Humour
took our Leaves: She much intreated us to
stay Dinner, but my Uncle told her, her
Husband's old Sweetheart was to dine with
him, who long'd to hear how Matters went.
What, more Confederates? return'd the
Lady; but I forgive all, and thank you for
tricking me into my Happiness.

As we were going home, my Uncle told
me he was very well pleas'd he had been in-
strumental in converting *one* Woman; but I
had almost forgot, that I have one at home
out

out of the Pale of Salvation: Yet I shall not take any Pains in her Conversion, if it is as you say (which I believe) continu'd my Uncle; I shall turn her and her Cub to Grass, tho' with a moderate Maintenance, yet much more than they deserve. But we'll let all Thoughts of that Affair sleep awhile, for the Ladies will be here by and by, and I have never any thing that looks like Discontent when we are together.

I found a secret Pleasure in the Hopes I had of seeing the amiable *Isabella*; but then intruding Fears wou'd creep in to disturb my Thoughts. I imagin'd I shou'd be slighted, or perhaps she might disclose my Passion to her Mother, or Aunt, and then all my Hopes wou'd be intirely lost; for I had not any Notion they wou'd, either of 'em, consent to my Desires. The Time was spent between Hopes and Fears, 'till the Arrival of the Ladies. When they came in, any one might have perceiv'd my Passion by my Countenance; but they were so much taken up with their Discourse about Mr. *Bridgford's* Affairs, they had not the Leisure to mind any thing else. My Concern was redoubled at the little Notice *Isabella* took of me, and her entering so readily into the Conversation, without so much as vouchsafing me a single Look, almost distracted me; so that I took a proper Opportunity to retire, to conceal my Con-

Confusion. I went into the Garden to indulge my Melancholy: Finding so many Reasons to increase it, that had almost distracted me, I was so lost in Thought, that I did not consider how the Time went away; and 'tis possible I might have remain'd in my Musing till Night, if a Servant had not told me Dinner was serv'd.

I was in some Confusion, to think what Excuse I should make for my long Absence. When I came into the Dining-Room, my Uncle ask'd me where I had been so long. I told him, I found them so very deeply engag'd in their Story, that, as I knew my Company wou'd not contribute any thing to the Conversation, I chose to take a Walk in the Garden, and my Imagination wandering, I had lost myself for some Time. I was very much rally'd for my Speech, by every body. I thought, said the Aunt, the Company of *Isabella* wou'd have had sufficient Strength to have held you here. I suppose, return'd *Isabella*, the young Gentleman has been so well tutor'd by his Uncle, that he is beginning to put his Advice in Practice, by shunning the Women. I told her, whatever Advice I follow'd of my Uncle's, I was assur'd neither his Inclination or mine wou'd debar me of the Satisfaction of their Conversation, whatever I suffer'd in Person or Censure. I continu'd my Excuse,
by

by telling 'em, the Story was not new to me, and I thought it wou'd be some Time before they wou'd have Leisure to enter upon any other Subject. Whatever I had to say in my Justification, had not stopt their Mouths, if Dinner had not. While it lasted, I narrowly observ'd *Isabella*, but cou'd not get one Look from her. I had but little Stomach, as those in my Circumstances may easily imagine, tho' none made any Observation upon it. When Dinner was over, we all walk'd in the Garden, and my Endeavours to single out *Isabella* prov'd fruitless, which much increas'd my Agony of Mind.

In the Afternoon, Mr. *Bridgford*, his new Wife, and Mr. *Brooks* the Sailor, came to visit my Uncle. Tho', said Mr. *Bridgford*, it is not usual for new-marry'd People, the Day after their Wedding, to make Visits, yet my Wife and I thought it partly our Duty to wait upon this good Company, to take our Leaves of 'em; for, continu'd he, tho' a Week past I was no Man of Business, yet now I find I have Work enough on my Hands, not to mention my matrimonial Affair. I am oblig'd to leave you for Twenty Days. The Smiles of Fortune must be regarded, or she may change her Countenance. I have experienc'd it, therefore am resolv'd to keep up her Good-Humour, if it lies in my Power. I must own, the Sorrows that touch

touch me at present, are rais'd from what I feel in parting (tho' but for a short Time) with such Company as will always be very dear to me. Many Compliments pass'd between the Parties, but they were ended by taking Leave, for Mr. *Bridgford* set out for *London* from my *Uncle's*, with his *Spouse*, and his Kinsman the *Sailor*, who found it necessary for his immediate Presence. After the usual Compliment of Tea, the Ladies were resolved to go Fish; it seems it was their common Recreation; and accordingly their Implements were carry'd to the River, no farther than the Bottom of my *Uncle's* Garden. I was resolv'd to be only a Looker-on, as not being compos'd enough to follow the Pastime; and perhaps I might have run the Hooks into my Fingers, instead of the Baits. Every one had tolerable good Sport, but *Isabella*, and her ill Luck made her fret much. *Billy*, said my *Uncle*, this is a Diversion you delight in. You know the Fishes retiring Holes; pray see if you can help the young Lady to a little better Fortune. I told my *Uncle* I wou'd contribute all I cou'd to *Isabella's* Entertainment, with a very good Inclination. Come, Madam, said I, if you will be pleas'd to walk a little farther, we'll see if Change of Place may not change your Luck. She made me no Answer, but with a condescending Nod, follow'd me. I took
care

care to take her out of the Sight and Hearing of the rest of the Company. I then look'd a little carefully after her Bait and Tackle, and she caught a Fish presently.

Well, said she, I find my Luck is chang'd; but yet I am but half reconcil'd to the barbarous Diversion; it does not suit with the tender Sentiments of our Sex, to rob any thing of Life; neither can I see the Death of a poor *Partridge*, or the most diminutive Bird, without a secret Tendernefs and Sorrow for its being robb'd of Life, which it is not in our Power to restore again. But yet, Madam, said I, with all this Tendernefs of Soul, you can see a poor suffering Wretch in all the Agonies of Despair, without thinking once of Pity. I am sorry, reply'd *Isabella*, you shou'd tax me with a Crime I most abhor; but, as I am innocent, it does not give me much Uneasiness. Madam, I reply'd, I speak of Proof; I am the poor suffering Wretch, wounded by your resistless Charms, which you know very well, and you'll neither give me Death nor Ease. Why indeed, young Gentleman, return'd *Isabella*, this Playing at Lovers is what we now shou'd leave off. We are too young to act in Reality, and too old to act in Jest. I'll allow, your Understanding runs something before your Years; but, to tell you ingenuously, if it were otherwise, I don't think for myself,
I have

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I have a Mother and Aunt, who have the Privilege to think for me, and they so worthily deserve those Characters, I hope I shall never have a Thought against their Inclination. I reply'd, it was my Desire she never shou'd, I only wish'd she wou'd have a favourable Regard for me, and give me the smallest Grounds to hope I was not hateful to her. See reply'd, *Hate* was not in her Nature; and that she cou'd say no more, than that she esteem'd me equally with all Mankind, and enough to be concern'd at any ill Accident that shou'd happen to me.

I was so transported at this faint Glimpse of Hope she gave me, that my Tongue broke out in extravagant Expressions of Thanks. Hold, Sir, said she, you'll disturb the Fish, and spoil the Diversion I expect; beside, my Mother and Aunt will hear you, and I have kept your former Confession from them, according to your Desire; but will not promise Secrecy for the future, it is a great Task for one of my Years. I had not Time to make her a Reply, for the rest of the Company had near join'd us, to know whether *Isabella's* Luck was chang'd or no. Truly, said she, I have no Reason to complain, I have caught two, with the Assistance of this young Gentleman; and had like to have caught another, but, for want of Experience, had let him go again. Ay, but,
Billy,

Billy, said my Uncle, can teach you how to play a Fish up and down the Stream, when once you have it fast, and be in no Danger of losing it. You must manage a *Fish* as you will hereafter do *Hearts*; tho', I must own, if handsome Women are mere Fools (which is not *Isabella's* Case) they soon learn that. We don't allow you to be a Judge, reply'd *Isabella*, your Heart has been Eye-proof all your Life; or else you have conceal'd that Part of it from us. Why, reply'd my Uncle, if I have never lov'd, I might have had Attempts made upon me, enough to find out the Cunning of the Sex; as your Aunt, I suppose, may answer for ours. I don't desire to have the Question begg'd, reply'd the Aunt; but this I am sure of, there's no knowing whether a Man courts the Purse or the Person. For my Part, return'd my Uncle, I think a Woman, without a Purse, is but a despicable Creature. I wish we cou'd find out some other Discourse, return'd the Widow; I think, when we meet, we can never talk upon any other Subject, and, because we despise it, I think it the best Way quite to forget it.

While this Discourse lasted, I observ'd *Isabella* more thoughtful than usual, and I cou'd not help secretly hoping, I might have some Concern in her Musing. Yet I was very uneasy, I cou'd not get an Opportunity to speak

to

to her the whole Evening. As we were taking Leave, my Uncle promis'd to dine with 'em the third Day following, and the Thought gave me some Consolation.

When the Company was gone, my Uncle and I walk'd in the Garden again. Well, said he, I must own the Thoughts of the Perfidy of this ungrateful Woman do not sit so easy upon me as I cou'd have wish'd; in spite of all my Fortitude, it stole in upon the Pleasure of the Day, and sour'd my Satisfaction. But, continu'd he, I am resolv'd to have an End put to every thing on that Account, to-morrow, if it's possible; but I am a little at a *Nonplus* about it; it wou'd vex me, if we cou'd not bring it about, for Doubt is a very uneasy Companion. Sir, said I, you have a back Way up to your Study, and I believe it will be no great Difficulty to steal in unobserv'd of any body. You must give it out to-night, that you will be abroad to-morrow all the Morning, and I must wait on you. That shall be done at Supper, said my Uncle. 'Till that Time came, my distracted Thoughts were roving on the dear *Isabella*, and Hope and Fear, by Turns, possess'd my Soul. Young as I was, I perceiv'd Death wou'd be more welcome to me than her Disdain. At Supper, my Uncle told me we shou'd rise betimes to go a Hunting with some Gentlemen that he nam'd;
and,

added he, I design to take my Leave of that Diversion for some Time, having some Business will keep me at home for a few Days. I observ'd the Countenance of the Housekeeper, and thought I saw her shut up in her Brain some secret Intention. When she was gone from Table, my Uncle said, he did not know how to order it, for it's possible she may go to this Rogue of a Lawyer, and consult there; and then our Project will come to nothing. We must trust to that, Sir, said I; we shall soon find it out, and if it proves so, we must wait till some fitter Opportunity. Well, said my Uncle, we shall see how it proves to-morrow. But, *Billy*, I'd have you go up into the Study, unbolt the Door that leads to the Back-Stairs, lock it only, then bring me the Key.

As I was coming from doing what he order'd me, I took Notice the Housekeeper was busy in Talk with her Son. Immediately after, the Boy took his Hat and went out. I told my Uncle what I had seen. We both imagin'd the Boy was gone to give Notice of our going abroad the next Day, for Mr. ——— the Lawyer, liv'd but a little Way from my Uncle's. Why, said my Uncle, after all, Suspicion strengthens our Imagination, and every Action of a suspected Person alarms us; I wish I cou'd be sure he is gone there. That you shall presently, Sir, said

said I. Upon saying that, I immediately followed him, and walking a good round Pace, got Sight of him just as he rung at the Door. I got Time enough at the Back-side of the Porch, unobserv'd, just as the Door was open'd. The Boy ask'd for Mr. ———, who came out to him presently. As soon as he saw him, I understood he was very fond of him, and call'd him his *Dear Boy*. Sir, said the Boy, my Mother gives her Service to you, and sent me to tell you, that the Squire goes out to-morrow to Hunt, 'till Dinner-time, and will expect you by Ten in the Morning. My Love, said he, I'll be sure to come; I won't ask you to stay now, because I have some Company with me. So away went the Boy whistling home; and I follow'd, a more slow Pace than I went out.

When I came to my Uncle, I inform'd him all I had heard. Well, said he, I find it will come to the Catastrophe to-morrow. I'll go to Bed, and think over my Part. So we parted. And I am apt to believe, both our Pillows were uneasy enough. Tho' my Passion kept me long awake, yet I cou'd not chuse having some Concern at what wou'd happen on the Morrow. When we rose in the Morning we both mounted, with a Servant; and after riding about a Quarter of a Mile, my Uncle (as we had concerted) told me he had no very great Goût to the Sport,

therefore wou'd e'en go back again. But you, said he to me, and *Tom* (meaning the Man) may go, if you please. No, Sir, said I, I don't care for going without you. So we turn'd our Horses Heads homewards; and as we were going slowly along, my Uncle order'd the Man to take all the three Horses to Town (about two Miles from my Uncle's) and bespeak new Saddles. So we alighted, walk'd over the Park, and got into the Library, unperceiv'd of any. When we were in, we bolted the Door on the Inside, and each of us took a Book in our Hands, to pass away the Time till the Play was to begin, for it was not proper to talk to each other; but yet, I believe, we neither of us well knew what we were reading.

The private Door we came in at was contriv'd by my Uncle, that he might more conveniently make Madam a Visit, unobserv'd by the Family, when his Concerns call'd him, and the Door of her Apartment join'd to it, upon the Head of the Stairs, which we soon heard open; the Lawyer enter'd alone, where he staid some Time, and diverted himself with humming a Song. At last the Lady came to him, who inform'd him, she cou'd not come sooner, being she was oblig'd to see the Coast a little clear.

We soon found, by the Lawyer's Discourse, he had some Inclination to be merry, before they

they talk'd of their Affairs. Come, come, said Madam, let's mind Business first; we shall have Time enough to divert ourselves, I'll warrant you. Ay, but reply'd the Lawyer, 'tis better to be caught in Conversation, than the other Affair; therefore let's make an End of that first. And we soon found he was resolv'd not to be deny'd.

During this Business, 'twas pleasant to see my Uncle's Countenance, which was compos'd of half a Smile, about one fourth Part Shame (as I suppose, to have me a sort of an Auditor in this unlook'd-for dumb Work) and the other fourth, Anger. I believe such a Face cou'd not be compounded out of *Le Brun's Passions*. When their loving Affair was over, Consultation came on.

Well, said the Lady, what's to be done? I have Reason to fear every thing; for I find this Boy grows upon him every Day. To tell you the Truth, reply'd the Lawyer, I'm at a Fault, and have lost the Scent, and know not how to proceed. I know you Women are more fruitful in Inventions of this Kind. Indeed, if the Squire's Head were once laid, I cou'd find an Expedient to secure the best Part of the Estate, without Danger, or finding out. 'Tis not the first Time I have disinherited the true Heir, without the Consent of the Predecessor, even for a small Sum; and you may be sure I shou'd

use my utmost Skill for *Thomas*, who is our own Child; tho' the Squire, I believe, imagines himself sole Proprietor in *You* and *Him*. It's a very perplexing Thing, I vow! reply'd the Housekeeper; I wish both their Necks broke to-day in Hunting, with all my Heart! Ay, that wou'd do, reply'd the Lawyer. I'd find a Will by to-morrow Night (like *Moscay* in the *Fox*) thou'd disappoint every body else, without coming near his Punishment. Well, I hope it's no Crime, return'd the Housekeeper, to wish 'em both in Heaven; nay, if I lent a helping Hand to fit 'em for their Journey, I believe my Conscience wou'd be as drowsy as if it had sipp'd off a Dose of *Laudanum*. Oh fy! return'd the Lawyer; let us not think of Murder, however; tho', if we were in *Italy*, I cou'd soon procure a Tradesman or two, that deal that Way, wou'd do the Work neatly, and very cheap too. But let us not think of that any farther than in our good Wishes. And now let me hear what you can propose. What Ready-Money does he generally keep at home? (Not that I purpose to rob him, I have a better Principle.) Or what *Bank* or *Goldsmith's* Notes has he at a Time. I don't know, reply'd the Housekeeper, he keeps himself very close as to those Matters, and I seldom see any of his Money, but his paltry Hundred a Year that he allows me, and what I can
snip

snip out of Housekeeping, cutting off Tradesmen's Bills, and so forth, which does not amount to above Fifty more.

Come, come, return'd the Lawyer, that's good Pay only for rubbing a Man's Head that's turn'd of *Fifty*; he does not give you much Trouble, I believe. I wonder how you wou'd conceal your Joy, to see that Head we speak of dangling over the Horse's Tail, brought home as *Crook-back'd Richard's* was, with his Neck broke. That wou'd be a joyful Sight indeed, return'd the virtuous Housekeeper. My Uncle cou'd bear no more, but rush'd in upon them, just as she had ended. But since I have sav'd my Neck hitherto, return'd my Uncle, I am resolv'd to hunt less, that I may not cause such an Alteration in your Minds, for those violent Emotions of the Soul often endanger the Body.

Perseus's Shield cou'd not have a greater Effect on those that saw it, than the Presence of my Uncle had upon those two Wretches; for they both stood like Statues; but my Uncle put a little Life into the Lawyer with his Cane; yet not being fully reviv'd, he ran round the Room several Times, before he cou'd find the Door. At every Stroke of Acknowledgment my Uncle gave him for the Favours design'd him, he expostulated with him; and, to end his Favours, kick'd him down Stairs, telling him, he wou'd not

take any other Revenge, because, indeed, he did not think it worth while; but bid him go like a Villain as he was, and let his Crime be his Punishment. But if he offer'd to make any Words in the Affair, he wou'd find some other Method, besides exposing him, to have him punish'd.

The Lawyer made no Reply, and, I believe, thought himself very well off. Neither was there much Fear of his Tattling, because it wou'd only expose himself. Now came the Lady's Share of the Matter, who stood quaking and trembling in a Corner of the Room. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd, said my Uncle, with your utmost Expedition, to pack up your Trumpery, and walk off? All the ill Usage you may expect from me, is to forget you; tho' I think no Punishment bad enough for you. Neither shall I leave you or your Brat to starve (who indeed is innocent) but allow him the Hundred Pounds a Year for his Life, that he may not suffer for the Faults of his Parents. Go, continu'd my Uncle; let me have no Reply; take what you can with you, and send for the rest when you think fit. She went down Stairs, follow'd by my Uncle; and when she had taken a few Things, went out, without opening her Mouth; but whether Grief, or Anger, ty'd her Tongue, I can't tell. When she was gone, my Uncle order'd all her Things

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Things to be put together, ready against they were sent for, to the great Surprise of the rest of the Servants.

After Dinner, my Uncle took me with him to Town, to a Lawyer of his Acquaintance, and order'd him to fill up a Deed, that made his Estate liable to a Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, to be paid during the Life of the Housekeeper's Son, tho' not quite Fourteen. I was made one of the Witnesses. The next Morning my Uncle order'd it to be sent to his Mother, for her to be satisfy'd; but the Lawyer that made it was to be the Trustee, whose Honesty and Probity were as great as the other's Villainy. We then set out for the Widow's House; and my Uncle told me in the Coach, he was resolv'd to be merry, notwithstanding this Bustle that happen'd. And, young Man, said he, *You have sufficient Cause for Mirth at what has fall'n out, for your Estate will be increas'd; for if I had made my Will before, or not have found 'em out, I shou'd have left 'em more considerably.*

When we came to the Widow's, my Uncle told 'em the whole Story, and they all seem'd mightily pleas'd upon my Account; for they imagin'd the Son of the Housekeeper was to have been Heir. Yet I fancy'd *Isabella's* Countenance seem'd the least concern'd, which struck me to the Soul.

After Dinner I got the happy Opportunity of being alone with her, tho' I imagin'd it was with much Regret on her Side. Madam, said I, my Uncle's expected Fortune does not give me half that Satisfaction as this Opportunity, if you wou'd be pleas'd to consider my Passion. I have consider'd it so far, Sir, return'd *Isabella*, that I desire we may think of it no more. The Answer she gave, struck me dumb with Grief; and it was some Time before my troubled Heart permitted my Tongue to speak. Well, Madam, then, said I, you have resolv'd my Death. I own, even the Hopes of Fortune do not give me Merit enough to raise my Eyes to such a Pitch of Happiness. But Time, that produces very strange Things, may befriend me in that. I have told you, Sir, return'd the young Lady, our Years are too few to admit of Love; but whenever I shall feel the gentle Flame, I have very good Reasons to believe I shall not much consult Fortune; I am convinc'd that Money-Matches are not always the happiest; yet the first Thing ask'd in this Age is, *What Fortune has she?* If that answers their Expectations then they proceed; if not, they look out farther, and barter for a Wife, as they wou'd for a Set of Coach-Horses.

In all our Discourse I had some Hope, because I cou'd not find any Grounds for
 hating

hating me; neither cou'd I prevail upon her to declare any thing in favour of me. Her general Answer was her Want of Years; yet she told me she had Discretion enough to conceal my Passion for her; and she wou'd often say her Reason was, that if a Person cou'd not have an Inclination for a Lover, yet they ought to have some Regard for 'em. I was pressing her to give me some Token that I was not indifferent to her, when my Uncle came in, and interrupted us. It was, I own, the first Time I ever thought his Company a Trouble. Come, young Man, said he, you'll be suspected; you have been together a long Time. The Mother and Aunt sent me to part you. Besides, yonder's Matter for the young Lady's Tears, the Burial of two Lovers. We all went into the Garden, and saw two Coffins bearing to the Church. We were told the young Man had liv'd in the Neighbourhood, and courting a young Woman of the next Parish, her Father had prevail'd upon her to marry another of a better Estate, which occasion'd the young Man's Death, for the Morning of the Marriage was the last of his Life, making the River his Winding-Sheet. The Bride and Bridegroom coming from Church, were stop'd by his Corple lying in their Way; the melancholy Object had such an Effect upon the Bride, that she fell down

F 5. speechless.

speechless on the Body, and in a few Days
expir'd with Grief. And her last Request
was, to be bury'd together.

The Story made us all very melancholy,
and *Isabella* cou'd not forbear shedding Tears
at the Relation; but we rally'd one another
out of our Sorrow. Methinks, said the Mo-
ther, this Story wou'd make a very good
tender Ballad. You need not fear the Bal-
lad, reply'd the Aunt, by some *Grub-street*
Bard or other. Why, said my Uncle, can't
you make a Ballad, *Billy*? I have seen
some of your Translations from *Ovid's Ele-
gies*, and such a dismal Subject, in my Ima-
gination, will fit your Muse to a Hair. *Isa-
bella* seem'd mighty fond of such a Thing;
tho' I declin'd it, as having never drank of
the Streams of *Helicon*. But when we came
home, I sat down, and lanch'd out, tho' I
did not understand how to steer my Muse.
But the Hopes of pleasing *Isabella* made me
embark; and the next Day I sent her the
following Letter, by a Servant of my Uni-
cle's, with a Charge to deliver it into her
own Hands.

MADAM,

*I*N the pleasing Hope of giving you some small
Satisfaction, I have ventur'd to walk out
into the Field of Poetry: And tho', perhaps, I
have gather'd Weeds, yet you must consider, it

is

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is for want of Knowledge in the amiable Flowers. But I had rather err in endeavouring to please you, than not to obey your Commands. I beg you will not expose 'em. I know you have Good-Nature enough not to let any one else laugh at my Want of Numbers. Consider, all the Faculties of my Soul are yours; and I fear poor Damon's Fate will be mine; for I am assur'd I neither cou'd, or wou'd, survive his Fortune. But I too much doubt, if it comes to that, I shall never, after Death, meet with the same Pity as the unfortunate Damon. I fear what I have already writ has disgusted you; but, consider it comes from one, that shall ever esteem it his only Happiness to subscribe himself

Your eternal Admirer, &c.

THE



THE
B A L L A D.

DAMON, whose tuneful Pipe had Charms
To wound and heal the wond'ring Throng,
Long courted CÆLIA to his Arms,
'Twas CÆLIA that inspir'd his Song.

The lovely Virgin joys to hear
His thrilling Pipe, and humble Verse;
Yet frowns, when Sighs his Pains declare,
Regardless of his Happiness.

A sullen Swain, whose Wealth was great,
By Force of Gold her Parent gains:
Poor DAMON, he bewails his Fate,
In sighing melancholy Strains.

And thus complains—— Accursed Gold!
Thou base Betrayer of my Love!
Mean are the Hearts are bought or sold;
'Tis Int'rest does the Fair One move.

The Nuptial Day was fixt, and near,
Which added to poor DAMON's Smart,
Who ev'ry Moment dropt a Tear,
The Prelude to a broken Heart.

The

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The dusky Morn came low'ring on,
When all for Church prepare to go;
The sable Clouds obscur'd the Sun,
As loth to see the Lover's Woe.

The jocund Bridegroom, swell'd with Joy,
Ey'd CÆLIA, as he pass'd along,
Exulting o'er the lovesick Boy,
Who faintly press'd among the Throng.

With wat'ry Eyes he view'd the Bride,
Who, seeing DAMON, sigh'd aloud!
And trembling by the Bridegroom's Side,
The Wonder of the gazing Crowd!

Some pity'd DAMON; others rail:
Such Wretches are no Friends to Love;
On such the God will ne'er prevail,
To sigh within the Paphian Grove.

Poor Slaves to low and base Desires,
'Tis Love that new-creates the Mind!
Without his pleasing, gentle Fires,
We're sordid Metal, unrefin'd.

DAMON, depress'd with mortal Grief,
Walks slowly by the River's Side;
By Hope forsaken! No Relief!
And all his Thoughts were on the Bride.

Ye murm'ring Streams! the Shepher'd cry'd,
Who oft have heard my plaintive Voice,
Convey my Body to the Bride,
And shew that Death is now my Choice.

Fond

*Fond Love, farewell! Adieu, vain Dream?
Farewell to ev'ry Grief and Pain;
Thus said, he plung'd amid the Stream,
And ne'er rose up to Life again.*

*The rapid Torrent rolls him down,
Depriv'd, alas! of breathing Life,
Regardless now of CÆLIA's Frown,
Who now returns, a Virgin Wife.*

*The Stream, repenting of the Deed,
Threw DAMON's Corpse upon the Grass,
Scarce cold (from Worldly Troubles freed)
Where CÆLIA, and her Train, must pass.*

*But when she view'd the well-known Face,
And knew each pale, dead Feature there,
She cry'd, poor DAMON! hapless Case!
My stubborn Heart was too severe.*

*But why do I accuse my Heart?
'Twas always thine, poor lifeless Boy!
In all thy Pains it bore a Part,
A Part in ev'ry Grief, or Joy.*

*My rigid Parent caus'd this Woe,
Whose flinty Heart no Love can prove;
'Tis he has wrought thy Overthrow,
And robb'd me of my only Love.*

*But, since on Earth we cou'd not wed,
This only Comfort still I have,
My Heart shall join our Hands; tho' dead,
We'll keep our Nuptials in the Grave.*

Then

*Then kneeling down, his Lips she press'd,
And, eager, clasp'd his pale cold Hand;
The other beat her troubled Breast,
While all the Hearers wond'ring stand.*

*Come, gentle Death, the Virgin cry'd,
Give DAMON to my longing Breast!
She sighing wept, and sighing dy'd,
Replete with Woe, and sunk to Rest.*

When the Servant return'd, he inform'd me, he had given it into her own Hands, I unperceiv'd of any one. I shew'd my Uncle the Song, who told me, he believ'd it as good as any of the Grub-street Quill-drivers I cou'd write; but he wou'd not allow it to be a Degree better; however, said he, it may please the Women well enough, who seldom consider Sense, but Sound. I reply'd, I was to be excus'd, it being my first Essay, and very probably might be my last.

While we were at Dinner, a Messenger came with a Letter from my Father, desiring my Uncle to let me come home for a few Days; in order to get every thing ready for the University; when that was done, I shou'd return, and stay with him till I was to go there. My Uncle agreed to it, and wou'd accompany me himself. Sir, said I, wou'd it not be proper to wait upon the Ladies, to take Leave? Ho! return'd my Uncle, are

you

you so loth to part with 'em for so short a Time? What will you do, when you are at the University, where you must not return for the first Year? For a whole Year, Sir? said I: Is there a Necessity for staying so long, before I wait on you, or any of my Relations? Yes, reply'd my Uncle, if you wou'd be thought to mind your Studies; but I can't perceive, continu'd he, there is a Necessity for going there at all; and that is the Reason why I shall wait on your Worship to your Father, to endeavour to persuade him to let you and your Tutor be with me; I dare answer for you, it will not hinder the Progress of your Learning; you shall want neither Masters, Books, nor Money; and I am convinc'd the Universities often spoil more Youth, than they cultivate with good Education. Youth is like Wax, fit for any Impression; they as soon take an ill, as a good one. Tho, I must own, I have nothing to fear from you; and I freely confess, 'tis the Regret I have to part with you, makes me desire your not going to the University; tho' if it does not agree with your Sentiments, I shall say no more about it. I told him I was very well inclin'd to it, and cou'd not but agree with his Thoughts. Well then, said my Uncle, we'll away immediately, and, if it's possible, return to-morrow. I hope that short Absence from the Ladies will not break your Heart.

I made

I made him no Reply, but went to prepare for my Journey with a good Inclination, for, I must own, I long'd to see my Father, and observe how Matters were carry'd on at home, not doubting but my Mother-in-law was still in the Way of Goodness; tho' I had receiv'd no Recommendation from her, either in my Father's Letter, or by the Messenger, but I knew my Father seldom regarded those formal Matters.

As we came within three Miles of my Father's, my Uncle's Servant stopt a Horse that was running away without his Rider, and a little farther we cou'd perceive a Man lying weltring in Blood; when we approach'd him, we found him senseless; and I was something surpriz'd to find it the Surgeon that had the Care of me when I was wounded by my Brother. My Uncle was as much concern'd as I was, when he knew who it was. We took him up, and found his Scull was fractur'd; but we did not doubt, if we cou'd get timely Aid, but he might be recover'd. We put him into my Uncle's Coach, and drove to the next Town with all the Expedition that was consistent with the Surgeon's Condition; by good Fortune we met with one of his own Acquaintance and Profession, who took him in Hand, dress'd him, and brought him to his Senses, tho' with much Fear of his Life; he being a
gross

gross Man, a Fever had seiz'd the Blood; and all agreed his Life was in Danger. However, he seem'd very much pleas'd to find me so near him; and I had some Thoughts it might prove a convenient Opportunity to work out that Secret he inform'd me he knew of my Mother-in-law; but finding it not proper to talk much, I resolv'd with myself to come to him again. So we took our Leaves, and arriv'd safe at my Father's, who, not expecting us the same Day he sent to us, was gone to visit a neighbouring Gentleman.

My Mother seem'd very much rejoic'd at our Arrival, and welcoming me with Tears, her Tendernefs gave me no small Satisfaction. My Brother *John*, indeed, look'd as glum upon me, as if I had been come to rob him of his Birth-right. My Uncle perceiving his Behaviour, rattled him, in his merry Way; but it had no other Effect than bringing Tears into his Eyes, and running to tell Mama. Zounds! says my Uncle (when he was gone) what a Country Cub it is! Why don't they put him Prentice to a Farmer, for he'll never be fit for any thing but to follow the Plough.

When my Father came home, he told my Uncle, he did not think he shou'd have comply'd with his Desires so soon, as not expecting me in two or three Days. Why, said my

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my Uncle, we made the more Expedition here, that we may return the sooner; and, because you shou'd not keep him too long, I came with him, to carry him back. In short, the Matter was made up that Night. It was agreed my Tutor and I shou'd go back with my Uncle. I must own, I was not a little pleas'd, for I fear'd the good Woman, my Mother-in-law, might oppose it; but she readily consented, to save Charges, I suppose.

While I was walking in the Garden alone, Betty came up to me, and wept for Joy to see me. Well, said I, Betty, how go Matters between you and my Mother? Is the Affair made up? I hope I am to take no more *Physic*! The poor Girl was ready to sink at the Word *Physic*. Indeed, Sir, said she (after a long Pause) I believe you know every thing of former Affairs; but if you do, you also know I have sufficiently repented of my Part, and I hope my Mistress has of hers. I gave her so many Hints, that she confess'd every thing. I was struck with Horror at her Relation, for she discover'd such Traps they had design'd to get rid of me, that I thought it almost impossible they shou'd enter into the Minds of Women. Sir, said Betty, you may find, by my Story, I am at a true Confession; nay, I wou'd kneel down at your Feet for Pardon, if it might

not

not be observ'd by any body. I told her I had pardon'd her long ago, as well as my Mother, who might have had something of a stronger Tye to use me well, than she. I hope, said *Betty*, she has forgot what is past, or if she remembers it, 'tis only as I do, to think with Horror on what was design'd, and a high Satisfaction in knowing we are innocent of the Fact; tho', pursu'd she, there does not seem to be that Candour and Freedom between us, as there was when we were wickedly caballing against your innocent Life; therefore I have some Intention of leaving her Service, and going to my Relations in *Wales*, where, I hope, I have enough to last me moderately all my Life. I told her I was assur'd my Uncle wou'd accept of her for his Housekeeper, upon my Recommendation, if she thought fit, for at present he had never a one. She seem'd mightily rejoic'd at the Proposal, telling me, it was the only Thing she shou'd desire. I bid her not take any Notice of it to any body, till she heard from me again; which she promis'd, and we parted.

The next Day I took an Opportunity, early in the Morning, to visit the Surgeon, and found him much better than any one expected, tho' he himself had no Thoughts of Recovery. He told me, he was very much oblig'd to me, for the Care I had taken of him;

him; and, notwithstanding he was convinc'd his End was near, yet he thought Providence had a Hand in sending me to his Assistance; therefore, as I wou'd not willingly go out of the World (said he) without acquainting you with what I had formerly hinted to you, for fear you shou'd nourish the Opinion, that I wanted only to create Uneasiness, without any Grounds; therefore, if you please, now I find I have Strength enough, I'll acquaint you with all I know, if you'll order the Room to be clear'd for a little while; which was soon done. I sat down by his Bed-side, when he began as follows.

You know, we Country-Surgeons are generally bred Apothecaries. I serv'd my Time with one, eminent in both Faculties, and it was allow'd by every body I was not behind-hand in my Master's Experience. He us'd to trust his Patients, in general, to me, after my Capacity had been thought equal to such a Charge.

Sir Charles, your Mother-in-law's former Husband, liv'd near the Town, and my Master was very great there; insomuch, that it was thought the Knight was in a fair Road to Heaven, with my Master's Assistance; but it is often the Fate of Cuckolds, to be one of the last in discovering his own Horns. For several Years the Knight and my Master were very gracious: They often rid a Hunt-
ing

ing together. But one Day, when it was suppos'd my Master wanted an Opportunity of conversing with the Knight's Wife, took an Occasion of leaving him, making all the Hast he cou'd to visit the Lady. The Knight missing my Master, tho' not mistrusting any thing of the Matter, went home likewise, and going up to his Lady's Chamber, found the Door shut; but peeping thro' the Key-hole, perceiv'd she had got his Companion with her, and both in a Posture not very decent. The Knight, being neither a *Hercules* nor an *Ajax*, stood some Time to consider what he shou'd do (as he told me afterwards) but at last, summoning all his Courage, he burst the Door open, and surpriz'd 'em very disadvantageously, giving my Master several Strokes upon the naked Buttocks, ere he cou'd put up the proper Covering; but, being a good-humour'd easy Man, and a *Wittol* to boot, at their Tears and Entreaties, forgave 'em both; but wou'd not allow of my Master's Correspondence any more. When any thing was wanted from the Shop, I always carry'd it; till, by Degrees, I got into the good Graces of the Knight, and rid out a Hunting with him, tho' not so often as my Master us'd to do; but I believe he gave me Leave more readily, that he might have a better Opportunity of visiting the Lady.

In

In one of the Knight's drunken Moods, he discover'd what I have told you, between his Wife and my Master, which I was ignorant of before; but, said he, they have promis'd me never to do the like again. I only smil'd at his Simplicity, and confirm'd him in his Belief; tho' I was pretty well convinc'd, when I look'd a little backwards, they only met as often as they had an Opportunity. In a few Days after this Confession, when I was a Hunting with him, he seem'd to be less merry than usual: I ask'd him the Reason: He told me, he believ'd his Wife continu'd to see my Master in a criminal Manner, tho' he was not convinc'd by Proof. I ask'd him the Reason of his Belief. Said he, going into my Wife's Chamber this Morning, as she was dressing herself, a Letter drop'd from her Bosom, which I took up, and was well assur'd 'twas your Master's Hand; I open'd it, and had but just Time to read, *My Dear*, when my Wife, in some Confusion, snatch'd it out of my Hand, and told me it was a Letter from a Relation of hers. I told her, I was assur'd it was the Doctor's Hand. Well, said she, if you are jealous, you shan't see it now; but I'll give you Leave to read it when you come back from Hunting. I was forc'd to be satisfy'd, continu'd the Knight; but I shall be convinc'd 'tis so, if she pretends to have lost the Letter. The Knight

Knight took an Opportunity of seeing me the same Evening. He told me, with a great deal of Joy in his Countenance, that he was deceiv'd. See here the Letter that gave me so much Uneasiness. I took it from him, and soon knew my Master's Hand, tho' he had endeavour'd to write not like himself.

I cou'd not chuse but smile at the Cheat that was put upon him; it was plain enough that she had acquainted my Master with the Matter, and while the Knight was gone a Hunting, he wrote her another in a Woman's Name, beginning as the other did, about nothing at all to any Purpose. I was convinc'd in my Supposition when I came home, for my Master pulling out a Parcel of Papers, gave me one to take Directions for compounding some Medicines; I soon found it was the Father to the Letter the Knight shewed some Time before, for it began as the other did, and Sir *Charles's* Name was mention'd in it. I told my Master, smiling, I cou'd find no Directions there for me. Odsol! said he, I have given you the wrong Letter; that neither concerns you nor me. He immediately fumbled out the right one, and went away in some Confusion of Countenance. I was very uneasy myself, that he knew I had discover'd the Secret of his Intrigue, tho' it cou'd not properly be call'd a Secret that was whisper'd every where.

Some

Some time after my Master was caught again, making the Beast with two Backs with the Knight's Wife; which so enraged the Cuckold, that he resolv'd to have Recourse to Law for Redress; but, as I was now his Oracle, I perswaded him from it, tho' with some Difficulty, and in a little Time his Resentment began to sleep again; though he watch'd his Wife so narrowly, there cou'd be no Time to graft another Antler; for I must own to you I did all I cou'd to prevent it, giving him Notice, when I suspected any Movement that Way. Yet, I must confess, had it been my own Case, I shou'd sooner have thought of revenging myself on the Cuckold-maker, than bore it so patiently; but there is nothing to be said for the Tempers of Men.

This Strictness continu'd for near half a Year, and, I verily believe, much to the Discontent of the Lady. At last the Knight fell sick, perhaps thro' his Perturbation of Spirit, or for want of his usual Exercise; for he had undertaken a voluntary Confinement, in order to inspect the Actions of his Wife. During his Illness, she seem'd very tender of him, hardly ever being from his Bed-side; which the good-natur'd Knight took so kindly, that I even fancy'd he was resolv'd, when he was recover'd, to leave her to her own Conduct; for she express'd so much Sorrow

for her past Actions, that I was myself deceiv'd. The Disposition to Goodness of the Wife, had an extraordinary Effect on the Husband, and he began to mend apace: He left his Bed, where, thro' Weakness, he had remain'd for ten Days, and walk'd about his Chamber, gathering Strength hourly, in less Time than his Illness had kept him in Bed. He had recover'd his former Strength, and had fixt a Day with me to ride out; but, in the mean Time he was to take some Physic which I sent him; but, to my great Surprize and Confusion, the Day he had taken it, I found him expiring in the utmost Agonies. He was speechless when I came to him, and in less than five Minutes breath'd his last.

The Lady was all in Tears, rav'd at me, telling me I had certainly given him something by Mistake. I assur'd her to the contrary, and inform'd her it was compos'd by my Master, before my Face, and what he had taken cou'd not hurt an Infant. She held her Tongue, when she understood who it was that had made up what he took, which immediately struck my Fancy there was some Villainy in the Case.

My Master hearing of the Knight's Death, came while I was there, and examining the Body, seem'd in very great Confusion. We both went home together, without one Word passing between us. When we had been there
some

some time, my Master told me he had something to disclose, if I would swear solemnly to keep it a Secret. I answer'd him, if he was in any doubt of my Fidelity, to keep the Secret to himself. Well then, said he, give me your Word not to discover it, and I will tell you; which I did.

I am afraid, said he, the Knight has not had fair Play for his Life; for, viewing his Body, I cou'd easily perceive strong Symptoms of Poison; and what strengthens my Opinion is, that some Time ago she prevail'd upon me to let her have some *Ratsbane*, in order, as she said, to clear the Granary of Vermin. I easily came into my Master's Opinion; and, by his declaring it to me, was well assur'd he was innocent. I am so shock'd, said my Master, at the Barbarity of the Woman, that I am resolv'd never to go near her more; neither will I make any further Enquiry into the Business, but leave her to her own wicked Thoughts. Tho' perhaps I have not, in my past Days, had any great Regard for Religion, and might leave it to be decided by Chance, as the King of *Macasar* did*: Yet she has so alarm'd my drowsy

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* *Macasar* is a large Kingdom on the South Part of the *Celebes*, an Island in the *Indian Sea*. Near three Centuries ago, they worshipp'd the Sun and Moon, as the most worthy Objects of their Adoration. Two *Macasarian*

Conscience, that I shall, for the future, endeavour to lead a Life consonant to one that thinks of Futurity. We both agreed, it was the best Way to be silent in the unhappy Affair.

In a few Days the Knight was bury'd, without the least Suspicion of any Thing but a natural Death. My Master and I were

casarian Merchants, trading to *Ternate*, the chief of the *Molucca* Islands settled by the *Portuguese*, were so well pleas'd with the Integrity of the Priests, and the Tenets of the Christian Religion, that their chief Business was to make themselves perfect in it, which lik'd 'em so well, that they were soon baptiz'd; and returning into their own Country, prevail'd upon the King of *Macaſar* to follow their Steps, which was soon done, with a great Number of the Inhabitants, that were christen'd. But the Priests that were sent by the *Portuguese*, to instruct 'em in the Christian Religion, miscarrying in their Voyage, the King began to have Doubts which none of the new Christians cou'd answer. Some *Mahometans* being at the Court when these Doubts arose, recommended the *Alcoran* to him, and by their Reasons, began to stagger his new Faith: Yet still continuing a Friend to the Christian Religion, he resolv'd to put his Choice on this Hazard: He gave Commission to the Christians and *Mahometans*, to send for Teachers of both Religions, and the first that arriv'd, whether Christian or *Mahometan*, shou'd be allow'd the establish'd Religion. The Followers of *Mahomet* sent, without losing Time, to the Queen of *Acehn*, a Kingdom on the Island of *Sumatra*, one that follow'd the Laws of *Mahomet*; the Queen immediately dispatch'd several learned *Doctors*, or Priests, who arriv'd before the Christians: And ever since, the People of *Macaſar* have been zealous *Mahometans*.

invited

invited to the Funeral, but neither of us went. And, for my own Part, I never car'd to go near the House; for the Thought of its harbouring so cruel a Woman, made me abhor it. My Master, I believe, imagin'd the same, for he never made the Widow a Visit. In a Fortnight after the Funeral, she sent a Letter to my Master, which was to this Effect; (for he gave it to me to read, having before that, freely declar'd to me the Correspondence that had past between 'em.) *She wonder'd mightily at his long Absence; and that she wou'd have come to him long before, if Decency wou'd have permitted her; but she hop'd to see him that Evening, having dispos'd every Thing to favour their Meeting.*

My Master return'd her an Answer, I believe, little to her Expectation; telling her plainly, he resolv'd never to see her more; also hinting her unnatural Barbarity to her Husband. I can't tell you what Effect it had upon her, but she sent no more Letters or Messages. I often told my Master, I was afraid she wou'd resent his slighting of her, to his Prejudice: He laugh'd at that, as imagining himself out of her Power. But, in less than a Month's Time, my unfortunate Master going to visit a Relation, about ten Miles from the Place where we liv'd, was found murder'd and thrown into a Copse near the Road. He lay several Days before he

was found; and might have laid longer, if a Gentleman had not gone thro' that Way a Hunting. I must confess, my Heart forboded some such Mischance, when sending to seek him at his Relation's, was inform'd he went from thence the same Evening he came there.

Great Inquisition was made after the Murderer, but was never found to this Day; yet, whoever did it, I was well assur'd within my self, the Widow had put 'em on; but as I cou'd not bring any Proof, I kept my Opinion to myself, well knowing, if I shou'd endeavour to prosecute her, it wou'd be a certain Charge to me, and perhaps discover nothing. Yet, I must own, I cou'd never give her a good Word; and tho' I had always a Watch upon my Tongue, yet I cou'd not avoid raving against her in all Companies.

Some Time after the Death of my Master, I imagin'd I had found out the Murderer. A Trooper that was quarter'd in the Town, of a sudden had got into the Equipage of a Gentleman, and it was shrewdly suspected he occupy'd the Widow. I was convinc'd in my Suspicion. One Morning early being call'd to one that was taken suddenly ill, and being oblig'd to pass by the Widow's Door, I cou'd perceive, tho' dark, her Door open, and this Trooper, mention'd before, let in by the Widow herself. This Fellow, whenever he pass'd

pass'd by our Shop, I cou'd perceive always a sudden Turn of Countenance from what he had on before. One Day, as he was passing by, some of my Neighbours were talking with me concerning the Murder of my late Master; and I cou'd not help saying, loud enough to be heard by the Trooper, that I suspected a Person that often pass'd by our Door, had been his Murderer, and look'd full in the Fellow's Face. He chang'd as pale as Ashes. But all the while I staid in that Town, which was upwards of two Years afterwards, I never set Eyes on him; and the next Time I saw him, I found him lurking about your Father's House, which convinces me not only that he was the Murderer of my Master, but that he corresponds with your Mother-in-law at this Time.

Now, Sir, added the Doctor, I have told you this Secret, which I have kept near seventeen Years; neither shou'd I have discover'd it now, if I did not firmly believe I am going into another World; for, notwithstanding every one tells me I am much better, I am convinc'd I have not ten Days to live. I endeavour'd to put him out of that idle Conceit, but all to no Purpose. So I took my Leave, after promising him to keep his Secret; and within the Time he mention'd, I was inform'd he dy'd, after telling the very Hour of his Death. I return'd home, full

of many disjointed Thoughts, wondering how Providence had order'd my Father to marry such a wicked Woman. But then again, I did not doubt but she had repented of her former Wickedness, and walk'd in the Paths towards Grace, which gave me some Comfort, but not enough to hinder my wishing she never had been one of our Family.

Betty had told me nothing of this Affair, neither was I assur'd she liv'd with her at that Time; but I was resolv'd to be inform'd the first Opportunity. In the Afternoon, I took an Occasion to get my Tutor out of the Way, and being alone, beckon'd *Betty* to come to me. Pray, said I, *Betty*, do you know any Thing of my Mother's former Husband, Sir *Charles*? No Sir, said she, I came to live with my Lady not long before her Marriage to your Father. But, said I, know you nothing of a Galant of my good Mother-in-law's? For I have some Reason to suspect her of being guilty that Way. Indeed, said she, blushing, that is the only Thing I have kept a Secret from you, and, I believe, the very Reason of my Lady's Coldness to me; for the Person she corresponds with, or rather, the Person she has corresponded with, for I have great Hopes she has left it off, coming to me as usual, I flatly deny'd him Entrance, and farther told him, I was assur'd my Lady wou'd break off with him, being asham'd
of

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of the Injury she had done to good a Husband. I never acquainted my Lady with what I said to him; but I observ'd her Coldness took beginning some Time after this. I ask'd her what sort of a Person he was? She told me, a young Gentleman of a very good Family, fallen to Decay, who she believ'd was forc'd, thro' Necessity, to what he did. That can't be the Person, said I, that I suspect; for he I mean must be above Forty. There is, said Betty, sometimes, a Man of that Age with my Lady; but she ever took Care to keep their Affair private, even from me; but, however, I am assur'd there is no criminal Conversation between 'em.

I did not tell Betty any Thing that I knew of what the Doctor inform'd me; but we parted with an Assurance of my succeeding with my Uncle in what I promis'd her. In the Afternoon my Uncle rid out with me, when I broke the Matter about Betty. I thought, said my Uncle, you had enough of Housekeepers already. Sir, said I, I have enough of such a one as your last; neither am I afraid of any great Familiarity between you, for Betty is neither young, nor handsome. Nay, said my Uncle, I can give you a better Reason than all that, which I am assur'd you'll soon come into, and that is, I am not so young, by Twenty Years, as I was Twenty Years ago. That's true, Sir, said I, but I

am flatter'd I can give you a better Reason that you shou'd accept of *Betty*, that is, it is the only Thing I can desire of you. Well, said my Uncle, your Desires shall be granted. But we must limit *Betty's* Power; for you know the former had all in her own Hands. I told him, I wanted nothing else, but that she might be accepted; we would both leave the Terms to him. But hold, said my Uncle, I have one Scruple just now arose, concerning this Affair, which must be got over, and that is, whether my Sister will be willing to part with her. Sir, said I, if you will hear me a little while with Patience, and give me your Word never to disclose what I shall tell you, I will inform you of something will very much surprize you. Well, said my Uncle, I shall come to your Terms, be they what they will.

I then related to him all that had happen'd while I was at home, in every Circumstance. When I had finish'd, my Uncle was quite confounded! Is it possible, said he, there can be such a Woman breathing? If I did not give Credit to you, continu'd he, I shou'd have imagin'd I had heard a Romance. But, however, I am convinc'd, and think my Service for *Betty* but poor Recompence for her Return to Virtue. But I know not how to look on that injurious Woman, who may, under the Cover of Affection,
still

still retain her Barbarity. I think it wou'd be but just and reasonable to give my Brother some Hint of her former Inhumanity. A Woman of her Cunning may counterfeit Virtue, when she is replete with Vice. I begg'd my Uncle not to take any farther Notice of it, 'till we had some Grounds of her returning to Wickedness; and if we shou'd find the least swerving from Virtue, to bring Betty for Proof of what was past, and put my Father out of all Manner of Danger from her Wiles or Resentment.

I know not, said my Uncle; I like it not, and shall hardly be persuaded to conceal the Knowledge of her Perfidy. You know the old Saying, Boy, *What's bred in the Bone, is never out of the Flesh*. Dear Uncle, said I, let me intreat you to conceal what I have told you, till we perceive something in her Conduct to give us Cause to suspect her again, and then you may do just as you please. He promis'd to comply with my Request, which gave me no small Satisfaction.

When we came home, we found my Father, and Mother-in-law, very merry in the Garden; but finding myself little inclined to Mirth, I left my Uncle to make one of the Company. Beside, I wanted to confer with Betty, but cou'd not find her all over the House. I imagin'd she might be walking under the Trees before the House, so, upon
that

that Supposition, went to seek her; when I had got thro' the Court-Yard, I perceiv'd *Betty* was not there; but I cou'd not help observing an old Woman prying about the House, with a Basket upon her Arm: I went to her, and demanding of her, whether she had any Business there, she answer'd she had some fine Oranges for my Lady. My Lady is at present busy, said I; but pray let me see your Oranges; which she did, after some awkward Difficulty. Her Reluctance in shewing me her Fruit, rais'd a Suspicion in my Mind, which made me resolve to be satisfy'd, if possible. They are fine Oranges, good Woman, said I; and I believe my Lady will buy 'em all: But I wish you had some Peaches, for I have a great Mind to some, and wou'd give a good Price for 'em. I wish I had known that, said the old Woman, I cou'd have brought you some of the finest in *England*. I told her, if she wou'd go back and fetch 'em, I shou'd be very much obliged to her. You may leave your Basket in that Green-House, to secure 'em; I'll lock the Door, and give you the Key. She seem'd willing to consent to that; so I did as I said, gave her the Key, and away she went. As soon as she was out of Sight, I went the Back-way, and got into the Green-House thro' the Window. I began to examine her Basket very narrowly, yet found nothing

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nothing that I expected to find; but handling the Oranges, I perceiv'd one of 'em to be very light, and at last found it was hollow. I undid it, with much Difficulty, for it was put together with Pins without Heads. In it I found a Slip of Paper roll'd up, whose Contents I transcrib'd with a Pencil.

MY DEAR,

I AM out of my Senses. Burleigh has been with me, and threatens to discover both you and me to your Husband; and farther adds, if you miss sending him Fifty Pounds in three Days, he will declare a Secret that will endanger your Life, and yet escape himself. I know not what he means; but if he has any such Secret, the best Way will be to stop his Mouth, by sending him the Money. Shall we never meet again? Consider how long it is since you blest me last. I am amaz'd at the Treatment I receiv'd from Betty. And notwithstanding in your last you gave me Hopes of a sudden Meeting, yet I am apt to believe she spoke Truth, when she declar'd you wou'd shake off all Commerce with me. Therefore (if you wou'd not have me believe her) let me see you to-morrow at the Bearer's House, where I shall wait the whole Day with impatient Expectation. If you will comply, and have not an Opportunity of writing, tell her, All's well, and by those Words, I shall be satisfy'd till to-morrow. For ever
Yours,

S. W.

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When I had done, I put it up again, and, with much Difficulty, left it in the same Order as I found it. I then return'd to expect the Woman. I really imagin'd by this Letter that my Mother-in-law design'd to be honest, and what she had wrote to her Galant was only a Pretext to keep him quiet. However, I did design to suspend my Judgment till the next Day; and if I perceiv'd my Mother went to the Place appointed, it wou'd not be unnatural to believe her still guilty.

When the Woman brought me the Peaches, I ask'd her if I shou'd acquaint my Mother that she was there. Yes, Sir, said she, if you please, and thank you too. I immediately went, and met her coming out of the Garden. When I told her who wanted her, I cou'd perceive her Countenance change; but she hid her Confusion, by wiping her Face with her Handkerchief. I wou'd fain have follow'd her, to have observ'd (tho' at a Distance) her Behaviour to the Woman; but she took her into a back Parlour, shutting the Door after her. They were a pretty while together, and when they parted, I cou'd perceive a great deal of Discontent in the Countenance of my Mother-in-law. When the Woman was gone, I resolv'd to follow her, and try if by any Stratagem I cou'd find my Mother's Resolutions. I soon overtook her,

at

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at which she seem'd something surpriz'd. Good Woman, said I, I came after you to know whereabouts you dwell, for your Fruit was so good, as I ride out now and then, I design to call upon you to buy some more; for tho', added I, we have Fruit enough in our own Garden, it is so narrowly watch'd by the Gardener, according to my Mother's Directions, that I can never get any. That is (reply'd the old Go-between) for fear you shou'd eat too much. However, if you have a Mind to traffick that Way with me, I live in such a Place, I am easy enough to be found, every Child knows Goody ———. Well then, said I, I'll come to see you to-morrow in the Afternoon. Odso! return'd the old Woman, now I think on't, I shan't be at home to-morrow; but any other Time you'll be sure to find me. Why, if you are not, said I, I suppose you have some-body at your House that can serve me. No, indeed han't I, return'd the Woman. I ask'd her so many Questions, that, tho' a Woman ignorant enough, she began to smell a Rat, and seem'd so very shy in her Answers afterwards, that plainly inform'd me she was tir'd of my Company. She at last told me, she wou'd not sell me any Fruit if I came for it, for fear it shou'd do me an Injury. I try'd many Ways to bring her into Humour again, but to no Purpose, and I did not care to say any more,

more, for fear she shou'd be confirm'd in her Suspicions. However, I kept her so long in Talk, that a Man met us, who I observ'd wanted to discourse the old Woman. When he came up with us, I cou'd perceive the old Woman wink at him, and seem'd to exact from him a cautious Behaviour. The Person seem'd to be in some Confusion; however, he call'd her by her Name, and ask'd whose Child it was; with a great many common Words of *Pretty Youth*, and so forth; but when she told him who I was, his Countenance express'd the utmost Confusion. He ask'd her, in a hasty Manner, what Business I had with her? I don't know (said the old Woman) Master wants to buy some Fruit of me, and wou'd fain come to-morrow, and I have told him I shan't be in the Way. If that be all, answer'd the Gentleman, looking wistfully on the old Woman, you may comply with the young Man, for I suppose you will not be abroad all Day. No, said the old Woman, only in the Afternoon. Why, said I, 'tis only in the Morning that I can come out; but you seem, said I to the old Woman, not very willing to part with what you deal in to me, as perhaps doubting my Pay. But to convince you I am sincere in what I say, there's Money beforehand, and I desire you will save me two Dozen of the same I had of you to-day, and I'll be with you by Seven o'Clock in the Morning.

She

She made several awkward Speeches in receiving my Money; but I found the Sight of it pleas'd her very well; and so we parted. I had a strong Desire to know their Conference; but I was obliged to be contented till the next Day. I did not doubt of my Mother-in-law's going to the Place of Rendezvous; but then I imagin'd she might go to pacify that *Burleigh* mention'd in the Note. However, I resolv'd with myself to keep it a Secret from my Uncle, and use my utmost Endeavour to know something of their Conference the next Day.

I arose next Morning, without sleeping a Wink all Night, my Thoughts were so confus'd and troublesome to me. I got out before my Uncle or any of the Family were stirring, except some of the Servants. I directed my Steps towards the Town, and met the old Woman before I had got half way. I was somewhat surpriz'd, because it was not much past Six, which was an Hour before I promis'd to come. So, said I, good Woman, you are resolv'd to save me a Walk, I see. No, Sir, said she, not for that; but I have a fresh Parcel of Oranges come in last Night, and my Lady order'd me to bring some of the first I had. Why, good Woman, said I, she can't want any yet, sure; you brought her a sufficient Quantity Yesterday to serve her a great while, even as long as they will last

last good. I can't tell for that, said she, but as long as she order'd me to bring her some, I'll e'en carry 'em. But, said I, why did not you bring my Fruit at the same Time? Laud! said the old Woman, I protest I forgot it. But I shall be back presently, and then I'll gather 'em fresh for you; for as yet, I'll assure you, they are growing. I soon found, by all this Hurry, there was another Letter to be deliver'd, and I was resolv'd to read it by fair Means or otherwise. Pray, said I, good Woman, how do you sell your Ware a Dozen? Why truly, Sir, said she, Half a Crown. Why then, said I, I'll give you the Money, and make my Mother a Present of 'em.

The Woman was struck dumb at what I said. But at last she recover'd her Confusion, and, with a stammering Tongue, told me she wou'd not do such a Thing for all the World. Pray, good Woman, said I, can you, out of your Wisdom, tell me what Reason you have for refusing me your Oranges, when I offer to pay you for 'em, and carry 'em home myself, without giving you any farther Trouble? She cou'd not give me any reasonable Answer to my Question, so I e'en resolv'd to declare to her my Knowledge of her Affair, which, when I had done, she fell down upon her Knees, and begg'd I wou'd forgive her; telling me, she
wou'd

wou'd never be guilty of the like again. Good Woman, said I, the Way to make me excuse you, and keep this a Secret (tho' such a guilty Commerce is the greatest Crime) is to deliver me your whole Affair, and deal ingenuously with me. I have given you convincing Proofs that I know your Proceedings hitherto, and shall be able to judge whether you are sincere or no. Why then, truly, Sir, said she, all I have done was merely out of Necessity. Mr. *Wigmore*, you know, has a very persuasive Tongue, especially back'd with his Money. Well, good Woman, said I, go on, for at present I have no Acquaintance with the Person you mention. Really, nor I neither, but that he has come often to our House to meet my Lady; and it was the same Person you saw with me Yesterday.

I was too eager to ask many Questions, therefore I bid her tell me what was her present Errand. Nothing, Sir, but to carry a Letter in an Orange, as I did Yesterday in the Afternoon. Upon that, I took out the Orange she told me it was in, and read as follows:

DEAR MADAM,
THOU I was infinitely rejoiced at your kind Letter Yesterday, and the pleasing Hope of seeing you To-day; yet I must beg of you, for
 both

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both our Safeties, to defer my longing Expectations, till we can find some more convenient Place of meeting. That Villain, Burleigh, has been with me again, and has, by some Means unknown to me, discover'd our Meeting; therefore, let me once more intreat you to think of some other Place, where we may feed our famish'd Joys. The Time will not permit you to send me any Answer by our Emissary, who, I believe, is very faithful; therefore I will wait in my usual Disguise, at the usual Place; but let me beg you, by our past Enjoyments, to fix by this Afternoon a secure Place, where I may take to my Arms all that is valuable in this World to the expecting

WIGMORE.

P. S. I beg you, for both our Quiets, to stop the Mouth of the implacable Burleigh.

When I had read the Note, I was well convinc'd my Mother was return'd to her former Vice; but cou'd not determine which was the best Way, either to send the Letter, or keep it to shew my Father and Uncle, to convince 'em of her Perfidy. While I was reading the Epistle, the Woman had Time to come to herself, and ask'd me how she shou'd behave in the Affair; for, said she, if I go back, Mr. Wigmore will certainly discover me; therefore, if you will please to instruct me in what I shall say to him, I will be sure

sure to follow your Directions. Well, good Woman, said I, since you are so condescending, I'll ask your Advice, for I don't doubt, however you express yourself in Words, you have Cunning enough in your Business to advise me. If you think so Sir, said she, you shall have my Counsel, such as it is. Hold then, said I, since it is so, let me do as a Client thou'd do, pay my Fee beforehand. Upon saying this, I gave her a Crown. She was very much surpriz'd at it, and view'd me from Head to Foot, as if she had said she cou'd not imagine I was Master of such a Sum. When she had recover'd her Speech (for old Women don't want Tongue long) I find, said she, by your Fee, you expect good Counsel; therefore I wou'd advise you, if you can counterfeit a Hand any thing like your Mother's, to send him an Answer, that shall forewarn him to come to her any more. I fear, said I, good Woman, we shall be found out, for such an Answer will be too sudden for the kind Return she sent him Yesterday. Why, I think you are in the right there, reply'd the old Woman; and I believe it was kind enough, for he kiss'd it several Times when he first had it, seeming greatly pleas'd; and since you don't approve of any Advice, I dare swear you can tell what to do without me. By'r-lie, said I, good Woman, know you any

any thing of the Affair between my Mother-in-law and this *Wigmore*? Your Sincerity in your Confession shall oblige me to find a Recompence. Really, reply'd the Woman, I know nothing more than that they have met at my House about some Dozen Times; and I was so well paid, that I must freely own I wish it had been oftner; for indeed, young Sir, I am a very poor Woman, and Money, as I told you before, carries a great deal of Persuasion with it; tho' I must needs own, I wou'd much rather have gotten Money honestly: But then again, if I had not undertaken the Affair, somebody else wou'd; so I thought it was as much my Business as —. Well, well, Mistress, I am not asking what was the Motive that induc'd you to it; I am pretty well acquainted with it already: But I wou'd know what Correspondence has been carry'd on between the Parties. Indeed, Sir, I know no more than I have told you before, that they meet at my House, and have a private Room to themselves. Mr. *Wigmore* and your Mother both were Strangers to me a Twelvemonth ago; and I know no more of Mr. *Wigmore* now, but that he comes to our Town almost every Day, and they say he lives at a Lord's about ten Miles off, but I have forgot his Name. But, Sir, I wou'd not have you defer what you intend to do any longer, for Mr. *Wigmore* will think

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think me long a coming, and perhaps come to meet me, as he has often done. You advise well, I return'd; one Word more, and I have done. Have you no Knowledge of one *Burleigh* that is mention'd in this Note? No, really, Sir, said she; but I know there has been a Man with Mr. *Wigmore*, and his Visits have given him much Uneasiness; but I don't know the Reason of it.

I was convinc'd by the Woman's Manner of speaking, that she was sincere in what she said; and as she knew nothing more, I was resolv'd to ask her no more Questions; but being fortunately provided with a Pencil and some Paper, I wrote the following Words:

MR. WIGMORE,

I HAVE at last repented of my Behaviour to a Husband that deserves the best of Wives; therefore I beg you will do your Endeavour to forget me, it being the safest Conduct for us both. I fear I am suspected already, and the Way to wipe off all Manner of Suspicion, is no more to be guilty. Farewell, and be happy.

I read the Note to the old Woman, who approv'd of it. I had counterfeited my Mother's Hand so well, that it cou'd hardly be distinguish'd, especially being wrote with a Pencil. And I order'd the Woman to tell Mr. *Wigmore*, that my Mother was in a Chamber

Chamber where she had not the Conveniency of Pen and Ink. The old Woman put it up in the room of the other, giving me her Promise to be very faithful in her new Commission. I gave her Assurance of being well rewarded for her Pains, and so we parted.

As I was going home I began to consider what I had done, and soon imagin'd this Affair of my Mother's cou'd not be long a Secret; therefore I resolv'd within myself to take an Opportunity of disclosing it to her, with a faithful Account of all the Proceedings, as well as the Knowledge I had of her intended barbarous Design against me. I did not know but this might deter her from her cruel Intentions. But then I began to consider, that in all my Readings I had learnt, the Cruelty of a Woman was hard to be remov'd. Therefore I determin'd to declare all to my Uncle, and take his Advice upon't.

When I came home, the Family were at Breakfast, which was something earlier than usual; but I was soon acquainted with the Reason, for my good Mother-in-law, it seems, did design to set out immediately to see a Friend that was dangerously ill. As this was no new Thing, so it alarm'd no one but me; for the good Woman pretended to understand abundance of Things, and was a *second Lady Bountiful*. This Practice, I suppose,

pose, she took up to blind the Eyes of my Father and Family, that they might not look too narrowly into her Actions. When I was sat among 'em, I was ask'd to drink Tea, but I excus'd myself, by telling 'em I had my Breakfast already, and look'd my Mother full in the Face; but she regarded me not, having, I suppose, her Thoughts taken up concerning that Day's Business. Pray, said my Uncle, have you broke your Fast with *Homer* or *Virgil* this Morning? Neither, Sir, said I; I have kept no other Company but *Juvenal* to-day. And why so fond of *Satyr*, Sir? said my Uncle; that savours of Ill-nature. True, Sir, I return'd; for I cannot think the Writings of either *Juvenal* or *Petronius* true Copies of those Times: I cannot imagine either the Men or the Women such Monsters of Iniquity, as those Authors represent 'em. That, reply'd my Uncle, proceeds from the simple Innocence of thy own Thoughts: But we have Instances every Day of the Inhumanity, and all other vicious Principles of either Sex. Are not the *Sessions-Papers* frequently fill'd with barbarous and inhuman Murders, Men of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands and Children? But the crying Sin of Murder is oftner perpetrated by the Women than the Men, being their Passions are more violent and vindictive, and once enter'd in

the Road of Wickedness, they generally travel to the End on't.

I observ'd my Mother-in-law did not very well relish the Discourse, therefore order'd her Pad to be ready. What, said my Uncle, does my Sister go alone? Sure, it will not be improper for a Servant to wait on her. No, Sir, reply'd my Mother, I always visit my Patients alone, for this Reason; if I shou'd take a Servant with me, they would presume on the Benefit the Patient might hope to receive, expecting some Reward; which, to avoid, I never take one with me. Beside, I am so well known round the Country, that I never met with any Insults from any one. Nay, said my Uncle, smiling, Innocence and Virtue are sufficient Guards; and those, I don't doubt, but my Sister takes along with her. She made him no Answer, but immediately mounted, and rode away. As soon as she was gone, I ran up to the Top of the House, where was a Cupola that commanded a large Prospect. I perceiv'd, ere she had got a Quarter of a Mile from our House, she met a Countryman, who stopp'd, and discours'd together. I had a Perspective in my Study, which I had brought up with me, and I cou'd plainly perceive they were very earnest in Discourse; for I cou'd distinguish their Countenances as plain as if they had not been forty Yards from me.

After

After talking some Time, I observ'd my Mother stoop down to kifs him (first looking about if the Coast was clear) then turn'd her Horse's Head, in order to come home again, as I thought. Upon this I immediately went down to acquaint my Uncle with my Morning's Adventure, but was inform'd that my Father and he were shut up together in his Closet. As they had lock'd the Door, I suppos'd they had no Mind to be disturb'd, therefore retir'd with a Mind in the utmost Confusion of Thought; for I imagin'd, with Probability enough, that my Uncle was acquainting my Father with what I had inform'd him of my Mother-in-law.

The Anxiety I felt for what I suppos'd wou'd follow, when all was discover'd, almost robb'd me of my Understanding. I took several hasty Turns in the Court-Yard, without knowing where I was. At last it occur'd to my Memory, that I had seen my Mother-in-law turn her Horse's Head, in order, as I imagin'd, to come Home, but wonder'd at her Delay, for more Time was past than was necessary for her Return, at a moderate Pace. After waiting, and not seeing her, I began to think she had alter'd her Resolution, and proceeded on her intended wicked Journey. While I was ruminating on this wretched Affair, my Father and Uncle came to me. My Uncle told me he had

been depositing a Copy of his Will into my Father's Hands, that if Death shou'd pay him a Visit unexpectedly, and the Lawyer out of the Way, we might, by having Recourse to that Copy, know how far I was beholden to him.

After some Talk, I took an Opportunity to let my Uncle know I had something to communicate to him, who was as forward to give me an Occasion of talking with him. When we were disengag'd from my Father, I acquainted my Uncle with what I had done Yesterday, and this Morning, and what Observations I had made on my Mother-in-law. Certainly, said my Uncle, this Woman as far exceeds the lascivious Queen of *Naples* in Wickedness, as she did the rest of her Sex. What think you, Sir, said I, if we take Horse, and follow her? It may be we may have the Fortune of finding the Bottom of this Intrigue; or at least, from thence, know how to form your Behaviour to her and my Father. My Uncle lik'd my Advice so well, that we immediately mounted our Horses, without letting my Father know of our going. Ere we had gone half a Mile, the Horse my Uncle rode on, which was one of my Father's, fell a neighing, and was answer'd by another in a neighbouring Thicket. As we went forward, the Horse seem'd willing to go that Way. Nay, said my Uncle,

if you have such a Mind to go out of the Road, I'll humour you for once; it may be, as we are Knights-Errant, we may meet with some extraordinary Adventure. Accordingly he gave the Horse the Reins, and he readily enter'd the Copse. The first Thing our Eyes encounter'd was my Mother's Pad ty'd to a Tree; and a little farther, behind some Shrubs, we discover'd my good Mother-in-law, and a likely Country Fellow, very familiar together. You may guess their Surprise at the Sight of us; and ours was almost as great. But my Mother-in-law recover'd herself the soonest, ran to her Horse, mounted without any Help, and rode off. On my Conscience, said my Uncle, the honest Countryman has put Vigour into her Ladyship; but I think it a Pity he shou'd go unrewarded, and that he may be the fitter for running, we'll make him something lighter.

The Man found it was to no Purpose to attempt running away, as he was on Foot, therefore he approach'd us with a submissive Behaviour, and begg'd our Pardon, imagining we were Strangers to my Father and his Wife; telling us, he hop'd we wou'd not expose a Lady to an injur'd Husband's Resentment. Sir, said I, I remember you now, notwithstanding your Disguise, and this is not the first Time you have seen me: Call to mind Yesterday; look in my Face, and

then consider the Injury you have done my worthy Father and his Family. I then inform'd my Uncle, this was the Person that met me Yesterday conversing with the old Woman who was the Letter-carrier. Then, said the disguis'd Countryman, I find all is discover'd! But, if you are Persons of Honour, you will not oppress a naked Man. I own my Guilt, nay, will confess the whole Progress of it, if you will forgive me: Do but keep it a Secret from the Husband, and I farther vow never to be guilty that Way again.

I am a Gentleman of a good Family, but fallen to Decay. Necessity first drew me into this criminal Conversation with the Lady; tho' I must own, notwithstanding our Disparity of Years, I have a tender Regard for her. Youth do not always weigh their Actions, and, for want of Thought, plunge into Crimes we are afterwards ashamed of. Well, young Man, said my Uncle, tho' you have injur'd a noble Family, yet, as you seem to repent of your past Folly, and if you fulfil your Promise of revealing this black Correspondence, I shall freely pardon you, and desire never to see you more. I thank you, reply'd the Offender; but I must farther beg you to mend your Promise, by concealing this Affair from all the World. Well, said my Uncle, notwithstanding this
Woman's

Woman's Wickedness, which you are a Stranger to, at least, the worst Part of her vile Intentions, I will, with this young Gentleman's Consent (pointing at me) keep this a Secret, till we have Reason to suspect she continues in her wicked Courses. That's all I ask, or can well desire, said the Gentleman in Disguise, and began as follows :

I was born younger Brother to a numerous Issue, and therefore design'd for a Tradesman. I was put Prentice to a Mercer in the City, where I learnt little else but Idleness and Intriguing ; and wronging my Master, by mispending his Time and Money. You may perceive, Gentlemen, said he, I intend to be sincere, by revealing the Crimes of my first setting out in the World. My Fellow-Prentices, I believe, had no more Honesty than myself, tho' we were never privy to each other's Secrets. Before I had serv'd three Years of my Time, my Master found his Business in a very declining Condition ; as indeed how cou'd it be otherwise, when he had so many Harpies about him. His Friends, to do him Service, had a Statute of Bankruptcy taken out against him, which, in a Year or two turn'd much to his Advantage ; for by that Means he got rid of his Creditors and his Servants.

He has since marry'd a good Fortune, and drives a flourishing Trade. My Relations

press'd him to accept of me for the Remainder of my Time, but he had too just an Opinion of me to comply with their Requests. The Character I bore was the Obstacle that no one of the Trade wou'd entertain me; and my Relations perceiving how Matters went, thought it was to no Purpose to think of the Counter for me, therefore prevail'd upon a noble Lord to accept me for his Gentleman, who, out of Regard to my Family, us'd me like one. 'Tis needless to inform you of the many Intrigues I went thro' while I was a Retainer with this noble Peer; but I shall proceed to the Affair with this Lady.

The first Time I saw her was at a neighbouring Gentlewoman's, a Relation to our Family, and a Lover of Intrigues. Once every Week she had an Assembly, where all the idle People of Fashion resorted to game and make merry. I observ'd she often cast a favourable Eye upon me, tho' it was some Time before I took any Notice of it. But one Day losing a considerable Sum at *Quadrille*, I was walking very melancholy alone in the Garden, with troubled Thoughts how to get more, I was interrupted in my Meditations by this Lady, who, after much Talk of indifferent Matters, told me, a young Gentleman without Money made but a dismal Figure. Come, come, said she, don't
let's

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let's lose your Company for want of a little Trash. Gamesters have various Fortune; she may cast a more favourable Eye upon you at your next Trial; therefore there's a Hundred Pieces to tempt her; I don't doubt but you will soon be in a Capacity to pay me.

I was so overjoy'd at the Sight of the Money, that I was too eager for Play to return her then the suitable Thanks for so great a Favour, but immediately hurry'd among the Gamesters, and in less than an Hour recover'd my own Money, and a handsome Sum beside, at *Basset*. Immediately after the Company broke up Play, and went to Supper. My good Fortune had so much elevated me, that I had no Stomach to eat (for I believe Extremes either Way, for some Time, spoil the Appetite) therefore I took a Walk in the Garden again, in a far better Temper than when I was there before. I had not walked long ere I perceiv'd the Lady in the same Walk; but whether she had continu'd there, or had come after me, I could not tell; for my good Fortune had quite blinded me. However, I went up to her, and thank'd her for the great Favour I had receiv'd; and was fumbling for the Money to repay her. Come, said she, I am not in such Haste, we'll find a Time to be paid; after Supper, no Doubt, you'll try the fickle

Dame again, therefore keep it till I demand it of you; 'tis very possible I may soon stand in as much need of it as you did some Time ago; till then you shall be my Banker.

I don't know how much farther we shou'd have proceeded, if we had not been interrupted by some of the Company; which she perceiving coming towards us, gave me a gentle Press by the Fingers, and left me. It was not very difficult to guess she had a farther Meaning in leaving her Money in my Hands, and I must own I was not displeas'd with the Thoughts of it, for even her Person did not seem despicable to me; so, on that Score, I should not need much Constraint in my Compliance; but the Pleasure of being paid for whatever Trouble I should be at, was the most prevailing Argument. The next Assembly I was prevented in making one of the Company, because my Lord took me out a Hunting. The Morning following an old Woman brought me this Letter (pulling one out of his Bosom) which I took from him, by my Uncle's Order. See, *Billy*, said he, if it be that ill Woman's Hand; when I assured him it was, I read the Contents as follows:

S I R,

I *Should have been very well pleas'd if you cou'd have made one of the Company Yesterday, for Fortune was so favourable to me to*

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keep me in Countenance during the whole Evening. I have another Sum to put into my Banker's Hands; and if he will follow the Directions of the Bearer, he may have full Possession of it this Evening.

Yours, &c.

I was very well pleas'd with this Billet, and took Instructions where to wait on the Lady. When Evening came, I went to the Place appointed, where I found her waiting with some Impatience, as she told me. The old Woman left us alone; and it was not long ere we came to a right Understanding, which Acquaintance has continu'd upwards of four Years; yet I must own to you, her Conversation was always agreeable to me, setting aside my Interest. But, Sir, said I, in one of your Letters you sent a Day or two ago, you mention one *Burleigh*, and that you fear'd some rash Proceedings from him. Pray what do you know of him? Really, very little, reply'd *Wigmore*: But I am very much surpriz'd that you know any thing of that Letter; I never thought the old Woman wou'd have betray'd me. No, said I, she has not betray'd you, she was only over-reach'd; tho' now, I believe, she repents of her past Actions. Why then, said *Wigmore*, the Hand of Heaven has pointed her out as a Mark for my Repentance, which I will sincerely,

cerely, for all my past Follies. Well, Sir, said my Uncle, I am inclin'd to believe you. But pray, to make me stronger in that Faith, deliver us what Letters you have of hers. Upon my Honour, I'll never put 'em to a wrong Use. I shall confide in you, reply'd Mr. *Wigmore*, and therefore put 'em into your Hands. I carry 'em always about me, that no Accident shou'd discover our Affair: But I am convinc'd Heaven will not let such Actions be ever a Secret. You may see, added he, how they follow'd one another, because I have number'd 'em as I receiv'd 'em. After my Uncle had given him some wholesome Advice relating to Conduct in Life, we left him.

Well, said my Uncle, now let's examine the Contents of these fine Epistles. Come, Billy, your Eyes are younger than mine, read 'em. I then open'd *Numb. II.* (having read *Numb. 1.* before) which was as follows:

WHAT Words can exprefs the Satisfaction I receiv'd at our last Conversation! I am impatient till I see the Light of my Life again; and, if you wou'd not leave me for ever in Darkness, come this Evening to the same Place, to receive with the utmost Transports from One, all that is in her Power to give, who thinks it her only Happiness to call herself

Yours, &c.

Well

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Well said ! cry'd my Uncle ; the Woman was well pleas'd, I find. She writes pretty plain. But what will not Women do, when they abandon Modesty ! But come, to the next. Let's have some more of her Wit and Parts

N U M B. III.

MY dear Boy, some bated Family-Business will prevent my seeing the Darling of my Soul to-morrow ; but be assur'd the usual Time of the Day following shall bring me to your Arms, where we will revel in Delight, and laugh at my foolish credulous Husband, who imagines, when I come to see you, I am visiting the Sick : But the poor Man is very wicked, and I can think of no other Way of sending him to Heaven but with the Assistance of my dear Wigmore. I wou'd have you make our Go-between, Goody —, a Present of a Pair of Sheets, for she complain'd to me heavily of the Want of 'em ; and tho' I believe she's very faithful to us, yet now and then a small Trifle that Way, will not only keep her in Humour, but make it her Interest to observe us. Farewel, and be happy, tho' I shall not taste of it till I see those Eyes.

Yours, &c.

O Woman, Woman ! said my Uncle, how ripe in Wickedness ! The most profligate of Man wou'd not have been open-hearted so soon.

soon. But come, let's make an End with her as fast as we can, for I have almost enough of her.

NUMB. IV.

WHAT a despicable Creature is a Husband, after the ardent Embraces of a Lover! I thought nothing cou'd have added to the Aversion I had already conceived for him; but since I have known thee, thou Charmer of my Soul, I find that Aversion daily increase. I yield to his fulsome Caresses, as the Criminal receives the parting Kifs of the Executioner; and what's the greatest Torment, I am oblig'd to fain a wanton Joy, which you know is real. But I must dissemble to all the World but my dear Wigmore; and whatever I say or do to him comes from the warm Blood of my Heart. I am sick of this Evil of a Husband; but one Touch from you will heal my Disease. I only wish, as we have shewn him the ready Road to Heaven, he wou'd set out towards his Journey; nay, to make the more Haste, I wou'd lend him a Hand to pull on his Boots. But let's have a little Patience. Time kills as well as cures. Tomorrow I shall open my Heart to him that has the Soul of

J. V.

Sure, said my Uncle, this is the Quintessence of all ill Women put together! But on.

NUMB.

NUMB. V.

PITY, my dear Wigmore, the Grief of Mind I lie under. But you may guess the Cause, when I declare it is not in my Power to see you these ten Days, except you can think of some Disguise; for my Son Johnny is taken ill of the Small-Pox. I am oblig'd to attend him myself, for he will not let any of the Family give him the least Nourishment. But if you can think of any Disguise, and venture at the Back of our Garden, near the Tree where I hide my Letters, in the Dusk of the Evening, (tho' no Disguise can hide the dear Wigmore from me, who will ever carry his Image in my Heart) I'll find an Opportunity of seeing him in Reality, who is always present to the Imagination of one who shall be ever Yours, &c.

Pray, said my Uncle, is there no Date to these loving Epistles? No, Sir, said I; but we may guess pretty near the Time by my Brother's having the Small-Pox, which is near three Years ago. Well, on to the next, said my Uncle.

NUMB. VI.

I Thank my Stars! my Boy is past all Danger. That, and the Hopes of seeing my dear Wigmore again, at a more convenient Place than our last, made me comply with my Husband's Request of making one Bed serve us both. But as I thought of you all Day, I dreamt of
you

*you all Night. When wish'd Morning came,
my Husband went out a Hunting, and having
an Opportunity, with a Poetical Fancy in my
Head, I have put my Dream into as good Verse
as ever I cou'd; but you must forgive bad Num-
bers since Love of you has made me a Poet.*

*When balmy Sleep my Eyelids clos'd,
And half the World their Cares repos'd,
Your Image fill'd my fancy'd Breast,
My eager Arms the Phantom prest.
Wak'd with th' imaginary Bliss,
I strove to give my Love a Kiss:
But, Death to Love, and all Love's Charms,
I found my Husband in my Arms!
The nauseous Joy his Tongue exprest
Quite robb'd my gentle Heart of Rest.
But yet, to cover the Deceit,
I was compell'd to aid the Cheat,
And Kiss for Kiss return again,
When nothing cou'd be greater Pain:
For Bankrupts too to make Demands!
Curse on the Priest that join'd our Hands!
But all my Grief, and all Annoy,
At Sight of thee will turn to Joy;
When you my dazzled Eyes shall bless,
All Sorrow turns to Happiness.*

*Oh the Devil! said my Uncle; shall such
a wicked Wretch as this Woman pretend to
taste of the heavenly Drops of Poetry, when
all Hell is in her Soul! It is the greatest
Pro-*

Profanation to the Muses. Yet tho' *Clio* cannot tune her Lye, *Melpomene* presides over her black Soul, together with *Aleto*, and the rest of the *Furies*. This Woman wou'd have been well pleas'd to have been a *Samorin* Wife *. But I hope, continu'd my Uncle, there is not many more. Yes, Sir, said I, there's five more; and I find by the Numbers, there's some wanting, for the next is *Numb. 9.* Those, reply'd my Uncle, no doubt, contain'd something too dangerous to be kept. As we were preparing to read the next Letter, we cou'd perceive running towards us the Person they were sent to. We were something surpriz'd at his Return; but when he came up to us (for we stood still to read the Letters) he told us (almost out of Breath with running) that *Burleigh* was coming the same Way, and no doubt for no Good,

* The Country of the *Samorins* reaches along the Sea-Coast of the *East-Indies*, from *Ticori* to *Chitwa*. It is the Custom of that Country for the Women to have twelve Husbands, if they think fit; yet they all agree very well, taking their Turns to cohabit with the Wife. The Husband whose Turn it is leaves his Arms at the Door of the Wife's Chamber, which must not be remov'd on Pain of Death. When the Wife is with Child, she names the Husband who is to father it, and he is to take care of its Education; but those Children do never inherit the Father's Estate; that descends to the Male Issue of the Father's Sister; but if she have no Issue, the Estate comes to the nearest Relation of the Father's Grandmother.

for I know he has been disappointed by my Lady, concerning the receiving of Money, which Disappointment has so much exasperated him, that he resolves to ruin my Lady, tho' I know not by what Means. We perceived a Man about a Quarter of a Mile behind us, bending his Course towards our House, the Foot-Way. My Uncle ask'd what was best to be done? Why, Sir, said Mr. *Wigmore*, if you will give me Leave to advise you, I wou'd have you prevent his getting to my Lady's, if possible, for this Time; who knows what may follow? I intend, if you approve of it, to write to my Lady, which Letter, if you please, you shall see first; wherein I will declare all Correspondence, for the future, shall be intirely broke off between us; and, to convince her I am sincere in what I write, to crush all her Hopes at once, in a few Days I intend to embark for *Virginia*, where I have some Relations in Power, that I am assur'd will provide for me. Do so, said my Uncle. But how shall we see this Letter? Why, return'd Mr. *Wigmore*, I'll be walking before the Court-Gate, under the great Trees, three Hours hence. My Disguise will prevent my being known by any one, but you two Gentlemen, or my Lady; and if I can meet with my Lady, I shou'd be pleas'd to deliver the Letter to her myself. Well, said my Uncle, let it be so.

But

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But *Will* tells me, there's some Letters missing, as you have number'd 'em. Pray what might they contain, if it is not improper to know? Really, reply'd Mr. *Wigmore*, I can't very well remember the Contents, but, in gross, they were something too free for a Woman's Pen. I believe, said my Uncle, if the Story of the *Norman Monk* was true *, and this Woman was in his Condi-

* *Richard*, surnam'd the *Religious*, Grandson to *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*, was esteem'd a Prince of singular Piety. Among many *Monkish* Stories of him, the following one seems to be calculated for those of large Faith.

A Monk of *Normandy*, given more to the Flesh than the Spirit, us'd to visit his Mistress by Night, for more Secrecy. One very dark Evening, going to the Rendezvous, his Way lying over a Bridge, he fell in, and was drown'd. When his Soul was descended into the Regions of the Dead, an Angel of Light, and another of Darkness, had many Strugglings about it; but not agreeing, they resolv'd to put it to the Decision of the pious Duke *Richard*. The Angels pleaded like themselves before their Judge; who wisely weighing the Matter, gave Sentence the Body shou'd have its Soul again, and plac'd near the Bridge where he fell from; if he fell in, the black Gentleman shou'd take him for his Perquisite. The Sentence being put in Execution, the Priest had learnt more Wit, return'd to his Convent, and there defy'd the Devil, and all his Works. This Affair was so quick in the Dispatch, that Duke *Richard* going to the Convent to see what was become of the Monk, found his Habit all wet with his Fall into the River.

tion,

tion, it wou'd not be hard to guess which Angel wou'd have the Guardianship of her Ladyship. Come, Sir, said Mr. *Wigmore*, may be Heaven intends all for the best. I hope so too, reply'd my Uncle ; but I fear, without a Miracle, she'll go the other Way, for all that. However, I'll wait patiently, tho' with little Hope ; more for the Peace and Quiet of my Brother and his Family, than any good Will to such a wicked Woman.

I fear, Sir, said I, you will not have Time enough for Reflection now, for *Burleigh* walks at a very great Rate ; therefore, the sooner we think how to prevent his getting to the House, the better. Odsfo ! said my Uncle, that's true ; then let us be gone, and leave Mr. *Wigmore* to think of his Epistle.

The Horse-Road to our House was even with the Foot-Road, 'till within a Furlong of the Gate, and then there was no other Way but the common Road. We kept just before *Burleigh* all the way, and as he came over the last Style, he stumbled, and fell on his Face. Why, how now ! honest Friend, said my Uncle, you seem so much in haste, that you don't regard your Way. Take care. Remember the old Saying, *The more Haste, the worse Speed* ; which has indeed no other Meaning, than when People go about things unlawful, they shou'd not succeed. If you were a *Roman* now, you shou'd take that for an ill Omen.

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Omen. Why, (reply'd *Burleigh*, something furlily) what Matter is it to you, or any body else, whether I am a *Roman*, or a *Protestant*, a *Dissenter*, or a *Muggletonian*, an *Anabaptist*, or a *Quaker*, or ——— Hold, hold! cry'd my Uncle (smiling at his Absurdity) you seem to be pretty perfect in the Names of many Opinions; and yet I fancy you are a mere Stranger to the Tenets of any of 'em. I am well skill'd in *Physiognomy*, and to assure you that I am, you are now going about a black Work, that let it go which way it will, must of mere Necessity bring you into extreme Danger and Trouble.

Why, the Devil's in the Gentleman, (reply'd *Burleigh*, with a less-assur'd Tone than at first) or if the Devil is not in you, you must be the Devil himself, or at least a Conjuror. Good Friend, return'd my Uncle, I am neither the Devil, nor a Conjuror; and yet I can tell, and foretell; and farther, I assure you (looking him full in the Face, which put the other out of Countenance) if you proceed in this Business, you'll be in some Danger of a Halter. Examine your Conscience. You know if what I say be true, or no. Return from whence you came: And, for the future, amend your Life, and know me for your Friend. *Amend your Life, and know me for your Friend!* cry'd *Burleigh*, muttering; sure I am a sleep, and all this is a Dream. He stood

stood some time gazing at my Uncle, and then at me. Pray Sir, said he, after a Pause, who the Devil are you, and what Business have you with me? I am going about my Affairs, and shan't stay any longer losing my Time. Upon saying this, he was pressing on. But my Uncle cross'd him with his Horse, and calling him by his Name, with a menacing Tone, told him, he shou'd severely repent it, if he mov'd a Step farther towards that House, pointing at my Father's; neither is the Lady whom you go to seek at home, she's gone to visit a sick Person. Return three Days hence, and it may be you will meet with better Success than you expect. Whether my Uncle's stern Looks frightened him, or that he really thought him the Devil, I can't tell; but at those last Words, he went back again over the Style, turn'd to give us another Look, and ran back the Way he came, as fast as his Legs cou'd carry him.

There is more, said my Uncle, in a guilty Conscience, than a Brace of Evidences. 'Tis not impossible but this is the sure Means of your Mother's getting rid of this troublesome Retainer; so I suppose there will be an annual Pension sav'd. But what shall we do with this Woman? If she has any Grace left, the best way of shewing it will be, to hang herself out of the Way; for, I must own, I cannot find any other Method to give Peace to the Family.

ly. If we shou'd conceal these horrible Crimes in Hopes of her Amendment, and she shou'd commit more, we are in some sort accessary. But Heaven guide us for the best ! We must proceed as Things occur. When the Groom had taken our Horses, my Uncle ask'd him, if he knew where his Master was. He answer'd, that he rid out presently after us, being inform'd we were taking the Air, and that he took the same Road as we had done. Sure, said my Uncle, softly to me, Providence, by its secret Workings, intends to reclaim this Woman ; or, by its mysterious Darknes, will have her stumble into more Wickedness ; for my Brother's missing us must be almost a Miracle. Pr'ythee let's go into the Summer-House, and think on these wretched Accidents over again.

As we went thro' the Hall, I saw *Betty* at work, and letting my Uncle go before, I inform'd her, in brief, of the Day's Affair. She seem'd quite dead with my Relation.. For God's sake ! said she, if you have any Value for your own Life, get out of her Power ; for if she can be so wicked to do as you say, I fear she'll arrive at the same Pitch she was at before. I must own, continu'd she, my own Life is but of small Value, and I wou'd freely part with it to atone for my past Crimes, if it cou'd save my dear Master's ; but, methinks, I wou'd not have it made a Sacrifice

to

to a revengful Woman, who will be sure to rid her Hands of me, because she remembers I know her former wicked Intention.

Well, *Betty*, said I, rest contented, you are provided for, if you can like my Uncle's Service; for I have prevail'd upon him to accept you for his Housekeeper; therefore, whenever you think fit, you may leave my Lady, and be receiv'd there, without any other Recommendation. She was very much rejoic'd at the agreeable News, telling me, such good Fortune was far beyond her Hopes; yet nothing, she told me, cou'd make her easy, till I was entirely out of my Mother-in-law's Reach. Well, *Betty*, I return'd, I hope every thing will be determin'd in a few Days, and so follow'd my Uncle.

When I came into the Summer-House to him, he ask'd me why I staid? When I inform'd him, he did not seem pleas'd. It had not been much matter (said he) *Billy*, whether *Betty* had been let into the Secret so soon; but however, it can't be help'd; I must own she knows enough already to be trusted with every thing. We canvas'd the Matter over several times, but cou'd make very little of it; and before we cou'd come to any Resolution, *Betty* interrupted us, by bringing a Letter directed to my Uncle, which she said, the Messenger that brought it told her, it required no Answer. Pr'ythee, *Billy*, said my Uncle, read it,

it, for I have no Secrets shall be hid from you. As soon as I had cast my Eyes on the *Directions*, I told him it was my Mother-in law's Hand. Odsol said he, this is an Honour indeed! for I never was favour'd so far before. But let us hear what her Ladyship can say for herself. May be it's a Letter of leave to dispose of her sweet Person; or rather, now I think on't, to be careful of her dear *Wigmore*. But read it, that we may be acquainted with her Commands.

S I R,

WHAT shall I say, to gain Credit that what I write to you is sincere? If the ripping out my false Heart wou'd do it, it shou'd be done this Moment. What you have (guided by Fate) seen to-day, I must confess is not my only Crime. But whatever I have been guilty of, shall be remember'd only with a sincere Repentance. Do not imbitter our Lives, by discovering to my too indulgent Husband, the Faults of his wicked Wife. If you knew with what Horror my Soul is fill'd (not for the Fear of Punishment, but for what my unthinking Heart has done) even you wou'd pity me. Consider the rarer Virtue is in Forgiveness, 'tis that which distinguishes us from Brutes. Do you stand in the Place of my Husband; think no more of what's past; and upon the Assurance of a hearty Re-

penitance, I will never have a Thought of my former Guilt, but to bewail my Fall from Virtue. Tho' you are no great Admirer of the Female Sex, I am assur'd you have Humanity. I shall expect no Answer, but come home in the Evening, as usual, where, if I find all discover'd, I shan't in my Heart blame you; but I will, to get rid of my shame, put an End to the Life of

Your affectionate Sister,

J. V.

That Word, *Affectionate*, at last, said my Uncle, puts me out of Conceit with all the rest. However, we'll comply, and beg the Hand of Heaven to guide us. While we were debating, my Father came in. I thought, said he, you were both run away, you disappear'd so suddenly. Pray, which way went you? And how was it possible for me to miss you? We only rid into the Copse after a Hare, reply'd my Uncle, that a Countryman inform'd us he saw there, but the Greyhound lost her.

We took several Turns in the Garden, and I cou'd not look upon my Father without the Tears coming into my Eyes. How different, thought I, is this Woman from my dear Mother! And how unhappy has a second Marriage made the Family! My Father took Notice of my Melancholy, asking if I was
out

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out of Order? But my Uncle made him an Answer; for the Question came so much unlook'd for, that I cou'd not tell what to say. *Billy*, said he, I believe is out of Humour, because I hinder'd his going to pore over his Books, for he thinks every Hour lost out of such Company. I made him no Answer, which confirm'd what my Uncle said. I hope, *Billy*, return'd my Father, has read enough not to take any thing Ill his Uncle says. My Uncle finding he cou'd not make me dissipate that Discontent that sat on my Countenance, turn'd the Discourse, and by that brought me out of my Confusion. Our uneasy Conversation was broke by the Ringing of the Bell for Dinner, where I was forc'd to eat against my Stomach, for fear my Father shou'd take more Notice of me.

When we had din'd, my Father went to take a Nap, as usual, which gave my Uncle and me an Opportunity of waiting, without Observation, for Mr. *Wigmore*, with his Letter. About Three in the Afternoon, we saw him approach us in the same Disguise he had on in the Morning. We went out to meet him, that we might not be observ'd by the Servants of the House. When he was within hearing, my Uncle bid him turn back, and we wou'd follow to the Copse.

When we came there, said Mr. *Wigmore*, This Place strengthens the Memory of my

Crimes I have already repented of, and shall to my dying Breath. Here, Sir, is the Letter I promis'd in the Morning, and whatever Fault you find with it, I'll do my Endeavour to mend it. My Uncle took the Letter, and gave it me to read, which was as follows :

MADAM,

IF my Life wou'd call back past Years, I wou'd freely render it for that Satisfaction, to die an Innocent. Heaven sees our Guilt, and if we do not repent, I fear will severely punish us. All the Hours I have to come, I shall remember our past Crimes with Horror ; and I do not in the least doubt, but you will do so too, when you reflect what it is to defile the Marriage-Bed, even with a Thought. Do not imagine Fear obliges me to write to you in this manner. No, it is the Result of my Thoughts, from an unquiet Conscience. I do not say it is easy for me to part with you for ever ; therefore, as I am assur'd our guilty Commerce ought to have an End, I intend to-morrow to embark for another Climate, where I shall have Leisure to reflect on my past Follies, those, I confess, are very numerous : But my Capital Sin was, my Tenderneſs for you, and that I fear, will press in ſometimes, in a manner not pleaſing to virtuous Men ; which Character, for the future, Heaven aſſiſt me to maintain ! So, wiſhing you an eter-
nal

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*nal Farewell, I beg you to think on the Advice
of your sincere Friend in Virtue,*

T. WIGMORE.

Well, said my Uncle, as there is, I hope, Truth in it, there's no Want of Rhetoric. But how must this be deliver'd to the good Gentlewoman now? It will not be at all proper for either my Nephew, or me, to have a Hand in't, for that may raise Suspicions. Suppose, reply'd Mr. *Wigmore*, we shou'd give it Mrs. *Betty*: With all my Heart, said my Uncle, if *Billy* approves on't. I must own (I reply'd) that is the safest Method we can take; but, as the Case stands, *Betty* must know the Contents, or she will not deliver it. We agreed it shou'd be so, and took our Leaves of Mr. *Wigmore*, with Thoughts of never seeing him more. I must confess, I cou'd not look upon him without the utmost Horror, tho' his Guilt was not near of so black a Dye as my Mother-in-law's. And I had such a Conflict between Reason and Rage, that I had often Thoughts, young as I was, to call him to a more strict Account; but the Hopes of his going abroad, laid asleep my Resentment. I thought I made but an odd Figure in tamely listening to these Interviews; and told my Uncle afterwards what I had suffer'd. 'Tis well, Boy, said he, smiling, he that conquers his Passions, over-

comes his greatest Enemy. Even *Scipio* cou'd do no more.

When we came home, we were told my Father was still asleep. I therefore went to find out *Betty*, to give her the Letter, and proper Instructions ; first acquainting her with the Contents. This, *Betty*, may work upon her. I pray Heaven it may (says *Betty*) for if she still continues her ill Life, there's no farther Hopes, we must discover all to your Father, to prevent her Ill Designs for the future. While I was talking with *Betty*, my Uncle came to us, and, in a merry manner, told her, he shou'd soon have Occasion for her ; nay, he wou'd be sure to manage it, that her Mistress shou'd give her Consent. But, said my Uncle, I think I ought to limit your Power, for my last Lady had something too much. However, I'll take your Word, and *William's* Bond, for the Performance of Articles. But, to think of more serious Matters, continu'd my Uncle, I wish my Brother cou'd be got out of the way, when his good Lady arrives, that we may have a little more Freedom of Conversation ; for I am not yet fully determin'd what to do with her. Sir, said I, I know the ready way to send him abroad ; only tell him, in such a Place is a Covy of Partridges, and he and his Man will soon leave us ; neither is it a Falshood, for the other Morning, as I was going

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going to meet the old Woman, a Covy sprung up almost under my Feet. Be it so then, said my Uncle; and here he comes, get him out of the way as fast as you can. I then went to my Father, and inform'd him of what I knew; who immediately call'd for his Man, his Dog, and his Gun, and out he went, first asking us if we wou'd accompany him, but my Uucle excus'd himself, and me too.

He had not been gone above half a Hour, but my Mother-in-law came in, with a Countenance full of penitential Sorrow. As soon as ever she had an Opportunity, she fell at my Uncle's Feet, and with her Face sprinkled with Tears, and a broken Voice, interrupted with Sighs, spoke to my Uncle after this manner.

How shall I look up? or what shall I do to gain Credit for what I am going to say? It is but Justice to suspect the Sincerity of my Words, after what your Eyes have seen. But be assur'd, from this Day, I will take my Date of Virtue. While I have Life, never will I wrong my worthy Husband, even with a Thought. What a gaping Ruin have I avoided, if you will be prevail'd upon by Repentance to believe me! And to gain more Credit from you, I am oblig'd to let you know, that even *Adultery* is not my greatest Sin. I have, since you saw me last, weigh'd well my past Crimes, and think there is not

such another wicked Woman breathing. But Heaven, I hope, has in its infinite Stock of Mercy, Forgiveness in Store for a sincere Repentance. If my Words cannot gain Credit, let your Sword blot out with my Blood my former Wickedness! I know I have deserv'd Death, and shall with Satisfaction resign myself to your Punishment; if you can conceal my Crimes, you may term it Accident, or whatever you think fit, for I am even weary of this World, made burdensome to me by the Weight of Sin I have laid upon myself, and wou'd freely make an End of this wretched being with my own Hands, but that I consider I shou'd commit a Crime never to be repented of, and take away all Hopes of Salvation, even in the very Act. Tho' I doubt not but Sorrow, in a few Days, will end my Crimes with my Life, and the sooner that Day comes, the sooner I shall be rid of a terrible Load of Reflexion, even worse than Death itself. Here Tears choak'd her Words, and she sunk to the Ground, quite overwhelm'd with Sorrow.

Well, Madam, said my Uncle, raising her, if all this Grief is not real, you are an excellent Counterfeit: But I am willing to believe you sincere in your Confession. And, for my own Part, I'll strive to forget all that's past, or think of it as a Dream. But you must pardon me if I am more careful for the future

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future in observing your Actions; for if you shou'd make an ill Use of my Credulity, I shou'd, in some Sort, be guilty. Sir, said my Mother-in-law, Words are too poor to speak my Thanks, but you shall find my Sincerity by my Actions. If in the least of all my future ones you find me erring, I shall expect no Admonition from you, but to be deliver'd up to the Hands of Justice. And that you may have it in your Power to call me to an Account when you please, I shall succinctly tell you which Way I deserve the worst of Deaths. She then related what you have read already, concerning her first Husband's Death, but solemnly protested, the Poison was given him by Mistake; for tho' she procur'd it for that Intent, yet she had repented of her wicked Design; and it being put into the Closet by Mistake, among some Cordials, the Nurse gave it her Husband as such; for she was so far from believing that he came by his Death thro' her Means, that she accus'd the Apothecary's Man, and had follow'd the Accusation, if she had not found out the Mistake. I must own I had a guilty Commerce with the Apothecary, who left off making his Visits after my Husband's unfortunate End. This Proceeding exasperated me so far that I often wish'd his Death; and the Devil, to back my Wishes, brought me acquainted with one *Burleigh*, who us'd to

work in the Gardens as Helper to the Gardener, tho' otherwise a Trooper. He undertook the black Deed; and the Day he first knew my Mind he put me past the Power to recall it, by making an End of the unfortunate Man; for even as soon as I parted with him, I repented of the Crime; and tho' I fought him all the Day after, to prevent the Deed, I never set Eyes on him till he came to tell me my Commands were obey'd. The Concern I felt at the wicked News cou'd hardly be express'd by Words; but the Wretch, taking hold of my Weakness, made me comply with every thing he desir'd, and even to this Day compels me to maintain him.

All the while she was relating her horrid Deeds, my Uncle seem'd perfectly Thunder-struck. Who wou'd think, said he, one Woman cou'd be so wicked! Sir, said she, that is not all. Then she proceeded to tell us of her Designs against me; but that, said she, I have long since repented of, as my worst of Crimes.

Well, said my Uncle, I hope by this Confession we shall find your future Sincerity. But what do you propose to do with this *Burleigh*? It was with some Difficulty I prevented his coming here to-day. Though I am amaz'd to find you know any thing of him, said my Mother-in-law, yet I shou'd be much oblig'd

oblig'd to you for your Advice in this Affair. Well, said my Uncle, in Hopes of future Amendment, I have it in my Head to get rid of him, which shall be done to-morrow, if you'll let me know where to find him. This, Sir, said she, will double all my Obligations to you. I'll give you a Direction in Writing. While she was writing the Direction, *Betty* brought her Mr. *Wigmore's* Letter, which she took and read. Well, said she, I take Heaven to have a Hand in my Conversion, for here's another Convert, which very much pleases me, because I was troubled before how to make an End with him. She then related what had past between 'em. And all her Relations agreed so well with what we knew before, that we thought it a Crime in us, not to believe her Promises for her future Behaviour.

A little while after, Word was brought us my Father was come home. How, said my Mother-in-law, shall I look upon that dear injur'd Face, without betraying my Guilt? When I was envelop'd in Sin, without Thought of Repentance, I cou'd form my Behaviour as I thought fit, without any Difficulty; but now I cannot tell how to appear before him without the utmost Confusion. Pray, said my Uncle, let this be the last Act of dissembling, and hide from him the Combat in your Mind. Time will bring you to the Tranquility of Virtue again.

When

When my Father came to us, he seem'd very much pleas'd with his Diversion. What, said he, you must be idling at home, while I am obliged to go abroad to procure you a Supper. Well, I have got every Man his Bird. 'Tis your Duty, reply'd my Uncle, to provide for your Family; tho' *Billy* and I are, at present, Interlopers. Heyday! cry'd my Father, What's the Matter with *Jane*! (meaning his Wife) are your Patients got well upon your Hands, my Dear, that you have not an Opportunity of shewing your Art, you look so melancholy? I am not very well, my Dear, reply'd my Mother, in some Confusion. I am sorry for that, return'd my Father. But as you can cure other People, I hope you know what's good for yourself. Yes, Sir, said she, I have been troubled with it a great while; 'tis a Heaviness of Heart, but I have taken that I hope will cure it. A Heaviness of Heart! reply'd my Father, there's nothing cures that Distemper like a Glass or two of good Wine; nay, I think it a general Cure for all Diseases, and the sooner you take the Remedy, the sooner you'll get rid of your Malady. I think, said my Uncle, that *Phy* is good for us all, therefore let's have it. While the Wine was gone for, my Father seem'd to caress his Wife, which occasion'd her bursting into Tears. Pray, said he, my Dear, tell me what is it disturbs you. In Truth,

Truth, Sir, said she, I am not very well, and beg Leave I may go to Bed; perhaps Rest may help me. So saying, she took Leave of the Company, and retir'd. When my Father had drank a Glass of Wine, he follow'd her to know how she did, and left my Uncle and me together.

Well, *Billy*, said he, what think you of Affairs? Do you believe she is sincere in her Protestations? Yes really, Sir, said I, if she does continue it. I am confounded, return'd my Uncle, at what I have heard. If she shou'd be as good as her Word, and let murdering Sorrow make an End of her, I must confess I shou'd be very easy, notwithstanding her Penitence. However, we must find out *Burleigh* to-morrow, and get rid of him: And tho' I am assur'd he deserves an Halter, yet I'll give him a few Pieces to send him into another Part of the World, with all my Heart, and then, sure, she will be easy. I am of your Opinion, Sir, said I; I fancy her Decline of Years will prevent her seeking another Lover. I do not know that, reply'd my Uncle, that itching Folly never considers Years; however, I believe we have nothing to fear from her; but if we shou'd be deceiv'd, I shou'd never forgive myself. I must own, 'tis but seldom Virtue succeeds Vice, yet such Things have been, and therefore may happen again. We have all the Prospect

we can desire, in the Confession of her Guilt; for as she was ignorant of our Knowledge of it, she might have spared the Relation, if she had not intended for the future to amend her Life. We had much Discourse concerning her, 'till interrupted by my Father, who told us his Wife seem'd very much indispos'd, but he hop'd Rest wou'd restore her. For my own Part, I freely declare, her Death wou'd certainly have griev'd me; but the Content I shou'd have found from the Family's being intirely out of her Power, wou'd have soon wip'd away my Tears.

After Supper, I inform'd *Betty* of all Passages, whose Hopes and Fears agreed with mine, tho' our Hopes by far over-balanc'd our Fears.

In the Morning my Uncle told my Father, that he and I had a Visit to make, and very possibly might be oblig'd to stay Dinner. Accordingly we took Horse, but in order to find out *Burleigh*, who liv'd in an obscure Village three Miles from my Father's. When we arriv'd, we cou'd perceive him running out of the Back-Door at the first Sight of us; and I believe wou'd have got away from us, if his Over-haste had not often made him fall in the Stubble. When we overtook him, my Uncle ask'd him why he made such Haste from his best Friends? Why, to tell you the Truth, Sir, said he, I don't care for
 conversing

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conversing with the Devil, for I can hardly take you for any thing else. Why, said my Uncle, were you not afraid of conversing with him, when you made away with Mr. — the Apothecary? for Murder is always instigated by the Devil. At these Words the Fellow fell a trembling, and cry'd out, *I am a dead Man!* No, said my Uncle, though Murder shou'd never be forgiven, and tho' I am no Devil, yet I have sufficient Reasons to assist you in making your Escape; for if you stay Four and Twenty Hours, Justice will lay hold on you, and there will be no other Road to get away but that of the Gallows. In short, such a Person, naming my Mother-in-law, has discover'd it. Now I wou'd save both your Lives, which cannot be done without you fly immediately. Alas! Sir, said *Burleigh*, whither shou'd I fly? I have no Money or Friends, or I wou'd be gone with all my Heart. For that, said my Uncle, I'll take Care. Go and provide yourself with what Necessaries you have, and then follow me. We were not long before we mounted, and pursu'd our Journey toward *Bristol*.

As we rid along, my Uncle ask'd him how he cou'd be so inhuman to murder a Man in cold Blood, and one, very probable, almost a Stranger to him? Why indeed, reply'd *Burleigh*, I had but little Knowledge of him; but, as to murdering him, I can't give it
that

that Name, for I fairly fought with him; tho' indeed that can't be prov'd, because I am only my own Witness. What d'ye mean by fighting fairly, cry'd my Uncle; is taking a Man's Life, without any Provocation, to be call'd fair? I can't directly argue the Point with you, Sir, return'd *Burleigh*; but when a Person has equal Arms to his Opposer, and the other fairly runs the risk of Death, I say it can't be call'd Murder, for he always rode with a Pair of Pistols, as I did the same; and I gave him fair Warning; told him, either he or I had breath'd our last Hour. 'Tis true, he was not very willing to fight, but he found it was to no Purpose; and I must own, if he had not, I must of Necessity have kill'd him; but he fired both his Pistols, and miss'd me; and I, with one of mine, shot him thro' the Throat. After he fell from his Horse, I drag'd him into the neighbouring unfrequented Wood, ty'd his Horse to a Tree in the same Wood, and rid home with my own. The same Day I got Leave to be absent a few Days, return'd to the Wood, took the Horse I had left there, and sold him at *Chester*, with a Pretence I was bound for *Ireland*; so return'd home on Foot. I must own I was too hasty in executing my Lady's Desire, for she never peremptorily bid me; but I was willing to get him out of the Way, that I might have her all to myself. I continu'd

tinu'd my Correspondence for three or four Years, and constantly receiv'd an annual Pension. But when she was about marrying, she gave me three Years Allowance together, telling me at the same Time, that what I then receiv'd was the utmost she cou'd do for me; and, indeed, gave me good Advice. But my Money was soon gone; therefore I apply'd myself to her again, and almost forc'd a Subsistence from her, by threatening to declare what she has now done herself, like a silly Woman as she is. I must own I often threaten'd a young Gentleman, who I am assur'd keeps Company with her, of declaring something might endanger her Life; but I can assure you it was only to fright some Money out of her.

This Talk had brought us to the Town's End. We went directly to my Uncle's Friend, and, by good Fortune, found him at home. My Uncle, in private, declar'd to him the Cause of this unexpected Visit; and the Bargain was soon struck for the Disposal of my Friend *Burleigh*. My Uncle at parting gave him Twenty Guineas for his own Use, but with a strict Charge to his Friend not to trust him out of his Sight. And in three Days after we were inform'd, by Letter, that the Ship set Sail on her Voyage to *New York*.

Now, said my Uncle, I hope we have laid an excellent Plan for raising your Mother's Virtue;

Virtue; and I hope the Superstructure will answer the Basis. I am in Heart convinc'd of it, I reply'd. And indeed my Thoughts were now intirely bent on my lovely *Isabella*, and the Contemplation of her Perfections produc'd a careful Musing, which my Uncle took Notice of. Why how now, *William*? said my Uncle, What are those wise Thoughts that have ty'd your Tongue up? I hope all Affairs at home are accommodated. Come, let me know the Reason of your Ruminati-
 Sir, said I, my Mind was fix'd upon the Company we left behind us in your Neighbourhood. I hope, reply'd my Uncle, the fair *Isabella* is not stealing into your Heart? No, Sir, I return'd, I have kept her Image there from the first Moment I saw her Face, never to be defac'd by Years or Misfortune. Why how now, Youth! cry'd my Uncle, is your Heart susceptible of Love so soon? But I thought as much by your Uneasiness to leave 'em at our last Visit: But come, we'll make 'em another to-morrow; for I must own I long to be at home too. Indeed, Sir, said I, I freely confess there lies my Loadstone, and turn which Way I will, my Inclinations look that Way.

Well, said my Uncle, I must own I am not against your embarking on the Sea of Love, if I was sure you cou'd arrive at your desired Port, without meeting with Storms in your

your Voyage. Have you had any Talk with your fair Mistress? Sir (said I) I will never conceal any thing from you, and therefore I shall declare all my Proceedings. I then told him the whole Progress of my amorous Affairs. Well, return'd my Uncle, I don't find you have any great Reason to despair. Neither, Sir, said I, can I find any thing to begot a Hope, especially when I think of the implacable Aversion rooted in the Minds of the Mother and the Aunt, against Men and Matrimony. Indeed, said my Uncle, they have both sufficient Reasons for that Aversion; the one, from the complicated Humours of an ill-natur'd Husband; and the other, from the Ill-usage of a Man unworthy the Name; which, to beguile the Time, I will relate; I mean, the Story of the Aunt, which I learnt from her own Mouth but the last Time we were there.

When she had scarce seen Seventeen, she was courted by a Person remarkable for his good Make and Address, with the Addition of a large Fortune, which in many People serve only as instrumental to evil Actions. This Man of the World, by the common Wiles, gain'd the Heart of the young Lady, and by his subtle Insinuations, prevail'd upon her to steal from her Relations. His Pretence for it was, his Friends Aversion to the Match; for indeed his Estate might have commanded,

as the World goes, a more ample Dowry with a Wife. Blinded by Love, and his Hypocrisy, she comply'd with his Desire, and stole away from her Father. When he had got her Person in his Custody, he endeavour'd to gain his Ends without giving the Priest any Trouble; but the Lady, tho' much in Love, abhorr'd his base Intentions, and, by her Resentment, shew'd the Spark had nothing to hope for from that ungenerous Way. He then got into her good Graces again, by declaring his Attempt was only to try her; letting her know at the same Time, how happy he shou'd be with a Woman of such an impregnable Virtue. In a few Days after this Trial he marry'd her, and in a Month after the Wedding told her he wou'd have her go home to her Friends, for he expected his Wife out of the Country, who was of such a violent Temper, every thing was to be fear'd from her Rage.

The poor Lady was dumb thro' Astonishment, and many times fancy'd he had a mind to try her Temper, and gave him to understand as much. Well, Madam (said the base Wretch) I am resolv'd to make the Matter as plain as I can to you. Here, *John!* (calling to one of his Servants) this, Madam, said he, is the good Man that gave us a Commission to go to Bed together, and he is come to take his Leave of you, being to attend

tend a Gentleman of my Acquaintance in his Travels, in the Quality of his Footman; and I believe he is so far from being a Churchman, that he never was in a Church in his Life. I hope, said the Fellow, your Honour will pardon my contradicting you in that, for I have been many a Day in Twenty, one after another. The poor Lady too soon found the Truth of her Misfortune; and her Rage and Despair, vented in the bitterest Reproaches, had no Effect on the inhuman Brute. But, instead of giving her any Comfort (finding she made no Haste in leaving him) left her in sole Possession of the Lodging he had taken for that Purpose, where she was forc'd to part with every thing she had of Value, to support her in common Necessaries of Life; and, if her careful Father had not found her out, was resolv'd to part with Life, to put an End to her Shame and Misfortunes. The old Gentleman took her home; and, to comfort her, gave her his Word he wou'd forget her Unhappiness, being well assur'd of her honest Intentions. And this is the Cause of the Aunt's Aversion to Men and Matrimony.

I must own, Sir, said I, I can't well blame the Resolution she has taken. I must declare I wonder how such barbarous Notions can enter the Minds of Men! and if there were not Instances of it every Day, I shou'd think
such

such Relations Fables. How is it possible that the Nature of Men shou'd be so very different ! Every Kind of the Brute Creation are much the same ; but Man sympathizes with every Degree of 'em, and are full as various. A Man had better not be, than to be born with such Appetites ; and the Dignity of his Figure only makes him the greater Monster. I own (reply'd my Uncle) your good Sense, at so early an Age, gives me the utmost Contentment ; and tho' Philosophy may be learnt without practising, yet I believe I have nothing to fear from your Conduct.

It was late in the Evening before we came home ; and we were inform'd by my Father, that his Wife's Indisposition increas'd. My Father seem'd so very much concern'd, that he was not very inquisitive about the Journey we had made that Day. We sympathiz'd with him. However, my Uncle inform'd him, that we intended to be gone in the Morning early ; and all his Intreaties cou'd not prevail upon him to stay longer. Well then, said my Father, since you will go, I wou'd have you take Leave of my Wife to-night ; which was agreed to. A Message was sent to her, to know if it was proper to see us ; and she sent Word she shou'd take it kindly. When we came into the Room, my Uncle and I sat on each Side her Bed, and
neither

neither of us spoke for some Moments. At last my Mother-in-law broke Silence. Well, Sir, said she to my Uncle, has your Journey succeeded, and am I to number this Day's Work among the many other Obligations I have to your Virtue? Madam, reply'd my Uncle, every thing has fell out, I hope, according to your Desire; for, I am fully persuaded *Burleigh* will never come more to interrupt your growing Quiet. He then related the Transactions of the Day to her. Well then, said my Mother, my Mind's at rest, and I hope Heaven will pardon me, as you have done; 'tis all I have now to do, to gain it, for I find I am not long to continue in this World, for the Wounds my Virtue, tho' a Conqueror, has receiv'd, in the sharp Combat with overgrown Vice, I find will not be heal'd but by the Hand of Death; therefore, when you hear I am no more, bury my Failings with my Body, in my Grave, nor never think of me but as a sincere and humble Penitent.

The Behaviour of my Mother-in-law brought Tears into my Eyes, which she observ'd with a Tenderness I had never perceiv'd in her before. Dry thy Tears, my Child, said she; thy soft Disposition overwhelms me with Confusion. If I survive, I beg you will look upon me as thy own Mother, for my Actions shall ever declare me so.

And

And if Death releases me from this troublesome World, remember me as such in every thing, but thy Grief. I cou'd not return any Answer, my Heart was so overburden'd with Sorrow; which she perceiving, flung her Arms about my Neck, prest me to her Cheeks, and we mingled our Tears together. We continu'd in this sorrowful Employment till my Father came in and interrupted us. Come, said he, no more Grieving; by the Grace of God, a few Days will chace away this Indisposition, and then we'll come and make my Brother a Visit. I must own, I parted with her in the utmost Sorrow, for I found my Tenderness increase every Moment; and if the Thoughts of seeing my dear *Isabella* had not stole into my Memory, I shou'd have been inconsolable in this Parting: But every thing must give way to Love. We also took Leave of my Father over-night, that Ceremony might give us no Hindrance in the Morning. When the Veil of Obscurity was drawn, to let in the chearful Beams of the Sun, my Uncle and I mounted, and pursu'd our Journey. My Uncle, to make the Way less tedious, told me many pleasant Stories, which gave me so much Satisfaction, that we got home before I thought we were half way.

After Dinner, my Uncle ask'd me if I had Stomach enough to pay a Visit to the Ladies?

I told

I told him, nothing could be more agreeable to me. We were soon ready, and soon on Horseback. When we arriv'd we found a great many Female Visitors, and *Isabella* presiding over the Tea-Table, as usual: I observ'd a Blush in her Cheeks, when she first saw me, which I interpreted in my Favour at first, as Love's a Flatterer. Yet she took so little Notice of me, during the rest of the Day, that my Uneasiness was very great. The Company stay'd Supper; and *Isabella*, to compleat my Discontent, took all Occasions to avoid me. One Lady I took particular Notice of, a Woman about Thirty. She seem'd to have a languishing Sweetness in her Countenance, that discover'd a Temper without any Gall. She often took Notice of my Sadness, without the Heed of *Isabella*, or the rest of the Company. I have heard, said she, many Commendations of this young Gentleman's Understanding, which makes me imagine something extraordinary has put him out of Humour. This Speech, I must own, put me into some Confusion; and I thought myself under the Necessity of making a Reply; but my Uncle gave me Time to recover, by answering for me. A Man, said he, must have a fine Time on't to give Proofs of his Understanding among so many Female Tatlers (begging this Lady's Pardon, bowing to the Stranger) yet I think *Billy* has

made his plain, by holding his Tongue. Women have not Souls capable of edifying by his Discourse ; and I am sure there is nothing learnt by their eternal Clacks, except it gives us an Idea of a Perpetual Motion. We are sure of your good Word, reply'd the Aunt ; yet I am as much concern'd as you are, if the young Gentleman has met with any thing to put him out of Humour. Perhaps, reply'd the Stranger Lady, he had rather be in Company more suitable to his Years. I think *Isabella* shou'd entertain him. Really, Madam, return'd *Isabella*, I am not of your Opinion ; I have left off Play-things for some Time, therefore I imagine I shall be as dull Company for him as he will be for me. You are a little too free with the young Gentleman, return'd the Mother ; and, in general, you are all too hard upon him. I have done, Madam, reply'd *Isabella*, I shall say no more, and ask Pardon if I have offended him. Their Discourse was interrupted by the strange Lady's Husband's Entrance, who came to fetch her home. When she was gone, my Uncle ask'd who she was, for, to the best of his Remembrance, he had never seen her before. There is something very extraordinary in that Lady's Fortune, said the Aunt ; and if it were not so late, *Isabella* shou'd read her Story, wrote by her Husband, which she has procur'd a Copy of from the
Lady's

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Lady's Original. Why then, reply'd my Uncle, with *Isabella's* Leave, we'll trespass upon the Time, 'tis Moon-light, and we shall find our Way home without a Candle. I am ready to satisfy you, return'd *Isabella*, if I once receive my Mother's Commands. My Commands are at your Service, reply'd the Mother. Upon that *Isabella* went out, and return'd immediately with a Paper in her Hand. This true Story, said she, is called, by the Person that wrote it,



E L E A N O R A ;

OR, THE

W I L L I N G C U C K O L D.

ELEANORA was Daughter to a wealthy Citizen of *London*; but, having many Children, he cou'd not give her a Fortune equal to her Merit. She had all the Advantage of Education, even for one of a higher Station, and there was nothing wanting but Grandeur to make her the finest Woman in the World. A Physician of good Practice fell in Love with her, and declaring his Passion to her Father, gain'd his Consent to address his Daughter. But, like an indulgent

Parent, considering the Bargain he was driving was to last for Life, frankly told him, if he cou'd not gain his Daughter's Heart, there was no Advantage to be expected from his Consent; for he valu'd the Repose of his Children beyond every thing else in this World. The Doctor approv'd of his Sentiments, therefore endeavour'd to gain the Affection of the young Lady. As he was a Man of a tolerable Person and handsome Address, he gain'd upon her to receive the Proposals of Marriage without any Reluctance.

The Nuptials were solemniz'd, and, in all Appearance, they bid fair for a very happy Couple. Some Years pass'd with an uninterrupted Series of Contentment. In the Summer Season, when Business wou'd permit, he with his Family wou'd retire into the Country. In their rural Neighbourhood liv'd a Gentleman of a great Estate, who seeing *Eleanora* by Accident in her Garden, fell desperately in Love with her. *When the Gifts of Fortune are thrown upon an Undeserver, they only serve to encourage Baseness.*

This Gentleman was resolv'd to enjoy the virtuous Lady on any Hazard; and his first Step was to get acquainted with the Husband, which was no very difficult Point to gain; it was easy to feign an Indisposition, and the Physician gains as much by the Sound as the Diseas'd; imaginary Distempers out-number the
the

the real ones. The Gentleman was liberal in his Fees to the Doctor; and the Doctor had Understanding enough in his Profession to know that he receiv'd his Money for nothing; but that was his Curse, the Curse of Avarice.

The lovesick Gentleman took all Occasions to visit the Doctor at his own House, where he had many Opportunities of conversing with the Lady, and the Charms of her Understanding were as strong as those of her Person: But then, to freeze his Hopes, he found her one of an impregnable Virtue. He had oft declar'd his Passion to her, and she as oft threaten'd to acquaint her Husband; but her Threats were of no Use, for he was too powerful, and too much in Love, to fear any thing but her Scorn. When the Lady found no Usage wou'd make him forbear his Visits or Addresses, she resolv'd never to appear whenever he came; but this only added Fuel to the amorous Fire, and render'd him the more impatient.

Burning in this unlawful Flame, he was resolv'd by Force to possess her, since every other Way fail'd. He found Means to corrupt her Maid, for few Servants are Proof against Gold; and being inform'd by her that the Doctor was oblig'd to attend a Nobleman, his Patient, to the *Bath*, he determin'd that very Night, with the Assistance

of the treacherous Maid, to execute his villainous Design. In *Eleanora's* Bed-chamber was a Closet, that open'd on the Inside with a Spring-Lock, into which the Gentleman was convey'd, disguis'd, by the Servant, who took the Key in her Pocket. When the innocent Lady came to go to Bed, which she did early in the Absence of the Husband, she inquir'd for the Key of her Closet, to go to her Devotion, as usual; but the Maid, after hunting a great while, told her she cou'd not find it, therefore must send for the Smith in the Morning. The Gentleman has oft-times declar'd since, that the Fervency of her Devotion had almost made him forego his rash Attempt. But Love prov'd too powerful for those pious Thoughts. As she was undressing herself to go to Rest, her Husband return'd. She express'd a great deal of Satisfaction for his sudden and unlook'd for coming back; but it is easy to guess what the Gentleman in the Closet felt at so cruel a Disappointment; and he sometimes thought that Heaven had heard her Prayers, and prevented his wicked Intention. The Doctor told his Wife, that he had met his Patient upon the Road, who came to Town on Purpose to be near him and his own Apothecary for his Advice. After some trivial Talk, he call'd for Supper; but the Maid, who stood upon Thorns, desired that he might go
and

and sup in the Parlour, that she might have an Opportunity of conveying the baffled Lover out of the House : But the Doctor prov'd obstinate, and swore he wou'd sup there, and no Persuasions cou'd alter his Resolution. Therefore Supper was brought up, and the Lover and the Maid wish'd him heartily choak'd. Among other Discourse, the Doctor ask'd his Wife, Why she appear'd so strange to the Squire ? meaning our closeted Lover. You shou'd consider, my Dear, added he, he's one of my best Patients, and in all Probability will continue so ; for he, like my Lord, has no other Disease than what's form'd by Fancy, which is a Companion certain for Life. The Doctor said so much upon the Subject, that *Eleanora* at last confess'd his unlawful Solicitations. And she further added, the Way to be freed from his wicked Addresses, was never to come into his Sight. Ay, but my Dear, reply'd the Husband, if that be his Motive of visiting us, I shall lose my Patient, when he perceives the Deprivation of your Company.

Eleanora was something surpriz'd at his manner of Reasoning, imagining he wou'd resent it, as a Man of Honour ought. The Husband perceiving her Confusion at his unexpected Answer, cry'd, No, no my Dear, I am very well satisfy'd in your Virtue, and that no Temptation will be strong enough to

overcome it. Therefore I desire, whenever the Squire comes, you wou'd appear as you were wont, and only make a Jest of his Passion; I'll warrant you, nothing that he can say will hurt your Features, or deaden your Complexion: Therefore, pr'ythee, let him say what he will; as long as I am satisfy'd, you need not have any further Regard. *Eleanora* was confounded with the Sentiments of her Husband, plainly telling him, that Avarice had blinded him, and the prattling World wou'd soon declare her guilty, if the Squire continu'd his Visits; and if your own Honour will not prompt you to put a Period to this dangerous Correspondence, I hope, said she, my Quiet will be of sufficient Force with you. The Doctor still prov'd obstinate, and insisted upon her receiving the Squire with favourable Looks. He being of an obstinate passionate Temper, she seem'd, at last, consenting to his Will, hoping Time wou'd, some way or other, put an End to such an Affair.

The Gentleman in the Closet, tho' uneasy at his Confinement, yet receiv'd some Consolation in the Sentiments of the Husband, and conceiv'd Hope even of succeeding in his Wishes, thro' the Doctor's Avarice, and bad Principles. All his Uneasiness was, now, how to get away undiscover'd; his being near the Object of his Wishes, gave him no Contentment,

ment, when his Ideas gave her to the Arms of a dull insipid Husband. The Closet where he was look'd into the Garden, and being a Ground-Floor, he got out with little Difficulty ; but, getting over the Garden-Wall, a Mastiff-Dog belonging to the House seiz'd him by the Leg, and pull'd him down again ; and having no Arms about him, but what were prepar'd for Love, it was with much Difficulty and Danger he escap'd the Mastiff's Fury.

When he came home, he was oblig'd to fend for a Surgeon, for the Dog had bit him in several Places, and a reasonable Person wou'd imagine the Smart of his Wounds might have cur'd the Pain in his Heart ; but he was more in Love than ever. The Cure of his Hurts kept him at home much longer than his impatient Soul wou'd permit, which retarded his Cure. The Doctor visited him every Day, and never without a Fee ; and no doubt, in his Heart, he wish'd when he was cur'd of this Hurt to meet with another such, the first time he went abroad. Tho' the Gentleman had form'd a Story, far from the Road of Truth, yet the Doctor told him, he did not doubt, but he met with the Accident in pursuing some Love Intrigue.

One Day, when they were together in the Squire's Garden, pretty well warm'd with the Juice of the Grape, he spoke to him after this

manner : Sir, I stand in very great need of your Advice, without prescribing to the Apothecary. I am sick, I own, but my Disease lies in the Mind. I have long languish'd for a beautiful Lady, that if I do not enjoy, I must seek for my Contentment in the Grave, for there is nothing else in this World can give me Ease. This Charmer is marry'd, and I believe strictly virtuous. I shall conceal the Name, till I hear your Advice and Sentiments on this Occasion ; but, by the way, before you speak, I am willing to give 500*l.* to compleat the Business, and 20*l.* every time I have the Enjoyment of the Lady. The Doctor did not take a long time to consider the Proposal, but made him this Answer : Sir, were it my own Case, I shou'd not long demur upon it, for I can assure you, I shou'd take the Money ; and tho' it might seem strange in the Eyes of the World, yet, in my own private Opinion, there is no Crime in't. What the worse is a Woman for being enjoy'd by more than her Husband, especially with his Consent ; for I believe there are but few guiltless without it, and commit the Sin, if it be one, without any Profit.

The Gentleman finding the Doctor pretty willing in such an Affair, told him the whole Truth, and that it was his Wife whose Eyes had wounded him. To deal as freely with
 2 you,

you, reply'd the Doctor, I imagin'd as much; for my Wife has been complaining to me of your criminal Addresses, as she calls 'em; and I find (not as I have put it directly to her) that there is no Hope in gaining her, knowingly, to consent; or perhaps if she were willing, I shou'd not be easily brought to treat about the Matter: But I suppose if it were so, I shou'd never have heard of the Affair. Well then, said the Squire, since you are willing to assist me, I'll give you my Word and Honour, every Article I have mention'd to you shall be made good; and let us begin as soon as you please. Hold, Sir, reply'd the Doctor, we are now driving a Bargain, I am well assur'd you wou'd not apply to me, if you cou'd get your Business done without me; therefore I am resolv'd you shall come to my Terms, or you shall never see my Wife more. ——— First, you shall enter into Bonds, never to disclose the Secret to any Person: Next, you must make me 500 *l.* a 1000 *l.* for the first time; for how do I know but you may repent your Bargain, after Enjoyment? for I am convinc'd, Expectation exceeds Possession of our Wishes: And for the second time. 100 *l.* the third 50 *l.* and the fourth 20 *l.* and so to continue.

The Gentleman, eager as he was to possess the Lady, was surpris'd at his Proposal; but, as his Passion exceeded his Reason, soon agreed

greed to the mention'd Articles. But the Difficulty was, how to have 'em drawn with Secrecy ; but the Doctor soon solv'd that, by telling him, he wou'd draw up the Bond himself, and the Squire's Servants might Sign it, without knowing the Contents. The first 1000 *l.* should be brought in Specie ; and for the rest, as they shou'd become due. The Gentleman was too much blinded with Love, to stop at any thing. The next Day the Bond of Secrecy was sign'd, with the Penalty of 3000 *l.* and the Night after that was agreed on for the first Time, when he shou'd take Possession of all he desir'd. In the Interim, the Doctor had many Discourses with his Wife, upon the Levity of Women, and that the Crime of Adultery was only as People were pleas'd to form it to themselves. The poor innocent Lady little imagin'd the base Design that was hatch'd against her, and only begg'd her Husband wou'd cease such Discourses, that but ill agreed with her Sentiments.

The better to carry on the Contrivance, the Squire had not made one Visit at the Doctor's, since the Night he was confin'd in the Closet ; and the poor Lady, far from Ill-Nature, was not displeas'd that he had any thing to hinder his troublesome Visits. When the fatal Evening came, the Doctor took care in conveying the Gentleman with his

1000 *l.*

1000 l. into the Clofet, unperceiv'd by any ; and that his Wife shou'd not have an Occasion for any thing that was there, had order'd all her Female Geers out two Days before, with this Reason, That he shou'd want that Place intirely to himself, for some time.

Bed-time came, and the poor Victim was laid in Sheets, the Emblem of her Innocence, ready for the Sacrifice of unlawful Love. The base-spirited Husband took an Occasion of putting out the Candle, and dismiss'd the Maid. Upon the Instant, the expecting Lover took his Place, and the Doctor prudently and decently retir'd to his Clofet. I can't give the Reader his Thoughts of what was doing, but 'tis reasonable to suppose, even the Possession of his *Mammon* cou'd not quite banish some scurvy Ideas. The Gentleman, after revelling several Hours in guilty Joys, retir'd into the Clofet, as was agreed on, dress'd himself, and went home, with the Help of his Cuckold ; who, to favour his Retreat, pretended he heard some Noise in the House. Every thing thus succeeded as the Wretch desir'd ; who, notwithstanding his Guilt, went to Bed, and slept as sound as unpolluted Innocence.

The next Day he made a Visit to the Squire, where he applauded his own Wit, for his nice Conduct in the Affair : But his chief Reason of visiting the Lover, was to know if he design'd

design'd another Visit that Night ; and was much rejoic'd to find the Gentleman as eager, as he was willing. In short, the Gentleman went much oftner then his Fortune wou'd permit ; and the Cuckold wore his Antlers all over Gold. But tho' the Gentleman's Love was not dead, yet the Edge was so far taken off, that he began to reason with himself, and therefore went not so often as the Doctor desir'd ; he reproach'd him with his Decay of Passion for his Wife ; and the Gentleman wanted to be upon better Terms. In short, there had like to have been a Breach between 'em For the Doctor wou'd not bate an Age of his first Price, imagining it wou'd be undervaluing the Goods in Trade. The Gentleman told him, tho' he lov'd his Wife as much as ever, yet he shou'd be oblig'd to make less frequent Visits, or his Fortune wou'd be much impair'd. The Husband was much chagrin'd at it, but made himself easy with this Reflexion, that if his Love continu'd, as he had no Reason to think the contrary, his Prudence wou'd give way to it. The Lover imagin'd, if he cou'd disclose the Intrigue to the Lady, she wou'd, out of a just Resentment, continue the Correspondence more to his Advantage. He therefore laid a Plot to get the Husband out, when he was expecting the happy Moment in the Closet. Accordingly, at the Time, a Servant came with a Coach and

and Six, to bring the Doctor to my Lord— his Patient formerly, who was taken dangerously and suddenly ill. He had just time to step into the Closet, and to inform the Lover he shou'd be back in two Hours ; therefore desired him to have Patience till that Time. As he went out, he desir'd his Wife not to go to Bed, till he came back.

The Gentleman had taken care he shou'd not return so soon as he imagin'd, for he had given Directions to his Servants to turn him out upon a Common, Fifteen Miles from his own House, in the middle of a dark Night. So there we shall leave him, to his Disappointment and inward Vexation, and go home to the Doctor's House again. His Wife sat up beyond the expected Time, and would have sat up much longer, if the Maid, to go to Bed herself, had not persuaded her, that my Lord might be in very great Danger, and consequently her Master oblig'd to attend him. The Wife, upon these Persuasions, went into her Bed-Chamber, and dismiss'd her Female Attendant ; but not being quite easy in her Mind, concerning her Brute of a Husband, sat down to read ; which the Gentleman perceiving, imagin'd she wou'd be less surpris'd while there was Light, than if he shou'd make his Discovery in the Dark, therefore open'd the Door softly, and came out of the Closet. His first Appearance had
so

so much affrighted her, that she had not Power to speak, or cry out. Madam, said the Gentleman, don't be surpriz'd at this unexpected and unseasonable Visitation; for, on my Honour, I mean you no Injury; and to open your Eyes, and prepare you for what I shall say, I was conducted hither by your Husband. He then proceeded, and acquainted her with every Circumstance of their Agreement. The griev'd Lady had not Strength enough to hear it out, but fell in a Swoon upon the Bed where she sat. The Gentleman was truly concern'd for this Accident, and us'd all the Means in his Power to bring back her Senses again: But when her Understanding was restor'd, her Lamentations, Sighs, and Tears, were beyond Expression moving. She seem'd resolv'd to receive no Consolation, but look'd upon him as the hateful Executioner of her Honour. Madam, said the Gentleman, if I cou'd have imagin'd you wou'd have felt this Injury so sharply, I never wou'd have committed it; and I shall ever repent, to the last of my Life, the Sorrow I have given to a Woman of such impregnable Virtue. But it is all owing to the Baseness of that Wretch, who is no longer worthy to be call'd your Husband. If you can bury the Remembrance of what is past, be assur'd, for the future, I shall be a Friend to your Virtue, and never once attempt any
thing

thing injurious to your Honour. After Death (reply'd the Lady, in Tears) 'tis too late for Physic, I am for ever miserable; and, to aggravate my Sorrows, I am even ty'd up from resenting, as I ought, this irreparable Injury; for tho' the Baseness of my Husband might cancel every Matrimonial Tie, yet I have a Soul that tells me, all my Resentments will be to grieve in Silence, till Death releases me from all my Pain.

All the Gentleman's Endeavours to sooth her Sorrows prov'd vain; and he took his Leave of her, with a solemn Resolution never to have any Correspondence with the hateful Husband more; sincerely repenting for his Follies past, and in the utmost Grief it was no farther in his Power to redress her Injuries.

The next Day, about Noon, the *Willing Cuckold* return'd, loaden with Curses for the Trick put upon him; and tho' his Wife endeavour'd to conceal her Sorrows, yet it was impossible; for her Tears stole from her Eyes pursuing one another, and Sighs heav'd in her Breast, as if every one intended to be her last Breath. The Husband soon found the Meaning of 'em, and set himself awkwardly to comfort her; and, by degrees, came to understand the best part of their last Night's melancholy Conversation. But when he learnt the Gentleman had resolv'd to make no more Visits.

Visits in that criminal Manner, he was almost distracted at the Loss of so good a Customer, as he term'd him; fell out with the poor innocent *Eleanora*, and was outrageous out of all Bounds. 'Sdeath! said he, this is your Doings! Pray what the worse are you for what is past? Have not I gain'd more by the Squire in one Month, than I have got in three Years by my Practice? But, however, I have one Card more to play yet; and since he has resolv'd to make no more of his Visits, I'll make him pay well for the last. He then declar'd he wou'd have the Penalty of the Bond, which he had broke, by disclosing to her their Terms of Agreement; and if he wou'd not pay him willingly, the Law shou'd force him.

The poor Wife was quite overwhelm'd with this avaricious Declaration, and intreated her base Husband, as well as her Sorrows wou'd permit, that he wou'd desist in such a mean Proceeding; but to no Purpose. Nay, he farther told her she must be his chief Evidence in the Cause. And tho' she declar'd she wou'd put an End to her Shame by Death, yet he still persisted, and went to the Gentleman the next Day, who, at his unreasonable Demand, gave him no other Answer but a sound Bastinado; and the Cuckold was oblig'd to go home with more Pains in his Body, than ever he felt in his Conscience. His

Head

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Head being broke, and his Face bruise'd, he was oblig'd to stay at home some few Days till his Hurts were heal'd. But the poor *Eleanora* felt the Effects of his Ill-humour; yet, notwithstanding this hard Treatment, she cou'd never once think of hating him, but bore all with the utmost Patience. She knew, by his Expressions, that he had resolv'd to go to Law upon a double Score, as well for the Assault as Breach of Articles, whenever he was able to go abroad; therefore she prevail'd upon herself to send him the following Letter.

S I R,

YOU know I am already injur'd past Redress; and 'tis my greatest Unhappiness, that I must sue to one who has been the chiefest Instrument in my Undoing. Nothing in this World can make me forget my Misfortunes; yet they will, in some Part, sit lighter on my Mind, if you will take up the Quarrel between Mr. T—— and yourself; otherwise you will have a Life to answer for, having resolv'd on Death, if there is any farther Proceeding. Whatever Charge you are at, you shall be repaid out of my yearly Allowance. Your Compliance with this, will be the only Way to gain Forgiveness from Heaven, and the wretched

ELEANORA.

The

The Gentleman, who had now conceiv'd a disinterested Friendship for her, was resolv'd to comply with her just Request, without expecting any Return, according to her Letter. Thereupon he sent a Message to the sordid Wretch, that he was willing to come to an Accommodation, and in the End got clear of him for 500 *l.* But the Matter could not be finish'd without Witnesses to general Releases; these having no other Concern than to make an End for their Friend the Squire, were not so choice of keeping the Secret, and as most Secrets are whisper'd about to the Enlargement of every thing, this Story lost nothing by the Carriage.

At last Lady *Fame* trumpeted it about the whole Kingdom; 'till the cornuted Doctor cou'd not peep abroad for the Scoffs of the Neighbours; and his Patients, in general, abhorring the Fact, fell from him; which struck so to his Heart, being wounded in the tenderest Part, Interest, that in less than a Year his wretched Soul took its last Farewell of his vile Body.

The poor *Eleanora* (who resided with her Father when the Story began to be publick) cou'd not avoid grieving, out of her Sweetness of Temper, for a Wretch that did not deserve her least Regard; and beg'd her Father to seek out some Retirement for her in the Country, where she might end the rest of her

her Days in peaceful Contemplation, free from the Censure of the World. Her Father had just procur'd her such a Place as she desired, when the Gentleman that had been the Cause of her Sorrows put an End to 'em. For, being as much in Love with her Virtue as her Beauty, made his Addresses to her; and, as that was the only Way to save her Credit, she consented to the Match, after her Year of Mourning was over, and they have liv'd ever since a Pattern of conjugal Affection.

When *Isabella* had finish'd this short true Story, her Manner of Reading was approv'd by every one of the Company but myself; for I must own I had not recover'd Spirit enough even to open my Mouth; for I observ'd she cast her Eyes, by Turns, on all the Company, but still avoided me.

They were sometimes descanting upon the Story, and every Person gave their Sentiments; but I was in no Humour to give mine. Immediately after we parted, and as we rode home, *Billy*, said my Uncle, you seem'd very melancholy all the while you were at my Lady's; you hardly took any Notice of those about you, and your dumb Civility, when we parted, spoke your Mind full of some melancholy Thoughts, which I judge were concerning the young *Isabella*. To deal ingenuously, Uncle (I reply'd) the Carriage

Carriage of that amiable Creature almost distracts me, and I find Love strengthens with every Morning's Sun ; and tho' I wou'd give all the World for her Esteem, yet her Behaviour to me to-day raises in me a decent Pride, which Pride will make me shew my Resentments in refraining my Visits.

Pr'ythee, *Will*, return'd my Uncle, don't appear more a Man in this Boyish Passion, than thou dost in the rest of thy Actions. I intend to part you and your Mistress next Spring, therefore prepare your Mind accordingly, for you and your Tutor shall make the Tour of *Europe* for three Years, and by that Time you may even forget the Name of *Isabella*. Nothing, Sir, said I, can make me forget her, or her Usage ; tho' her Scorn will touch me nearer than any thing can fall upon me in this World, after losing your Affection. Pr'ythee, have done with this Topic then, said my Uncle. The remaining Part of this Summer I intend you and I shall make a Journey over most of the celebrated Places in our own Country, that you may not be, as most of our young Travelers are, inquisitive after the Knowledge of foreign Climates, when you are a Stranger to your own. Sir, the sooner you make this Journey (I reply'd) the better ; and you cou'd not propose any thing I like so well. Why, then, said my Uncle, to-morrow we'll be going,

going, after Dinner; I suppose you have nothing material to hinder you. Shou'd we not acquaint my Father and Mother with your Intention? said I. No, no Matter, reply'd my Uncle, we'll take no Leave of any one, but the Company we have just now left; neither wou'd I do that, but as their House will stand in the Way of our first Day's Journey. The Thoughts of seeing *Isabella* so soon gave me some Satisfaction, tho' mix'd with a great deal of Anxiety.

The next Morning we set out; my Uncle altering his Resolution of dining at home, intending to dine at my Lady's. When we came there, we were inform'd the whole Family were gone to dine with the Husband of *Eleanora*. This News, and Disappointment of not seeing *Isabella*, according to my Expectation, almost overcame my Spirits; but I bore it outwardly well enough; and my Uncle seem'd very well pleas'd with my Calmness of Temper; tho, alas! he little guess'd the Perturbation of my Thoughts. My Uncle intended the first Tour as far as *Edinburgh*, and accordingly pursu'd our Journey, with one Servant only. My Uncle was such pleasant Company that I had not Leisure to think of *Isabella* till I went to Rest; and even the Fatigues of the Day wou'd hardly prevent my waking all Night. Sometimes I imagin'd *Isabella* might have some tender Thoughts,

Thoughts of me ; especially when I call'd to mind her former Conversation with me, and that my sudden Absence might possibly create her some Uneasiness. But then, her late Behaviour to me cancell'd those pleasing Hopes. It is needless to describe the Towns we pass'd ; but we arriv'd safe at *Edinburgh*, without any Accident, the once Regal Town of *Scotland*.

Edinburgh, *Agneda*, or *Edenburgum*, was called, in the earlier Ages, *Castrum Alatum*. It stands on a high Eminence ; and the Plan of the City, as it lies, resembles the Skeleton of a Human Figure. The Castle was reckon'd, before the Use of Cannon, impregnable ; and is now of sufficient Strength to withstand a powerful Siege. The Buildings are very strong and large, compos'd of Free-Stone, and Mortar of a hard Cement, most of the Houses eight Stories high. But as we have many Descriptions of *Scotland*, I shall take no farther Notice of this City ; only it is not very convenient to walk the Streets by Night, without a Person before you, who cries as he passes along, *Haud your Haund ! Haud your Haund !* otherwise you may chance to have upon your Heads something offensive to the Nose, as well as your Cloaths. The Streets, in the Morning, are cover'd over with somewhat, that every one who walks till Ten of the Clock may very well expect good Luck, according to our old *English* Saying.

Saying. Before Noon, so many People walk the Streets, there is not the least remaining of that ill-custom'd Filth.

In many Parts of the Streets stands a Person, with a great Cloak to cover his Customers, with another Conveniency, crying, *What wants me?*

After visiting several Places in *Scotland*, we return'd, viewing the noted Places in *England* in our Way home. Tho', I must own, Curiosity very often took up all my Thoughts, yet my Love was not in the least lessen'd; and the nearer I came to the Place of the divine *Isabella's* Abode, the more was the Increase of my Anxiety. My Uncle had not once mention'd that Passion, through our whole Journey, till the Morning of the Day that put an End to our first Tour. Now, said my Uncle, I imagine you have some Thoughts of your young Mistress. I intend to dine there to-day, but shall leave the Conduct of that Part of your Life to yourself, and say no more upon that Head. But when you stand in need of my Advice, or Assistance, ask it, and you shall have it, because I am assur'd you will not ask any thing contrary to the Honour of a Gentleman. I return'd suitable Thanks for so kind a Condescension, and chang'd the Subject, because I thought my Uncle seem'd pleas'd to have it so.

We came to my Lady's about Twelve o'Clock, and were told they were Dressing.

My Uncle, notwithstanding his Freedom, wou'd not interrupt 'em, but went to Rest upon a Couch in the Parlour. I not being so much fatigu'd, went into the Garden to indulge my Thoughts. But what was my Surprise, when I found the lovely *Isabella* sitting by the Fountain, with a Book in her Hand, on which she seem'd very intent; her Back was towards me, so that I came within six Paces of her before she saw me. At the Noise I made in approaching her, she turn'd about, and upon seeing me, gave a Shriek, and put the Book hastily in her Pocket. Madam, said I, if I had thought that my Presence cou'd have created in your Mind any Disturbance, I wou'd have sooner cut off these Limbs that brought me hither, than have occasion'd it. Last Time I saw you has made me think my Sight distasteful to you; but if you will inform me that I deserve to be thus punish'd, I have Courage enough to put an End to my Life, if it will be any Satisfaction to you.

No, Sir, reply'd *Isabella*, I shou'd grieve to be the Death of any Thing of the Brute Creation, much more any Thing that bears a Human Form. And I am so far from thinking there is any Bravery in putting an End to Life, that, beside the unrepented Crime, I think it a Poverty of Spirit, and Want of Fortitude to bear the Ills of Life. Both

Brutus and *Cato* were, in my Opinion, proud and pusillanimous, and parted with Life to rid 'em of their Fears. I cou'd, Madam, I return'd, bear all the Ills of Life but slighted Love. Young Gentlemen, like you, reply'd *Isabella*, talking of Love, is like Fools talking Divinity; it will leave but little Impression on the Judicious; and I have formerly told you, this Topic is not proper for you to talk of, or me to hear. Well, Madam, said I, if by covering the Flame of Love, I had any Hope Time wou'd kindle that innocent Fire in you, that Thought wou'd give me Ease; and whatever Climate this Body shou'd be in, my Soul wou'd be with you. I doubt not, reply'd *Isabella*, but your Body and Soul were together in your short Travels, and this new Passion, Love, was laid by for Curiosity. I will not deny, I return'd, but Knowledge is what my Mind is bent upon; but even the acquiring that, does but the more indear the Thoughts of you; and all of your Sex that I see does but oblige me to make Comparisons, tho' there is none when I think of you.

Well, Sir, reply'd the Fair One, we'll leave this Discourse, that I may not provoke any more Compliments, and desire to know the Progress of your sudden Journey. Sudden indeed, I reply'd, for my Uncle did not take a Night to consider it; but if you

had felt one Particle of the Sorrow, if we may so divide it, that I felt, when we were disappointed of seeing you, in our first setting out, you wou'd have some Motion of Pity. Must every thing, cry'd *Isabella*, smiling, administer to this youthful Folly? In me, I reply'd, 'tis a Whirlpool, that swallows every thing that comes near it. Well, no more Similies, nor no more Love, return'd *Isabella*, but the Account of your Journey. Well, Madam, said I, you must be obey'd. I then gave her a Description of every thing curious we had observ'd in our short Travels, with which she seem'd very much pleas'd. I am convinc'd, said *Isabella*, that all young Gentlemen that travel do not make the same Improvement; or rather, many do not improve at all, but bring home greater Fools than they carry'd with 'em; I mean, those that go into foreign Countries, for I take yours to be no more than a Journey, as we call it. But I believe, by this time, my Mother and Aunt are dress'd, therefore it will be very proper for me to wait on 'em. Dear Madam, said I, relieve my Torments, and say you do not despise me. I shall say no more at this Time, reply'd *Isabella*, than that I must wait on my Mother; therefore come along, and hold your Tongue. Upon this I led her by the Hand, and had not an Opportunity of speaking to her in Return, because

because there were several Workmen in the Garden wou'd have heard our Discourse. As we were hurrying along, the Wind blew her Petticoat upon my Spur, which, stooping to untangle hastily, I prick'd my Fingers with the Rowel, and they bled very much; searching my Pocket for a Handkerchief to wrap my Hand in, I remember'd that I had left it in my Hat in the Parlour, when we first came in. *Isabella*, upon that, took hers out, and gave it me, and at the same time let fall a folded Paper, she drew out with the Handkerchief, unseen by her. I took it up without Observation, by letting the Handkerchief fall upon't, and secretly convey'd it into my Pocket. When I came in to my Uncle, he was fast asleep; upon which I stole out again, not seeing the Ladies in the Parlour. As soon as I came to a convenient Place in the Garden, I took out the Paper I had found, and when I had open'd it, perceiv'd it was the Letter and Song I had formerly sent her; and by being much worn in the Folds, I imagin'd with a pleasing Satisfaction she had often perus'd it for my Sake. At the Bottom of the Letter, I found these Lines of the Poet:

*In vain, all Arts the Love-sick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seems severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes.*

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*If the dear Youth her Pity seems to move,
And pleads with Tenderness the Cause of Love,
Nature asserts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part:
By Love, her Self, and Nature, thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's Fantastick Aid,
But bids her Eyes confess the yileding Maid.*

Those Lines I remember'd very well in the celebrated Play of *Tamerlane*: But the following Verses, as I cou'd not charge my Memory with, I fancy'd were of her own Composition, and seem'd as an Answer to the others.

*Too soon, alas! I've felt the tingling Dart,
And Love triumphant rides within my Heart:
But, spite of pleading Love, and Nature's Cause,
That thro' the World dispenses rigid Laws,
The Flame shall be conceal'd within my Breast,
Tho' the sharp Pangs disturb my balmy Rest.
I'll learn my Eyes (those Tell-Tales of the Mind)
To look severe, tho' my poor Heart is kind:
My Tongue no Whisper of my Grievs shall tell,
Ev'n Love shall teach me to dissemble well.*

I had the Vanity to imagine the last Lines very much concern'd me; which certainly wou'd have made me lose my Senses with Joy, if a Doubt had not arose, that some other might be meant. The Thought
of

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of that kept the Balance even with Hope, and sometimes seem'd to weigh heavier.

I was upon the Rack of Thought, when a Servant came to acquaint me the Ladies were dress'd, and in the Parlour. After the ordinary Salutations, the Mother and Aunt began to rally my Uncle, for going his Journey without taking Leave of 'em. Why really, reply'd my Uncle, I think it the best way to avoid Impertinence, for I hate your formal Parting. However, you are such eternal Gadders, there's no finding you at home; for we did you the Honour to call upon you as we set out; and, that we may spare ourselves some Trouble, we shall now take our Leaves for one Month more; for we shall set out upon another Tour to-morrow. Why this is doing Business indeed, reply'd the Aunt! You'll fatigue the young Gentleman too much. Fatigue! return'd my Uncle; sure if I am able to bear it, he very well may. But my chief Reason of this sudden Journeying is, to shew my Nephew some of his own Country, before he begins his Foreign Travels, that he may satisfy the Curiosity of any Person that wants to be inform'd, when he's abroad. Pray, when do you intend he shou'd begin his Foreign Travels, as you call 'em, said the Mother. Ev'n as soon as he has finish'd his Home ones, return'd my Uncle. At this, I observ'd *Isa-*

bella's Colour to change, and rising hastily, to hide her Concern, threw up the Sash, and look'd out of the Window, unobserv'd by any one but myself. The Joy I felt was almost without Bounds, and I stood in need of the utmost Art to conceal it. There were several Discourses, *pro* and *con*, upon young Gentlemen's Travelling; but my Mind was so full of the happy Extasy I had conceiv'd, that I took but little Notice of either. Well, said my Uncle, what you Women say upon these Subjects, is but whipt Cream, all Froth, and nothing substantial. But how must we employ ourselves till Dinner, for I can't walk? What think you of *Ombre*, or *Quadrille*, said the Aunt? With all my Heart, a Game at *Ombre*, reply'd my Uncle. But that won't employ us all, said the Mother. *Isabella* complain'd of a Pain in her Head, and therefore was unfit to make one; and for my Part, I declar'd I did not understand the Game. So the Mother, the Aunt, and my Uncle, sat to it. *Isabella* went up into her Chamber, and carry'd with her the Object of my Adoration. When she was gone, I went into the Garden to feed upon Contemplation; and, in my own Imagination, thought myself the happiest Creature in the Universe. But my Satisfaction did not last long, for, walking upon a Terras that overlook'd the Country, I saw a Coach and Six stop at the Gate. There

There came out of it an elderly Gentleman, follow'd by a young one about Twenty, as I guess'd; and before I cou'd make any Judgment of 'em, two Fellows that were at work under the Terras-Wall, who did not see me, were observing the Coach. Adso! said one to the other, There's young Lady's Suitor, Sir *Eustace*, and his Father, com'd again. I had not Power to stir, at this unexpected Knowledge, and remain'd a considerable time like one thunderstruck. A thousand Resolutions crouded into my Mind, and all to the destroying of my Peace. My Rival was hated with an immortal Hatred, before I knew him, and his or my Death was fix'd as irrevocable as Fate. The Perturbation of my Fancy work'd so violently, that my Strength fail'd me, and I fell, almost Senseless, upon a Grass-Plat, where my feeble Limbs had unknowingly carry'd me. When the Hurry of my confus'd Thoughts was over, they gave me absolute Despair. I was assur'd an Hour before, she lov'd, and Hope had flatter'd me, that I was the happy He; but now I as surely thought, my Rival was the Object of her Wishes. Why then, thought I, why shou'd I endeavour to destroy one, whom she wou'd wish shou'd live? that will not be the way to gain her, but rather make her loath me. Death seem'd to me the only Friend; yet, thro' a Principle

of my Faith, I cou'd not put an End to Life. I only wish'd for Death, without the Thought of separating Soul and Body.

Long I lay in my Confusion of Thought; till at last I beheld the divine *Isabella* in the Garden, looking about, as for something she had lost, which I imagin'd to be the Paper I took up. She was within two Paces of me before she saw me, she was so intent on what she was about; and when her Eyes encounter'd mine, she started back, as tho' she had beheld something baneful to her. Well, Madam, said I, must I ever be the Object of Horror to your Eyes? and must you always start at the Sight of me, as if you saw the Form of one rise from the Grave? A little Time will take this Bugbear from your Sight, I hope, for ever. I know, I can never deserve your Love; and yet I cannot bear to see you make another happy. For Heaven's sake! cry'd *Isabella*, surpris'd, what is it moves you so? Why do you lie stretch'd on the Ground, and look as if some Distraction had seiz'd you? Come, give me your Hand, and let us walk; I have a Question to ask you, which I expect to be truly resolv'd in. Have you found any Paper of Writing, since you came into the Garden? There, Madam, said I; and wou'd to Heaven I had never seen it! (giving her the Paper) there, take it. I must own, I cannot blame you. Love is
not

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not to be forc'd ; 'tis a free-born Child of the Mind. I only think the young Gentleman is compleatly blefs'd. I am sure, I shou'd be distracted with the mighty Joy, in such Return of Love.

Well, Sir, said *Isabella*, this Freedom I can forgive, because I see something extraordinary has ruffled your Temper. I doubt not but you have read these Lines (pointing to the Letter) that were writ on the Blank Leaf ; 'tis the Thought of a young Gentlewoman, a Neighbour of mine ; I liking the Lines, transcrib'd 'em. I was under some Concern, I own, for the Loss of the Paper, because the Ballad that you sent me was along with it, and I promis'd her to copy it, and send it back this Evening.

I soon perceiv'd, by some Confusion in the Utterance of these Words, that what she said was to disguise the Truth, and that Thought stabb'd me to the Heart ; tho' her Civility to me seem'd tender enough, yet I imagin'd that was only to blind me, and prevent any farther Enquiry. While we both were in great Confusion of Thought, we perceiv'd Sir *Eustace* coming down out of the Hall, into the Garden. To let you see your Suspicions are unjust, said *Isabella*, (for I had inform'd her what I heard one of the Workmen say) I'll instantly avoid the Person we see coming. With that she went into a pri-

vate Walk, and opening a Door that led into another Garden, took me by the Hand, and pull'd me in after her, then shut to the Door again. I must confess, this Proceeding began to revive Hope, that, 'till then, seem'd quite expir'd. This Condescension, said I, does, indeed, something ease my Heart, but yet will not cure my Pain. That young Gentleman, no doubt, comes here to make his Addresses to you, and coming thus publickly attended by that elderly Gentleman, which I suppose to be his Father, tells me he has the Approbation of your Mother and Aunt.

I will not deny, reply'd *Isabella*, but that Sir *Eustace* pretends to be my Lover, and my Mother and Aunt do not discountenance him. But they have more Tenderness for me, than to force my Inclination. And you more Duty, I reply'd, than to contradict 'em. No Sir, return'd *Isabella*, I am satisfy'd they never will impose any one upon me for a Husband; or shou'd they endeavour it, tho' Duty is very prevalent with me, yet in that one only Thing, I wou'd dare to disobey.

Well, Madam, my Destiny, I find, has mark'd me for unhappy, for Title and Riches must prevail. I have told you before, reply'd *Isabella*, that Fortune I despise, and Title can no more make a Man Good and Virtuous, in my Opinion, than a good and
virtuous

virtuous Man can make a Title. A King
 can give Honour, but not Honesty ; yet, like
 the Sun, it shines upon Weeds that are often
 admir'd for their eminent Worthlessness. Your
 Sentiments of Honour, divine *Isabella*, I re-
 ply'd, are so just, that inspires me to ask
 you one Question, and hope an Answer.
 What is it, return'd *Isabella*, in some Confu-
 sion ? Am I to hope, said I, or despair ?
 I wou'd not have made the important Que-
 stion so abruptly ; but the Time of my De-
 parture is so short, and my Unhappiness of
 not seeing you so often as my impatient Heart
 desires, will, I am assur'd from your Good-
 ness, stand excus'd, whatever your Heart can
 say, for, or against me. Why will you press
 me, reply'd *Isabella*, now ? I have (I re-
 turn'd) told you my Reasons already. Think,
 ere you answer me, for my whole Peace of
 Mind depends upon't ; and if I am banish'd
 from your Presence now, with cold Despair,
 I am assur'd I cannot survive it. No Love
 was ever more pure than mine, or stronger.
 A distant Hope of once possessing you, wou'd
 arm me for all Dangers ; and I cou'd wait
 patiently an Age of Torments, if in the End
 I shou'd be blest with your consenting Love.
 Do not surmise my Passion, youthful Folly ;
 'tis rooted in my Soul so deep, that no Storm
 of Fortune can ever shake its Foundation. If
 you cannot love, freely declare it, as you
 wou'd

wou'd your Vows to Heaven ; I shall only blame my Stars, not you ; and take for ever from your Sight, an Object hateful to himself as well as you.

Hate, reply'd *Isabella*, is not in my Nature ; and since you press me to declare myself, the Person you saw me fly from, never shall have my Heart ; and be assur'd, if you remain ever constant, I shall, no doubt, in time, be willing to reward that Constancy. This Declaration, continu'd *Isabella*, blushing, is much more than I so soon intended to let you know ; and what Constructions you put upon it, keep it a Secret from the whole World : Let not your Uncle, whom I know you can hide nothing from, be acquainted with the least Syllable. This, from a Person of *Isabella's* Character, was enough to raise me from the Dead. I said all an impatient loving Heart cou'd suggest ; and was so extravagant in my transporting Joy, that *Isabella* check'd me, telling me, I shou'd certainly discover something extraordinary had happen'd to me, if I had not a Heed to my Eyes and Tongue. Before we parted, she open'd all her Soul to me, telling me, her Passion did not seem so violent as mine, but more lasting.

In short, never was a Man more happy than I thought myself. However, Prudence oblig'd us to part, tho' I cou'd have liv'd
for

for ever in her Company. She gave me the Key, to let me thro' the same Way we came in, while she went another Way; first commanding me not to shew the least Resentment to the young Nobleman, if we shou'd meet. I reply'd, I knew so well the Nature of his Disease, that, if he truly lov'd her, he had now a Title to my Pity. We left each other, with a Promise to meet in the Afternoon again, in the same Place, if an Opportunity offer'd.

When I had parted with the divine *Isabella*, I went up the Walk with the utmost Contentment in my Heart; tho' I endeavour'd to conceal it in my Countenance as much as possible. Upon the Terras I met Sir *Eustace*, whom I saluted, and pass'd him; he return'd it indeed, but with too much Pride, as I thought. However, I pass'd on, and took no farther Notice of him. When I came into the Parlour, I found the old Gentleman, with the two Ladies and my Uncle, playing at *Quadrille*, and *Isabella* reading in the Window. Immediately after, Sir *Eustace* came in, and finding *Isabella*, express'd abundance of fulsome Joy at the Sight of her. I must own, I was oblig'd to make use of all my Philosophy, to keep my Temper, and shou'd very hardly have done it, if *Isabella* had not rally'd him with so much Wit, as in the end, gave me a malicious Satisfaction.

faction. I observ'd, all the Company seem'd as well pleas'd, only the Gentleman that came with him; but he being something deaf, cou'd not understand every thing that was said.

When Dinner was serv'd in, Sir *Eustace* plac'd himself next *Isabella*, and was continually helping her to such Quantities, that wou'd have serv'd her a Week. I observe, Sir, said *Isabella*, you wou'd have me eat for the whole Family; or, if you imagin'd every body in Company had as good a Stomach as you suppose me to have, by your loading my Plate, they might rise ready for another Dinner. However, I am oblig'd to you. You mistake the Gentleman, reply'd my Uncle, he's a young *Cannibal*, he only fats you as we do Chickens, in hope of feeding upon you. Sir *Eustace* took what my Uncle said as a very good Jest, and laugh'd heartily; saying, if he shou'd feed upon her, she wou'd go very much against his Stomach. At the End of his ridiculous Jest, he laugh'd so immoderately, with his Mouth full, that he sputter'd it in my Face. I wou'd the Gentleman, said I, had taken an Opportunity of laughing when his Mouth was empty, I shou'd have been the more oblig'd to him. Harkye, young Gentleman, reply'd Sir *Eustace*, you were told before I was a *Cannibal*, and I can assure you, I often eat Youngsters
that

that are too forward. Really, Sir, said I, very calmly, I can't see that prodigious Stomach in your Countenance, or any thing there, wou'd make me afraid to meet you any where fasting.

The Company laugh'd to see his Uneasiness at my Reply, but he gave me no Answer. *Isabella*, I observ'd, seem'd much concern'd at what I said, and, with a Look with her Eyes, told me, I shou'd carry the Jest no farther. Well, Sir, said I, without jesting, I mean no Harm; if you make any farther Constructions of my Words, but as a Jest, you go beyond my Meaning. This mollifying Speech seem'd to raise his Anger more. A Jest has often cost the Maker his Life, reply'd Sir *Eustace*, and such young Gentlemen as you, shou'd remember the Smart of the Rod, and curb their Tongues for fear of a Whipping. Sir, said I, I presume your voracious *Cannibal's* Stomach is not quite appeas'd, therefore I'll take a Walk in the Garden, for fear you shou'd fall foul on me in an improper Place; saying this, I arose, and taking my Hat and Sword out of the Window, went into the Garden.

The whole Company arose to stop the Baron, who offer'd to follow me. My Uncle began to be very much disturb'd, upon my Account; and, as he told me afterwards, did intend to follow me. But, thinking to oblige me,

me, he desired the Mother to send *Isabella* after me. When she came up to me, she began to reproach me with my Conduct, telling me, if I had any Hope or Desire to gain her Heart, I must conceal my Passion from all the World, and this Proceeding will betray the Secret; if not on your Side, said she, tenderly, I fear my Concern will. Those Words have Force enough to restore me to my Senses, were I in the Grave, said I; and after this Confession, that makes me the happiest of Mortals, even Blows shall not make me draw my Sword, if you desire it. No, said *Isabella*, I know what Men of Honour shou'd bear; and I shou'd despise the Wretch for being a Coward. Yet, Madam, I reply'd, Cowardice can no more be help'd, than the Tincture of a Skin; 'tis rooted in the Nature; and known Cowards, like Fools, shou'd be pity'd. Certainly, no Man wou'd be a Coward if he cou'd help it, reply'd *Isabella*; but when I say I shou'd despise a Coward, I imagine to myself, the Man that has true Courage, has every other noble Qualification, that will make him deserving; as on the contrary, a Coward Soul inherits every weak Failing, and is as incapable of doing a worthy Action, as the Man of Spirit is of doing a mean one. I shall ever submit my Actions, to you, Madam, said L. Then, said *Isabella*, immediately return, and be reconcil'd

concil'd to the hot Spark within, whom the more I know, the more I despise; and I fancy that Declaration won't displease you; but I'll have no Reply now. Nothing more but this, said I, you promis'd me a Meeting in the Afternoon, which I fear will be a difficult thing to bring to pass. Do you start Difficulties, reply'd *Isabella*? Never fear, I warrant we'll bring it about. The same River that runs thro' your Garden, runs thro' the Bottom of ours, therefore I'll propose Fishing. We'll go first, and the Man shall take us two over to an Island in the River, and return. My Mother does not care to go into a Boat, and the rest of the Company, I suppose, out of Complaisance, will stay with her. But I fear, Madam, the young Spark will come to interrupt us, said I. Why that's all we have to fear, reply'd *Isabella*; but as soon as he comes, we'll return; and that, I hope will give you some Satisfaction. Do but consider my Temper, and you'll find this is enough to make you easy. This I can do, without Suspicion from any one; for none of my Family suspects either you or me to be in Love. There have so many Accidents oddly concurr'd to-day, that I will no longer conceal it from you. First, your sudden Departure, then this Rival, and the disagreeable Quarrel. Tho' your Rival is the main Motive, join'd with your Foreign Tour, which I understand by your Uncle, is for three Years. But I'll
say

say no more now, in the Afternoon we shall have a better Opportunity. As soon as I came into the Dining-Room, Sir *Eustace* met me, with a constrain'd Smile, and told me, he was sorry any Uneasiness had been created by Words utter'd without Thought, and shou'd, for the future, be willing to have more Acquaintance with me. I shou'd have consider'd indeed, there is some Difference in our Years, said he; therefore I own myself the Criminal, and ask Pardon for what's past. Years, said my Uncle, do not always imply Age or Understanding; for some at Fifteen have the Discretion of Thirty; and Fifty-Five, in a good Constitution, is an abler Man than Five and Thirty; I mean, continu'd my Uncle, smiling, some Men are younger at Sixty, than others at Thirty. That is a Compliment, reply'd the Aunt, we may very reasonably suppose, design'd for yourself. However, let's have no more of 'em; we'll make an End of our Dinner, and drink a Cup of Oblivion, and then all will be well again. Meaning Tea, I suppose, reply'd my Uncle, where every Cup is broaching new Scandal, and we shall have so much Noise, and so little understood, that it will put me in mind of the Confusion of *Babel*.

I found the Company were not rightly in Humour, yet I perceiv'd, with some Satisfaction, that I was not the Occasion; even the old Gentleman that came with Sir *Eustace*, appear'd

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appear'd concern'd for his Behaviour. After we were risen from Table, the Company dⁱvided into Parties, all but my Uncle, who went to take his usual Afternoon's Nap. The deaf old Gentleman singled me out, and led me into the Garden. Said he, I have the Misfortune of having but an ill Hearing, yet I heard enough to know my Son was much in Fault. Youth, Fortune, and Title, make him too presuming. I have, with the best Advice I am capable of giving him, endeavour'd to soften his too turbulent Temper; but, I fear, 'tis rooted too deeply in his Nature, ever to be eras'd. Honour shou'd be tack'd to Nobility; yet, I find Mankind so deprav'd in their Nature, that the more Power they have, the greater Propensity they have to do Evil, which shews, to the Judicious, Riches and Titles ill plac'd. But as Nobility can be no more inherited than Virtue, so, in my Opinion, he is noble that has noble Inclinations. I shou'd not talk to one so little advanc'd in Years, in this manner, as I do to you, if I had not been inform'd by my Lady, of a ripe Understanding in so early an Age. I expect no Reply in the Complimental Way; I only beg you wou'd forgive my Son, and, for the future, know me for your Friend. I shou'd desire your Conversation, but my Infirmary will not admit of it, therefore I shall take my Leave of you. Upon

this

this he went from me, and left me full of Regard for his right Way of Thinking.

While I was musing upon what he said to me, *Isabella* came down the Walks, follow'd by a Servant with Fishing-Tackle. Come, Sir, said she, as she pass'd me, you are to teach me how to catch Fish, for as yet I am but a mere Bungler. With all my Heart, Madam, I reply'd. When the Servant had put us over to the Island, *Isabella* said to him, *John*, I desire you wou'd bring over no Strangers, No, no, Madam, *John* reply'd; if you'll be pleas'd to tell me when I shall wait on you, to bring you back, I'll lock the Boat on the other side, and be out of the way till then. Do, said *Isabella*, and fetch us about an Hour hence. When *John* was gone, I fell at the Fair One's Feet, and gave her Thanks for this surprising Condescension. What Words, divine *Isabella*, said I, shall I use to express my Gratitude! but there are none that will speak the least Part of what my mind feels; you have rais'd me from the Bottom of Despair, to the Summit of Joy; and when my Heart forgets this Goodness, may I be for ever miserable! Your Protestations I believe, return'd the divine *Isabella*, raising me from the Earth, and I will freely declare, if you ever shou'd prove false, the Knowledge will break my Heart. I was going once more to fall at her Feet, but was interrupted in my exalted Bliss, by a Noise we heard at the Boat. Sir

Sir *Eustace* missing us in the Garden, and being inform'd by the Aunt where we were gone, follow'd us. But *John* had made the Boat too fast for him to undo, without his Assistance. But in the Bustle he made to unloose it, he tumbled into the Water, and by that time I came to the Water-side, he was sunk to the Bottom. All other Passions flew immediately from my Breast, but Pity, and when I saw the Danger he was in, I threw myself into the Water, and, by good Fortune, caught hold of a Shoulder-Knot he wore, and brought him to the Island, without any Appearance of Life. When I had dragg'd him on Shore, with the Assistance of *Isabella*, I held him up by his Heels against a Tree, where he disgorg'd the Water he had swallow'd, and fetching two or three Groans, he came to himself, tho' so faint, he cou'd not stand; and for want of proper Remedies, we were in fear he might not survive the Accident, for we were too far from the House to make 'em hear us. I therefore pull'd off my Coat and Waistcoat, and swam across the River to the Garden, and inform'd the Family of the Accident; but *John* was no where to be found. The Difficulty we had to get the Boat loose, took up so much time, that Sir *Eustace* was almost perish'd with Cold, ere we cou'd bring him Assistance; and *Isabella*'s Fear had almost put her in the same Condition. It was with much Difficulty, by
pouring

pouring Cordials into his Mouth, that we brought him once more to his Senses. He was put to bed; but the Fright, and the Water he drank, threw him into a high Fever. The Hurry of my Spirits, and being so long in my wet Cloaths, gave me a great deal of Disorder; and, having no other Cloaths to shift me (for my Uncle's Servants were gone home with our Equipage) I was oblig'd to go to Bed too, but had the Satisfaction of being laid in *Isabella's* Bed; and, what heighten'd that Satisfaction, I was strip'd of my wet Shirt, and, by the Mother's Order, had one of *Isabella's* Shifts put on me. The Joy took away all Thoughts of my Disorder; but it cou'd not hinger a strong Fever seizing me, to the utmost Concern of all the Family. The father of the Nobleman express'd more Concern for me, than his Son, giving me all the Encomiums due to the most consummate Virtue; that maugre the Distaste I might have justly conceiv'd against his Son, I had hazarded my own Life to preserve his. I must own, the Action gave me a great deal of Satisfaction, and the Praises, tho' no Addition to Pride (for that's a Failing I hope I shall ever be a Stranger to) yet pleas'd me, because I had done what many of my Age wou'd have neglected, or refus'd.

The following Day, my Fever abated, but Sir *Eustace* seem'd worse and worse. I was griev'd I cou'd not have an Opportunity

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nity of seeing the divine *Isabella* alone, during my short Illness. But I had the Happiness of receiving a Letter from her, which she put into my Hand unobserv'd by any one. But the Joy I felt in reading the following Lines, had more Force than any of the Doctor's Prescriptions towards my Cure.

WHAT shall I say, to describe the Anxiety of my Mind for your Illness? My Heart, unguarded now from all the Niceties of my Sex, freely declares itself yours. But yet, let us both be careful. I wou'd not have our Passions whisper'd in a Desert; tho' perhaps, thro' the Knowledge of your Virtues, it might not meet with many Obstacles. My Mother and Aunt, I am assur'd, condemn the Addresses of your Rival, even as much as I do. However, once more, I beg you to be cautious; conceal our Loves even from your good Uncle; and be assur'd, the two Persons under our Roof, are the entire Joy and Contempt of ever yours.

ISABELLA-

P. S. At our next Meeting, I shall declare more.

I wish'd my Indisposition had continu'd longer, that I might have had the Satisfaction of being under the same Roof with my dear *Isabella*. But my Health return'd, and I was oblig'd to go home to my Uncle's, without conversing in private with her. How-

V O L. I.

M

ever,

ever, the Contentment of my mind appear'd in my Face, and my Uncle several times took Notice of it, yet I conceal'd, according to her Desire, even from him, the Reason of it.

When we had been at home a Week, my Uncle told me we shou'd make another Tour the next Day ; and I gather'd by his Discourse, that we shou'd not make any more Visits to *Isabella's* Mother, till we came back, which wou'd not be in six Weeks. The Heart-breaking I felt, almost kill'd me. I did not doubt, but I cou'd have gain'd Leave to make a Visit alone ; but I knew I must then have discover'd more than *Isabella* wou'd like. I cast about, several Hours, how to send her a Letter without Suspicion ; but, to my Mortification, cou'd not pitch upon an Expedient. But while I was perplexing my Brain to no Purpose, I had the unexpected Joy of seeing her Coach stop at the Door ; and before I cou'd recover myself from the pleasing Confusion, she enter'd with her Mother and Aunt. But understanding my Uncle was in the Garden, the Mother and Aunt went to him, and left the divine *Isabella* alone with me in the Parlour. The sudden Surprise had ty'd my Tongue fast, and it was some time ere I cou'd speak a Word. All I cou'd do, was to fall at her Feet with the utmost Transport of Joy, which was increas'd by her raising me, and putting her
Lilly

Lilly Hand round my Neck, pressing my Head Close to her Bosom. I spoke at last, but such wild incoherent Speeches, that gave her more Satisfaction, she told me, than if I had utter'd Volumes of regular Nonsense, vulgarly call'd, Love. But when I told her of our intended Journey the next Day, her amiable Countenance was overclouded with Sorrow, and ere we cou'd recover ourselves, my Uncle, her Mother and Aunt came out of the Garden; but before they enter'd the Room where we were, *Isabella* told me she had provided a Place where we might send Letters to each other, without any suspicion; she wou'd seek for an Opportunity after Dinner to inform me, and if that shou'd not happen, she wou'd contrive to let me know by a Line before to-morrow Morning.

After Dinner, *Isabella* and I were engag'd, much against our Inclination, to make up a Set at *Quadrille*; and, to add to our Mortification, we were oblig'd to part without any further Opportunity of Converse. However, I was forc'd to keep up a chearful Countenance, that my Uncle might not suspect the Chagrin I felt. The Night prov'd as disagreeable a one to me, as the Evening; and I cou'd not get any Rest, till it was almost time to rise. As I was dressing myself, my Servant told me there was a Boy at the Door, had brought me a Present of a Brace of Partridges; I order'd him to come in;

when I ask'd him from whence they came, he told me he had a Note in his Pocket wou'd inform me. As soon as I receiv'd it, I soon knew the dear Character to be *Isabella's*. When I had dismiss'd the Boy, I open'd the Note, and found the Contents as follows:

S I R,

WHEN I left you Yesterday, I carry'd Discontent home with me, which never left me till Sleep (which was slow in coming to my Aid) drove it away. Whenever you have any Time hangs heavy on your Hands, you may write an Account of your Home-Travels, and direct 'em to Mrs. Jane Stubbs, at ——. The poor Woman has the Misfortune of wanting the Use of Letters, and always brings 'em to me to read; therefore whatever comes to her Hands will be sure to come to mine. I shall say no more (my Time being short) but this, I care not how much Trouble the good Woman gives me; so that you may write to her as soon as you please, who will bring it to one who is entirely

Yours, &c.

The Pleasure this little note gave me was partly taken from me, in that I did not detain the Boy to send an Answer. Yet, upon second Thoughts, I imagin'd it wou'd be safer to carry one myself. I was soon determin'd; wrote one, and went to the House, and was there before the Boy, who, I suppose,

pose, might loiter by the Way. This Woman was a Tenant of the divine *Isabella's*, and had formerly been her Nurse; she cou'd not be said to love her Mistress, but rather doated on her. This Creature was the Picture of Honesty; and she was so well assur'd of her young Lady's Conduct, she made no Scruple to tell me, the Letters I wou'd honour her with, shou'd faithfully be convey'd to the proper Hands. Why then to begin, said I, there's one, I don't care how soon it was where it shou'd be. I don't think it proper till after Dinner, reply'd the good Woman; for tho' I am ever welcome at my young Landlady's Mother's, yet, as I have not been come long from thence, I think it will not be quite so well to go so soon. I agreed with her in that Particular, and took my Leave, first making her a handsome Present; for tho' those sort of People may continue uncorruptively honest, yet it is as well when it is made their Interest to be so.

The next Day my Uncle resolv'd we shou'd make a Visit to my Father and Mother, and I was of the Opinion it wou'd be highly proper, as well as a Desire I had to see how the Family went on. When we arriv'd there, we found every Thing according to our Wishes. There was such a Harmony between my Father and my Mother, that my Father told my Uncle, smiling, his Wife's late Illness had mended her Temper prodigiously,

and he wou'd not have her be indispos'd in the same Manner again for ever so much; for if, said he, she shou'd, and be better in Proportion, she wou'd be too good for him, and only fit for Heaven. We found every thing so much to our Liking, that we took our Leave of 'em with a great deal of Satisfaction; and my Uncle told me, as we were going home, that Miracles were not ceas'd, for there was an ill Woman mended.

The next Day we set out on our intended Progress, and met with nothing extraordinary in our Course; only one Thing I thought was odd enough. In a small Village, near the Sea-Coast in *Suffex*, as we were at Church on a *Sunday*, with a full Congregation, a Man came to the Church-Door, and cry'd out, *A Wreck! A Wreck!* The Congregation immediately unbuckled their Devotions, and were crouding out as fast as they cou'd, tho' the Parson had not gone thro' half his Sermon. When the good Man found they were going to leave him to finish his Sermon by himself, he call'd to 'em with an audible Voice, desiring his Audience to hear *one* Word before they went: Upon his earnest Entreaty, most of 'em turn'd about to hear the *one* Word. When the Parson found they seem'd willing to hear him, he cry'd out, *Pray, good Folks, let us start fair!* and upon that, prest to the Door with all the Expedition he cou'd, and, in a few Minutes, my Uncle and I might have

have robb'd the Church, for there was not a Soul to hinder us. The Oddity of the Thing very much surpriz'd us, tho' it often made us merry afterwards. Well, *Will*, said my Uncle (when the Church was empty) we may as well say our Prayers at home, as stay here by ourselves. What, Sir, said I, have you no Curiosity to see the Proceeding of this wild Congregation? Why, I cannot say but I have, reply'd my Uncle; let us get our Horses and follow 'em. When we came to the Gentleman's where we lay, a Friend of my Uncle's, we found the House as empty as the Church; for they were all gone upon the same Design, and my Tutor, with our Servants along with em, as we suppos'd; so we were forc'd to be our own Grooms, and follow'd 'em. We cou'd not well miss our Way, for we saw People from all Quarters running before us. When we came within Sight of the Sea, we cou'd perceive several Vessels labouring to keep from the Shore with all their Art and Industry; for the Wind was very high, and blew right ashore, as the Sailors term it. But what Horror had I in my Mind, to see in what Anxiety the Wretches on Shore were, for fear they shou'd escape, and save themselves. At last, one of 'em bulg'd upon the Rocks, and split in Pieces, at which Sight the Barbarians (for I can term 'em no less) gave a Shout, and threw one another down for Eagerness, who

shou'd be foremost, not the least regarding the poor unfortunate Wretches plung'd in the Waves. But my Uncle and I, with my Tutor and our Servants (that were there before us) gave 'em all the Assistance we cou'd, and with much Trouble, and some Hazard, sav'd Five out of Eight that were in the Vessel, tho' with many a hearty Curse for our Pains; for it seems they cou'd not make the Vessel a Wreck, if there were any of the Crew alive. However, the inhuman Brutes fell to securing every thing as fast as ever they cou'd, while we carry'd the poor shipwreck'd Wretches to the next Village, to give 'em some Refreshment. The Vessel was a *Frenchman*, laden with Wine, which they brought to exchange for Corn, the common Custom of all the Sea-Coast contiguous to *France*; which may prove a pernicious Custom, if the Produce of Grain shou'd ever fail us in *England*.

We took our Leaves that Evening of my Uncle's Friend, who, in my Opinion, seem'd very glad to be rid of us, for he was as busy about the Wreck as any of the rest. A few Miles farther a *Dutch* Vessel was cast away, and all the unhappy Sailors drown'd. Our Road lying thro' the same Place three Days afterwards, several People had sold Part of a new Fount of Letter, of the *Greek* Alphabet, at a Penny *per* Pound, as waste Metal, when perhaps the Purchaser had paid fifty times

times more for it. What Brutes are these Wretches! Had they been their own Countrymen it had been the same. What Horror must it be to the poor Sailors, when having weather'd many a Storm, and perhaps escap'd from their Enemies, to come in Sight of their native Country, and perish for want of timely Assistance from their Countrymen, who wish for nothing more than their Deaths. What can the worst of the savage Kind do more? Nay, I have been inform'd, that to make a Vessel a Wreck, they have often murder'd the poor Sailors that have been struggling for Life, lifting their Hands in vain for Succour to those that have prov'd their Murderers. We ought not to condemn the Heathenish *Indians* that serve the *Europeans* in the same Manner, who do it from the Love of Liberty, who imagine (and not unjustly) that the *Europeans* come to enslave 'em. These Reflexions cast a Melancholy upon our whole Company for some Time after, and the Diversity of new Objects cou'd hardly wipe away the Thoughts of the other. When my Uncle ask'd a Farmer in that Neighbourhood how he cou'd be so inhuman to feed on the Loss of his Fellow-Creatures? he answer'd, if it were not now and then for such a lucky Hit, he shou'd never be able to pay his Landlord his Rent; besides, Custom had made it natural to him, and he cou'd not call that a Crime so generally follow'd by all his

Neighbours. All we cou'd say cou'd not make him think of leaving off so profitable a Perquisite, as he was pleas'd to term it; which put me in mind of those excellent Verses of *Waller's*.

*Bold were the Men who on the Ocean first
Spread their new Sails, when Shipwreck was the worst;
More Dangers now from Man alone we find,
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind.*

Some few Days after my good Tutor was attack'd with a violent Fever, which we imagin'd he had got by endeavouring to save the poor shipwreck'd People, tho' we were all as much wet with the Billows of the Sea as he was. This Accident stopt us at *St. Edmund's-Bury*, in *Suffolk*, several Days, and tho' my Uncle spar'd no Cost for his Recovery, yet the good Man expir'd, to the great Grief of us all. We bury'd him decently, tho' privately, not without wetting his Grave with my Tears, for he was a Person that deserv'd, and had a great Share in my Friendship.

After his Funeral we set ourselves forward for Home; and for my own Part, with a heavy Heart; and my Uncle seem'd very much griev'd, because he ever express'd a great deal of Satisfaction in trusting to him the Conduct of my Youth in my Tour of *Europe*. Yet the Imagination of my Travels being retarded for some Time, gave me some Pleasure, because I shou'd have the Happiness.

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ness of seeing my dear *Isabella* longer. When we came home, *Betty* inform'd me my Mother-in-law had made her a Visit, and express'd such a Horror at my former Treatment, that they did nothing but weep all Day. She made her several Presents, and seem'd very much pleas'd at her Settlement in my Uncle's Family. But the Idea of my charming *Isabella* took up all my Thoughts, and, fatigu'd as I was, I sent her the following Letter, as soon as I dismounted.

MY FAIREST,

THE Thoughts of you took from me all the Satisfaction I shou'd have receiv'd from the Variety of Objects that oppos'd my View. Every thing I saw put me in mind of you. The Roses and Lillies were Remembrancers of your amiable Face; the Down of Swans, of the Whiteness and Softness of your Skin; when I heard the Warbling of the Nightingale, it put me in mind of your Voice; the Dove, of your soft Disposition; and the soaring Lark, of that compleat Beauty that surmounts all other Women's, as that surmounts the Soaring of all other Birds. When I think of your Perfections, my Mind is fill'd with a thousand Inquietudes, for such wondrous Charms are far above the Possession of any Mortal. What wou'd I give to read the Book of Fate, to see if my happy Stars had allotted me the Possession of so much Beauty! But if the eternal Volume were disclos'd to me, and I had the Liberty of reading my Destiny, and shou'd find we were not pair'd above, my Woes wou'd be of short Duration, for Death wou'd soon put an End to my hated Life. What shall I say to express my Passion? The Sun, the Moon, the Day, and Night, all

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put me in mind of you; and the Griefs I feel at our near Separation almost rend my Heart afunder. The three Years I am to be absent from my Love, to me will far exceed the Age of Nestor. The very Imagination disturbs me Day and Night, for every Hour is spent in thinking of the divine Isabella.

*When gloomy Night o'erspreads the Earth,
And all retire to downy Rest,
My Sorrows feel a second-Birth,
And dismal Thoughts disturb my Breast.*

*Yet ev'ry Thought is still on thee,
Thou Image of the Queen of Love!
Ev'n halting Age wou'd fly to see
Those Charms that wou'd a Hermit move.*

*When I behold the Silver Light,
With dusky Spots upon her Face,
I know my Fair One shines more bright,
And think the Moon usurps thy Place.*

*What Dangers wou'd I face for thee!
(Whose pointed Eyes have pierc'd my Heart)
Thy Captive never wou'd be free,
But hug with Joy the pleasing Dart.*

Forgive me; dear Isabella, in pretending to Poetry; but be assur'd, the Inspiration comes from you; and tho' the Numbers fall short of your all-conquering Charms, receive 'em as a Tribute from my Love. How many Ages more will it be ere I behold thy Face? I am but a worthless Flower, that must perish, if depriv'd of thy all-cheering Beams. I hope my hated Rival has not renew'd his Addresses. It is the Fears of Love that make me dread even my Isabella shou'd be look'd upon by other Eyes than mine, who wishes the End of Life, if I shou'd view that Day when I shall cease to subscribe myself eternally

Yours, &c.

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The next Morning I receiv'd an Answer to mine, which gave me more Joy than a Mariner receives after escaping a dangerous Tempest, and no Hope left for Safety.

*I*T is in vain to hide my Heart from one that has it in his Possession. Use it with the Tenderness it deserves for taking Shelter in your Breast. Be assur'd of my Constancy, for nothing shall ever make me change my Love. I am almost asham'd to commit my Weakness to Writing, but almighty Love will have it so. I thank you for your Poetry; and, be it good or bad, I have sent you some Trash of my own; but find no Fault with it, for you are the Apollo that has inspir'd me. However, destroy it when you have read it, as I wou'd have you destroy all Thoughts of Jealousy of him you call your Rival.

If I within the Heavens shou'd be,
Instead of Cynthia's lucid Rays,
I'd borrow all my Light from thee,
And rule the Nights, as thou the Days.
Shou'd there a Flow'r be plac'd for me
To nourish, as it blooming grew,
Sweet William shou'd that Flower be,
For I wou'd shine on none but you.

I almost repent of being so open, as Murderers do when the Deed is done, and Punishment appears in View. But it is done, and past Recall, as is the Heart of your ever constant

ISABELLA.

P. S. I had clos'd this Letter, but unseal'd it again, to let you know that your Uncle has just sent a Footman to my Mother, to tell her he intends to dine with us to-morrow; but if he comes alone, I can't for my Soul say he will be heartily welcome.

As

As we were going the next Day to dine at *Isabella's* Mother's, my Uncle receiv'd a Letter from a distant Relation, which he gave me to read :

S I R,

*U*Nderstanding Mr. Meredith, my young Cousin's Tutor, is dead, I take the Liberty to recommend a young Gentleman to you, who, I dare promise, will answer every thing you desire from such a Person. He shall wait on you to-morrow. I choose to give you this early Notice, for fear you shou'd provide yourself. He understands the dead Languages, as well as the modish Living. Mistake me not, I mean all the European Tongues, but Low Dutch and Muscovite, which, I presume, you will have but little Occasion for.

Your affectionate Kinsman,

N. L.

After I had read the Letter, my Uncle told me it was from a Person he cou'd very well confide in, and his Recommendation was sufficient to him ; however, *Billy*, said my Uncle, you shall see the Gentleman, for this is your Affair : If you can't like him, I won't force him upon you, no more than I wou'd do a Wife. Well, Sir, said I, to-morrow will decide that ; tho' I am apt to believe I shall like him as well as you do. I am glad to find he is not a Man in Years ; for they are generally so ill-natur'd, the Precepts they teach us favour too much of Severity. And very often, reply'd my Uncle, Youth borders too much upon Levity. However, I have told you, more than once, that

that I shall leave you to your own Discretion.

When we came to the House, we found the Company together in the Parlour, and the Cloth laid ready for Dinner. I am glad you're come, said *Isabella's* Mother, for we are oblig'd to dine very early, because, after Dinner, we are to make a formal Visit to a Neighbour Lady, but we shall leave *Isabella* to entertain you. You may imagine I felt no little Joy, when I understood *Isabella* was to be left behind; and the Freedom of my Humour had almost betray'd my Contentment, for I was rally'd both by the Mother and Aunt. Nay, my Uncle cou'd not help having a Fling at me. Why, good Ladies, said my Uncle, don't be too hard upon my Nephew; do you imagine a young Lad past Fifteen cares a Fig for Womens Company looking hard towards Forty. No, no, it's very seldom Youth and Age can agree, except Youth is very sober indeed, or Age is not tinctur'd with its old Distemper, Peevishness, with a Hatred of all Mirth. Ay, but (I reply'd) we find nothing of that in this good Company; there's none here forgets they were once young. Very true, return'd the Mother, your Uncle, I believe, imagines he is as young now as he was thirty Years ago. Pray speak for yourself, Madam, return'd my Uncle, you are as unwilling as I am to be reckon'd in the Catalogue of Old.

Why

Why sure, reply'd the Aunt, my Sister has not quite so many Years over her Head as your Worship! No, nor so much Experience neither, return'd my Uncle. Dinner coming in, ended this Dispute. And after it was over, the Mother and Aunt went to their several Chambers to dress; and my Uncle went to sleep in the Summer-House; so I was left alone with the divine *Ifabella*. We said all our young Hearts conceiv'd, and I thought myself the happiest of Mortals. But when I touch'd upon my Absence for so long a Time, she begg'd we might do something to divert that terrible Thought; for if she gave herself Leave to look into her Breast, she was assur'd such a Torrent of Tears wou'd follow, that her Sorrow wou'd be taken Notice of by the Company, and perhaps the Cause of Grief surmis'd, if not in Reality found out. Therefore, said she, to divert the Thought, let us play a Party at Picquet. My Uncle, Madam, I reply'd, will not forego his Afternoon's Nap for any thing, therefore we must play by ourselves. Before we had play'd out one Game, the Ladies came down, and the Coach being ready, drove away to their Visit.

When they were gone, I cou'd not refrain opening my whole Soul to *Ifabella*, who felt the Pangs of Parting as sharp as myself, and her lovely Face was all bedew'd with Tears. We were so long in this tender Scene of Parting,

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Parting, that my Uncle had finish'd his Sleep, and was coming towards. *Isabella*, at the Sight of him, was oblig'd to retire to hide her Tears; and I was forc'd to have Recourse to *Otway's Orphan*, to have a Pretence for the Gloom that was settled upon my Countenance. Why how now, young Man, said my Uncle, when he enter'd, what all alone, and melancholy? Yes, Sir, said I, I never can read the last Act of this Play without being sensibly touch'd with the Catastrophe. Pr'ythee read Comedies then, said my Uncle, for I will not have you sad. Sir, said I, I can't find many Comedies fit to read; for those that are good, I have read so often, I'm as well acquainted with them as the Authors, or Actors in them. What's become of the young Lady, said my Uncle, have you not Rhetorick enough to keep her here? So it seems, Sir, said I, for she is retir'd. Well then, said my Uncle, since we are alone, and the Time short we shall be together, let me give you a little Advice before we part; for it is not an Improbability, when we part, we may part for ever. I find, Sir, said I, you intend to increase my Melancholy, for, if I thought that, by my Consent, we wou'd never part. Never the nearer Death for talking of it, neither, return'd my Uncle. But what I am going to say to you, I wou'd have you often think on, to strengthen your Mind in Virtue.

When

When you have chang'd your Climate, don't change your Nature, but always think *England* your native Country; and not like some young Gentlemen that I know, who return with a Contempt for their own Country, with their Understandings like a Fool's Coat, patch'd all over, and nothing of the Ground seen. Never stay long at a Place; for even *Rome*, with the Help of Books which describe their Antiquities, may be seen in three Months, as well as in so many Years. Converse with elder People than yourself, for their Knowledge will increase yours; and do not, as I know some of our Countrymen do, because they are brought up in the Protestant Religion, avoid all Conversation with the Clergy abroad; for when I travell'd, I found among all their Holy Bodies, Men of the profoundest Learning and Judgment, who never attempted to make me a Profelyte, or gave me any Uneasiness about my Religion. I wou'd have you go into all Companies, but take care of being too particular. Make no Intimates, but as many Friends as you can. The *French* have too much Levity, the *Spaniards* too much Moroseness, the *Italians* too much Jealousy, and addicted to overmuch Pleasure without Mirth; the *Germans*, tho' learned, love the Juice of the Grape too well; and the *Dutch* are all Men of Business; tho' there is no general Rule without an Exception. Always live soberly; for as you will be frequently chang-

ing.

ing Place, a spare Diet will best agree with your Constitution, and will learn you never to be disappointed. If Heaven shou'd afflict you with Sicknefs, take my Method. Send for the most eminent of the Profession, tell him your Stay in that Place is but short, and agree with him for such a Sum when you are thoroughly cur'd. This Management will make it his Interest to set you upon your Legs as fast as he can. You must hire a Native Servant at every Place you intend to make any Stay at. Give him good Wages, but trust him not ; let him know as little of your Affairs as possible, and keep him ignorant of your next Station, and the Time you intend to set forth ; for some of 'em, I have prov'd, are Confederates with Robbers, and are as inquisitive after Foreigners, as some Foreigners are after new Fashions. The Variety of Drefs (I mean Fashions) is what I abhor ; yet you must put yourself in the Garb of every Place you make any Stay at. It will not only prevent your being gaz'd at, but will ingratiate you with the Natives, when you take their Habit upon you. Hear much, and speak little. Be not too intimate with the *Feminine Gender* ; for an Intimacy there too often creates Discontent and Trouble. Be very cautious in making Acquaintance with your own Countrymen, for most of 'em now-a-days enter into Society, to enter into all the fashionable Vices of the Places they go thro'. Be like the industrious Bee,
suck

suck Honey from every Flower, and contemn the gaudy Weeds that bloom and flourish to no Use. Avoid all Quarrels; but if you shou'd unhapily fall into one, behave your self with Courage and Resolution; and if you shou'd succeed, don't let your Sword hang the looser in it's Scabbard. A Man of true Spirit will be as cautious how he draws his Sword, as he wou'd be of treading in the Dark over Heaps of Ruins. Be cautious of every one you deal with, for in many Places they make it a common Practice to over-reach Foreigners; and the Fairer their Looks, often the Fouler their Hearts. Whenever you come to have your Equipage examin'd by Officers of the Customs, make a handsome Present beforehand, which will either prevent their giving you any Trouble, or at least will prevent their Tumbling your Things, which often proves of more Damage, than the Present you make 'em comes to. When you go by Sea, as you must, to arrive at several Places of *Italy*, bargain with the Master of the Vessel before you imbark; but pay him not before you arrive at the End of your Voyage; nor then, till all your Things are brought to your Lodgings, to answer your Bill of Parcels; and besure you have two drawn at the same time, one for the Master, and the other for yourself. When you are to imbark, if you can; get a Recommendation from the last Place you leave; or, if you cannot, enquire out some *Englishman* (for there is

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no fear of finding 'em at all the noted Places) and beg he wou'd recommend you to some Native of the Place, where you may reside; for I have often made it my Observation, to have more respect shewn me, when I took up my Quarters at one of the Natives, than when I did at one of my own Countrymen's. Tho' it is possible I may get you several commendatory Letters. One I am sure of, from the worthy Person that we receiv'd a Letter from this Morning concerning your new Tutor; he was Envoy at *Florence* two Years, and has a good Acquaintance in several Courts of *Europe*. Now, said my Uncle, giving me a Paper, here is written the Heads of what I have been speaking, which I wou'd have you read over once a Week. And I desire I may here from you all Opportunities, with a succinct Account of every thing worth Notice you see abroad. It will serve to kill some part of your Time that may hang heavy on your Hands. Besides, it will be acceptable to me.

We had several other Discourses on the same Subject; but we were interrupted by the Arrival of the Mother and Aunt. They got into a Chat, no way agreeable to me, of their Visit, which gave me an Opportunity of looking after my dear *Isabella*, who I had observ'd some time before to go into the Garden. I found her in a by Summer-House, bathing her lovely Cheeks in Tears. When she saw me, she strove to dry her Eyes, but
freely

freely confess'd, the Thoughts of Parting had rais'd that Sorrow in her. She told me, various Objects and Climates might alter my young Heart, and wipe her out from thence. It was with much Persuasion I cou'd settle her Mind to talk of any thing else; and tho' it gave me unconceivable Transports to see the Strength of her Love, yet it was necessary we shou'd have some time to settle our future Correspondence by Letter. When that was finish'd, I took my solemn leave of her, not without shedding Tears at our tender Separation. But poor *Isabella's* Grief quite overcame her, she fainted in my Arms. The tender Proof of her Heart, however, gave me some Uneasiness, lest we shou'd be discover'd, for it was some time before she came to herself. When we had compos'd ourselves as well as we cou'd, we were troubled to find a Means or Pretence for *Isabella's* Tears, for there was no concealing her Grief from the Company within. At last she told me, she wou'd make 'em believe a Bee had stung her Hand.

We went, with some Confusion, into the Parlour where they were sitting, *Isabella* was soon discover'd to have been weeping. When she was ask'd the Cause, she told 'em, as she went to pluck a Rose, a Bee, conceal'd, had stung her. I thought you had more Philosophy, reply'd my Uucle, young Lady, than to shed Tears for Pain. Truly, Sir, said she, I shall never be so much a Stoick, to think
Pain

Pain is all Fancy, for I am sure I feel it still. Well, reply'd my Uncle, you find, young Lady, the sweetest thing sometimes conceals a Sting. However, your Pain will not hold you long, there is a Balm to cure it; Honey, and a little Time, will soon ease you, I warrant you. A while after, my Uncle order'd me to take my last Leave of the good Company, which I did, with ten thousand Pangs. But as I prest my Lips to those of my dear *Isabella's*, I found 'em tremble so much, that I fear'd a Discovery; yet she bore it outwardly very well; but did not come out to see us to the Coach, tho' no one took Notice of it but myself. 'Twas well the Dusk of Evening was approaching, for the Concern in my Countenance was not to be conceal'd; however, I compos'd myself as well as I cou'd before we came home.

The next Morning, the Gentleman that was to be my Tutor, arriv'd; and I must confess, I took an Affection to him at first Sight. His Countenance pleas'd me, as well as his Behaviour; and my Uncle seem'd as well pleas'd as myself. He was not above Five and Twenty, and tho' young enough for a Tutor, yet we found him old in Experience and Understanding, and answer'd fully the Character the Letter gave my Uncle of him. My Uncle was so well assur'd of his Abilities, that he resolv'd we shou'd begin our Journey in two Days. In the mean time I wrote several Letters to my dear *Isabella*, and receiv'd Answers
so

so tender and passionate, that my Heart felt all the Joy it cou'd desire; but that Joy was lost in the dismal Thoughts of being separated from all my Soul held dear, so long.

At length the Day came we were to set out. My dear Uncle wou'd accompany me to *Dover*, where we arriv'd. But the Weather proving a little boisterous, he wou'd not let me imbarck before it was settled, tho' the Vessels set Sail, as not regarding it; however, as it was his Tenderness and Good-Nature, I comply'd with his Desire, tho' there was no apparent Danger.

The Sight of the Cliffs of *Dover*, put me in mind of those Lines in *King Lear*, of our inimitable *Shakespear*:

----- *How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's Eyes below!
The Crows, and Choughs, that wing the midway Air,
Shew scarce so big as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beech,
Appear like Mice. And yon tall anchoring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Boat; her Boat, a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebbles beats,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn, and the Disorder makes me
Fall headlong down. 22 JY 69

The next Day the Weather prov'd so calm, that the Sea look'd like polish'd Glass; or, as the Sailors say, *so smooth, you might throw Dice upon't*; therefore my Uncle, after mingling our Tears, gave me leave to imbarck, with my Tutor and one Servant; and we left the *British* Shore behind.

End of the First Volume.

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